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SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON

From the painting in the Château de Ramezay, Montreal

LORDS OF THE VALLEY

Sir William Johnson and his Mohawk Brothers

BY

FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR
AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF THE RED MAN"

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
LONDON · NEW YORK · TORONTO
1930

SEYMOUR

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To

DANIEL AND EFFIE SMILEY

FRIENDS OF WHITE MAN AND RED

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Lords of the Valley

CHAPTER I

BROTHER WARRAGHIYAGEY

I

WHILE the Interpreter was at the more distant Indian Castles, Mr. William Johnson was indefatigable amongst the Mohawks; he dressed himself after the Indian manner, made frequent dances, according to their custome when they excite to War, and used all the means he could think of, at a considerable Expence (which his Excellency had promised to repay him) in order to engage them heartily in the war against Canada. . .

"When the Indians came near the Town of Albany, on the 8th of August, Mr. Johnson put himself at the head of the Mohawks, dressed and painted after the manner of an Indian War Captain, and the Indians who followed him, were likewise dressed and painted, as is usual with them when they set out in War. The Indians saluted the Governor as they passed the Fort, by a running Fire; which his Excellency ordered to be answered by a Discharge of some Cannon from the Fort."

It is the year 1746; and Dr. Cadwallader Colden, Surveyor General and Councillor of the province of New York, is recounting the story of a treaty-making with the Six Nations of the Iroquois. The perennial warfare between France and England demands the services of the denizens of the streams and forests of the New World.

So, painted and bedizened, strides upon the scene of war and politics one of the most notable characters of colonial history. Tall, red-headed, and robust of build, young William Johnson doubtless makes a very good figure of a Mohawk brave as he stalks past the fort at Albany, or leaps and prances to the sound of the tom-tom.

To the Mohawks he is Brother Warraghiyagey, one of themselves, though a man of alien race; accepted among their sachems, though still little more than thirty years of age.

It is but eight years since William Johnson first ventured into the Mohawk Valley, for his youthful errors and turbulences exiled from his native Ireland to the wilderness estate of his uncle, Captain Peter Warren of His Majesty's Navy — and of Greenwich, New York, when ashore. Already, the nephew has laid the foundation of a great estate and greater power.

Of this beautiful river valley leading down to Albany the Mohawks have been lords for centuries. How has it come about that a young Irish adventurer is on the way to be lord over them ?

II

"He is a Spritely boy, well grown, of good parts, Keen Wit but most Onruly and Streperous. I see in him the Mak-

ings of a Strong Man. Shall keep my Wether Eye on this lad." Of Billy at eleven, so Uncle Peter had written.

Uncle Peter, though as yet neither Admiral nor Sir, as he later became, was by way of being the Grand Mogul of his family, at least. His "Wether Eye" was of great assistance to the lad at twenty, when Billy had indeed proved himself so "Onruly and Streperous" that a hasty family council indicated the wilds of the new world as a better location for his further development. Fourteen thousand acres on the south bank of the Mohawk, Uncle Peter's domain through the dower of his wife, Susan De Lancey, afforded a refuge for the lad's exuberant spirit. Among the villages or "castles" of the red man, the deep forest might screen from view habits and tendencies best not flaunted too openly in the sunlight. Indian social standards would be less trying to a youth of William's unbridled disposition.

William, however, was no wastrel. He did not make the business of trading rum and blankets for Indian peltries a mere prelude to drinking himself to death, as did many a vigorous young man in those days. Here was not only refuge but opportunity.

Uncle Peter had not been mistaken in his judgment of the lad at eleven; at twice that age William was of keener wit and ready to show beyond question that he had in him the makings of a strong man. In the Mohawk Valley he found a unique situation, which he used adroitly to create for himself such a position as none before him had attained, and none after him could hold.

This was not an age of specialization. Uncle Peter had three plans in mind for young Billy. He was to direct the clearing and farming of his uncle's acres and to pro-

duce profitable crops. He was to superintend the division of the land into plots for leasing to tenants; or, failing in that, for sale to incoming settlers. And he was to keep a store of goods for sale to both white and red residents of the region.

To these three purposes William speedily added a fourth; to make himself the great man of the Valley. He was successful in all four.

It had been more than a century since Dutch trading vessels had first established friendly relations with the Iroquois; and in that time the interchange of goods had grown to be a prime object in the lives of both races. To the Indian it had become a matter of necessity. Powder and ball had led him to forget his old cunning with bow and arrow. Steel implements and weapons had superseded the rude tools of that Stone Age period upon which the white man's coming had intruded. The long slow process of making skins into wearable garments could be discarded when the newcomer would exchange for skins and peltries the soft warmth of strouds and duffel. Before long these things had become so much a part of the red man's life that he could not, if he would, return to the independence of his elder days.

At the same time the rich store of beaver and deer skins, of furs of fox, marten, wolf, mink, and muskrat, brought to the colonists a secure prosperity. It was the magnet which had drawn the Dutch to settle along the Hudson. It was the prize which the English had sought when they dispossessed the earlier merchants. It was the envy of the French to the north, the jewel for whose attainment they strove bitterly for generations. For long the centre of this lucrative trade had been at Albany. Many a young

Albanian, starting out with a single canoe and a few pounds' worth of cloth and knives, powder and beads, was by the enterprise of a season or two enabled to set himself up with a larger vessel for the greater trade down the Hudson to the ocean.

Now, as settlement pressed along the Mohawk Valley, business was bound to follow. Only a decade before Johnson arrived in America, the town of Schenectady had established its right to trade with the Indians; but for years before that time it had been a village of some consequence. In those days of water travel the Mohawk River was the great natural highway into the interior, leading to the deep forest, toward the lands of the Farre Indians and their more abundant peltries. Early in the century groups of Palatine refugees had found their way farther up the stream, relying, it was said, on a promise made them in England by Mohawk chiefs taken there by Peter Schuyler, their "Quider" of beloved memory. These sturdy industrious folk were making the wilderness bloom, in the midst of the country of the Mohawks. And where the river was joined by Schoharie Creek, Fort Hunter was becoming a centre, its dwellings gathered about the little mission church that had been set up through the benevolence of Queen Anne to her Mohawk children.

It was a strategic point. One might follow up the course of Schoharie Creek and strike across the land to a lower tributary of the Susquehanna; or go farther up the Mohawk to Canajoharie and find a way across to Cherry Valley or to Otsego Lake, where the Susquehanna takes its rise. Or, pressing up the Mohawk far to the westward, one might by an easy portage, beyond Oriskany, reach Oneida Lake and the water route to Oswego and Lake

Ontario. Not without reason had the Iroquois picturesquely called this Mohawk country the great doorway of their Long House.

Johnson saw it as a doorway to fortune. The year after his venturing into the wilderness, he vexed Uncle Peter by purchasing for himself a tract of land on the north bank of the river. Captain Warren feared this would mean neglect of the tract which he had sent Billy out to oversee.

The young man was not yet ready to strike out alone. He made all haste to assuage his uncle's discontent by assuring him that the land was a good bargain and could at any time be sold for more than the purchase price. His intent was to put "a Carefull Honest Man there who will Manage the farm," and after a little time, to build a mill, "so that the Income of that may Enable me the better to go on in the World, tho I must Acknowledge Dear Uncle that What great favors you Were pleased to do me was a sufficient Beginning. . .

"As to my Moveing over where I made the purchase, to live there I never had the least notion in the world of it, but what I meant was that it would be the Properest place on the Whole River for a Store House and Shop in the Winter, by reason of all the High Germans passing that way in the Winter, and all the Upper Nations of Indians, whose trade is pritty Valuable." In spite of this assurance, it was not long before the first grey stone house at Mount Johnson was in the building.

Shrewdly, the young man had decided on the southern route as a better outlet for trade than the main travelled highway to Oswego, "because there are to many traders go there, and all a parcell of Meer Bites." At Oghwagha on

the Susquehanna, with Uncle Peter's permission and aid, he intended to make trial of his fortunes in the autumn.

Already, however, a sickly cast of civilization is beginning to spread over the face of the wilderness. The Reverend Henry Barclay, Episcopal missionary to Fort Hunter, has petitioned in the name of the Indians for restriction upon the trade in rum.

"There is no liklyhood," Johnson writes in somewhat doleful mood, "of much Vent for Rum, if this Act passes which Mr. Barckly petitions for in the Indians name, the Cheifs of whom I have asked how they Come to sign Such a petition, whereas they were so well pleased at my Settling here, and keeping what necessarys they wanted, to which they declared they never knew one word of it, but that it is all Mr. Barckly's doing which the Indians dont like, Rum being the only thing they mostly trade for."

But in general the prospect was more than pleasing. The valley was fertile and settlers were coming in rapidly. The survey and purchase of Indian lands was taking on the proportions of a craze, and the shrewd young trader predicted that land before long would be "verry dear." Dutch were the earliest settlers of the Valley. They had been followed by an influx of "High Germans" from the Palatinate. English, Scotch, and Scotch-Irish were beginning to come. All would help to create the high prices that would raise William Johnson to wealth and power.

Already the young man had his hand on the many different enterprises that were to work together for his prosperity — rum and strouds and duffel for the Indians, slaves to work the fields and raise grain; a mill to arise on the newly purchased land, to take toll of the Valley grain and to provide flour for export. Already in Johnson's mind

the manor house was arising and he was taking his place as its master.

"As to my keeping in well with all people you may Assure your Self of it, Dear Uncle, for I dare say I have the good will of all people whatsoever, and much respected, Verry much on your Acctt. and my Own Behavior, which I trust in God I shall always Continue."

III

That autumn, when Johnson the trader appeared at Oghwagha on the Susquehanna with his "Indian truck," he had with him an interpreter, experienced in the Indian tongue and the Indian methods of dealing. But it was not long until he could dispense with such aid, and was talking with the Mohawk braves in their own language. Before many years had gone by he was one of them, "Brother Warraghiyagey," duly adopted into their councils and relied upon for advice as well as rum.

Power still rested with the Mohawk tribe, though their numbers and territory were already decreasing. Johnson was early clever enough to see that through them he won not only their interest but that of the other members of the famous League of the Iroquois; not only the interest of the Iroquois but something of their portentous effect upon the "Farre Indians" who fought and feared the League. For trade or diplomacy his red neighbors were useful allies.

In their own picturesque phrasing, they guarded the eastern door of the Long House where dwelt the confederated tribes. The Five Nations was the name the

English had given to the League; but since the adoption of the Tuscaroras it was now more properly the Six Nations. Their confederacy dated far back before the coming of the white man; how far, none could say. Hiawatha, Dekanawida, Wathatotarho of the snaky locks, were names upon the lips of the old men; names they had learned in turn from generations gone before them.

Lost in the mist of the past was the foundation of the League; but its prowess was a thing to make the heart of youth beat higher with pride. From their beautiful country of the finger lakes the warriors roamed far and fearlessly, bringing terror and devastation to north, east, south, and west. The tribes of the coast and of rocky New England had long since learned to tremble and hide at the sound of the Mohawk war-whoop. Above the St. Lawrence the Algonquian tribesmen still kept up the old warfare; but many a village had succumbed in the long conflict. Southward even below the Potomac, where might be found the best material for arrowheads, the peoples of the Powhatan group had diminished under Iroquois invasions; while westward on the Ohio was that "dark and bloody ground" where all fought for supremacy, but which was in the thought of the Iroquois their destined hunting ground. Even beyond this the eager braves trod the warpath against Shawnees and Cherokees on the mountain slopes; against the prairie people of the Wabash and the Illinois.

Down the Susquehanna, the Delawares had been completely subdued; nor did they escape from the indignity of paying tribute to the sachems of the League until they took their departure to the land beyond the Alleghanies.

Secure within his own country, the Iroquois looked proudly out toward distant lands where his own power was acknowledged and his name heard with fear.

The Long House of the Iroquois stretched westward from the mouth of the Mohawk to the Great Falls that lay between two huge inland seas. It was a land of trees and hills and lovely waterways. It had still rich store of wild creatures; but these were diminishing rapidly as the white man's trade offered goods to the Indian in exchange for peltries. More and more the Indian must look to his barter with the distant forest folk to furnish him with the medium of exchange.

From the upper Mohawk one might easily portage over to the lake and the country of the Oneida, second of the League people. These were the people of the great stone, a steadfast folk who were already beginning to listen to the council of missionaries and to follow in some measure the ways of the white man. Near them were now the Tuscaroras, who had come from the south a generation past and had by various gradations of relationship been adopted into the confederacy. Adoptions of individuals and of groups as well, were not uncommon among the Iroquois; warfare so often reduced their numbers that there must be some outside replenishment if they were to keep their place of power.

Below Oneida water was the smaller lake of the Onondaga people. Here burned the sacred council fire that tradition held to have been kindled by Hiawatha. Here met the sachems, the chiefs, the warriors, and the mothers of warriors. Great days there were when the far-flung belts of wampum brought the magnates of the nations together before their undying fire. The echoes of their de-

liberations were heard in many a distant spot in word of peace or in shrilling war-whoop.

Beyond these were the Cayugas, dark people of the dark forest, claiming for their own the longest of the finger lakes. And westernmost of them all were the stormy Senecas, whose wide domain stretched out beyond the last of the smaller lakes and over to the inland seas. Here at the portage place of the Great Falls was the western gate of the fabled Long House; here the Senecas fought or fraternized with tribes above or to the west. Here, too, they listened to the counsel of the French, who through their fort and the Joncaire trading post sought such entrance to the Iroquois stronghold as the Albanians had found to the westward.

The elder Joncaire, adopted as a child into the Seneca Nation and possessed always of their friendship, died at about the time of William Johnson's first acquaintance with the Mohawks. But two of his sons carried on their father's traditions, laboring long and steadfastly to fling the banner of New France farther and farther into the wilderness, and to hold for their people so far as might be the friendship of the Iroquois. Wooed by both French and English, the Six Nations felt their power.

"Each of these Nations," wrote Cadwallader Colden, who had himself been adopted into the tribal councils of the Mohawks, "is again divided into three Tribes or Families, who distinguish themselves by three different Arms or Ensigns, the Tortoise, the Bear and the Wolf; and the Sachems, or Old Men of these Families, put this Ensign or Mark of their Family, to every Publick Paper, when they sign it.

"Each of these Nations is an absolute Republick by it-

self, and every Castle in each Nation makes an independent Republick, and is governed in all publick affairs by its own Sachems or Old Men. The authority of these Rulers is gained by, and consists wholly in the Opinion the rest of the Nation have of their Wisdom and Integrity. They never execute their Resolutions by Force upon any of their People. . .

"They think themselves by Nature superior to the rest of Mankind, and call themselves Ongwe-hongwe; that is, Men surpassing all others. This Opinion, which they take Care to cultivate into their Children, gives them that Courage, which has been so terrible to all the Nations of North America; and they have taken such Care to impress the same Opinion of their People on all their Neighbors that they, on all Occasions, yield the most submissive Obedience to them."

Since his purpose in so writing was to convince the British powers that the Iroquois were well worth conciliating, both for trade and for the protection of the infant colony against the French, we may be sure that Colden would say nothing to minimize the importance of the red rulers of the forests. But even before his time the Nations, and especially the Mohawks, easternmost and so in closest contact with the newcomers, were aware of their strategic position between French and English.

Courted by both, the Indian felt himself master of the situation. They would have him as a pawn in their game of empire; to him the intruders from across the seas were pawns in his own game of conquest. Well might they bring him gifts and make fair promises; was he not lord of the vast domain at whose outer fringes they stood suppliant?

"They constantly received the bounty of both parties," one observer records, "without much regarding the professions of either."

It was these dominant people, "too sagacious to be deceived and too powerful to be eradicated," to whom William Johnson came, first as trader and later as friend and brother. It was these lords of the Mohawk Valley who accepted into their tribe and family with all due ceremony Brother Warraghiyagey, who had already become to them "as a tree with roots sunk deep in our affections."

IV

Despite his strictures on the opposition of the Reverend Mr. Barclay to the traffic in rum, William Johnson was ever a staunch adherent of the English Church, and in his later years of power did much to spread its growth in his Valley. In his earlier days, however, one scriptural text in particular won his loyalty. He was from the outset convinced that it was not good for man to be alone.

It was, in fact, too warm a devotion to this principle that had led to the young man's exile from his native soil. Here in the New World he did not forswear his allegiance. Besides the undoubted piety of this line of conduct, there was the further consideration that a man needed help to carry out all the ambitious projects that seethed in young Johnson's head. He did not write Uncle Peter about the matter, but one of his early purchases was that of a young German girl, a bound servant, Catherine Weissenburg, whose passage money of fifteen or sixteen pounds he paid, that he might thereafter have the right to her companionship and her services.

No doubt she repaid him well, in careful keeping of his house and store and farm, and in guarding his interests during his absences among the Indians. The three children she bore him as the years went on were an additional payment that was perhaps not nominated in the bond. And perhaps she did him the best turn of all when she died and left him free to form a more lasting alliance among the Mohawks by taking to his home — now a stone house on his own land on the north side of the river — the dusky Caroline, daughter of the sachem Abraham, and niece of that Hendrick whose importance in war and council led the English to refer to him as King of the Six Nations.

In his will, made thirty years after her death, Johnson spoke of this Catherine as his wife; and the tradition of the Valley has it that there was a belated marriage ceremony, performed at Catherine's desire when the birth of her second daughter proved to be her death warrant as well. Actual record of the marriage biographers and historians have so far failed to discover.

However dubiously or tardily legitimated, Catherine's three children received devoted care from their father; and with his growing fortunes they learned to consider themselves of much finer clay than the other white inhabitants of the region. To the red ones they must perforce assume a far less haughty attitude, both because of the great family of half-breed brothers and sisters growing up about them, because of the hordes of Iroquois warriors and sachems that thronged the house and throve upon its hospitality, and because of the unspoken but all-powerful consideration that Mohawk compliance, after all, was the very root and fibre of their father's greatness.

"Johny" was the oldest, and very dear was he to the heart of his father. He had just seen the light of day when, in 1742, the first house at Mount Johnson was ready for its occupants. It was here that Johny's two little sisters, Anne or Nancy and Mary, were born. All three were still babies when Caroline, niece of Hendrick, came to be the mistress of the stone dwelling.

Caroline was reputed to have both beauty and dignity, and she well knew her position was one of power, whether among white men or red. She presided over the household and at table, whatever the prestige and dignity of the guests who came to the hall. By this time William Johnson was independent of the little tongues of little people about him. He could be a law unto himself. Provided, of course, he retained the loyalty of his Mohawk brothers.

That loyalty, however, had been won by something deeper than either trade or diplomacy. Johnson's trade was based on simple principles of honesty and fair dealing; and his diplomatic relations with the Indian braves sprang from a hearty liking of their ways and manners. His trading post at Oghwagha had driven many a lesser trader out of business, not so much by undermining them as because the Indians speedily learned that here was a man who said no more than he meant and who fulfilled his promises. In applying for his license Johnson had announced his intention to show by actual example that trade with the Indians could be conducted as honestly as any other commercial business; and he had truly done so.

Just as sincerely had he entered into their sports, their hunting, their forest life. That nature of his, still "Onruly and Streperous," found admirable outlet in the

woods and streams, in the hazards of the chase or the tense excitement of the war-dance. The paint and feathers were to him perhaps mummery, but a delightful mummery not too unlike that of courts and cities, a mummery which gratified his innate love of pomp and power. He had a true kinship to these lords of the forest, and counted greatness among them as well worth his aspiration as greatness among the traders of Albany or of New York.

Not only would he be first in his own region, but that pre-eminence should be acknowledged elsewhere. His white guests would meet at table his Indian guests and his Indian mistress, and would learn to do honor to them.

Tangled threads, these, in the loom of character; honesty contending with shrewdness, generosity with self-aggrandizement. Yet there is a certain greatness in the pattern, and even in its contradictions, as Uncle Peter had early foreseen.

V

Living in the wilderness did not take one out of the stream of colonial politics. Indian alliance and Indian trade were indeed the pivot upon which turned the destinies of the New York colony.

When the French had built their fort at Niagara, the English colonists had countered by erecting a little post at Oswego. Thus the rival nations faced each other across the lands and waters of the Senecas. Both coveted a station for a fort at Irondequoit, but the Indians refused permission to either.

Whether there was war or peace in Europe, in the New

World the contest for the fur trade was as keen as war itself. Each nation assured the Indians of the evil designs of the other; and whether the astute sachems believed this or not, they listened earnestly. From Onontio, the Governor of Canada, to Corlear, as they called the New York Governor, they went, well supplied with fresh complaints and requests, designed to bring renewed presents and feasting from the white man.

Now that war with France was again the order of the times Governor Clinton, quarrelling as every royal governor did with the good burghers of the provincial assembly, felt that his citizens of Albany were observing a shameful neutrality instead of showing themselves alert to take up arms against the foe. A previous governor had laid a ban upon trade with the French at any time, in peace or war; but these Dutch merchants were suspected of caring more for their own prosperity than for the British flag whose unfurling at New Amsterdam had, after all, been a comparatively recent matter. They did not scrutinize too closely the destination of the wares they sold. As for the French, their harbor on the St. Lawrence was ice-locked for so long a season each year, that they could obtain from the southern colony more cheaply and more certainly than in any other way, the goods with which they bought Indian friendship.

Another source of discomfort was at Caughnawaga on the St. Lawrence. The "praying Indians" of this village, according to ancient writers, were so called because they wore rosaries about their necks when begging in the streets of Montreal. They were Iroquois who had been converted by the French priests; induced to take up their homes away from their tribe, they occupied an admirably

strategic position, friendly with both Huron and Iroquois, maintaining trade relations with Albany and with the Canadian settlements. Whatever the provocation, the Iroquois to the south would not take up the hatchet against these Caughnawaga brethren, nor consent to such action on the part of the English. It was a perplexing problem.

This year the situation seemed more than usually critical. Parties of marauders from Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, were keeping all the outer settlements in terror. Even in the neighborhood of Albany enemy warriors could be glimpsed. Without the acquiescence of the Mohawks they could scarcely come so near. That acquiescence, it was feared, would before long become an open attachment to the French interest.

In the previous year Albany had known a great council. Delegates from Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania attended, and Governor Clinton had presided, welcoming more than five hundred Indians to friendship and feasting. Great stores of presents had been distributed among them, with the admonition that they should show their good intent by taking up the hatchet against the French.

The Iroquois accepted the presents and the hatchet, promising to put the latter in their bosoms. . . They did not, however, undertake to withdraw it from that place of safety and lodge it in the heads of the French. To all the eloquence spent upon them they made equivocal response:

"We will, therefore, before we make use of the hatchet against the French or their Indians, send four of our peo-

ple, who are now ready to go, to Canada to demand satisfaction for the wrongs they have done our brethren, and, if they refuse to make satisfaction, then we will be ready to use the hatchet against them."

Evidently the visit to Canada had brought a higher offer and more satisfactory presents from the French; for there had been no war made by the Iroquois upon them in the year that had gone by. Instead, in New York there had been a growing idea that this neutrality had all but merged into open enmity. The Senecas, who had refused to come to the conference of 1745, sending word that there was a sickness in their villages, were more than suspect in this regard. Only the Mohawks retained an appearance of friendship; and from his place among them Johnson had sent more than one appeal to the Governor for armed protection.

While William Johnson, with war-dance and wampum, was endeavoring to hold the Mohawk sachems firm in their allegiance, the more distant of the nations were being visited by Governor Clinton's commissioners. Meeting at first with refusal, the emissaries at last succeeded in leading toward Albany a group of Indians who had consented to hear what the Governor had to say to them.

When these inquiring souls reached the Mohawk country, they expressed great disapproval on hearing that some of the young braves there had already promised to make war upon the French. The Mohawks, their western brethren declared with sternness, should remember that they were the smallest of the Six Nations. They should seek the consent of the others before going so far.

"It is true," was the Mohawk reply, "we are less considerable as to Number; but our hearts are truly English, and all of us are Men."

This was by no means a conciliatory answer. Dispute rose even higher. In the end the commissioners with their western Indians marched into Albany on one side of the river while Johnson and his Mohawk friends, in their war-paint, took the trail on the other side.

As to the effect of the long council that dragged on through the burning August days, opinions vary. Colden reported it as thoroughly successful; speeches and gifts well received and encouraging promises made in return. The Governor's opponents interpreted matters differently, discrediting Colden's account as colored by his partisanship. The gifts, said they, were all too meagre; and the Indians went away plainly as disgruntled as when they came. They pointed out the fact that there was no great accession of Iroquois in the expeditions against the French that autumn.

But one adopted Mohawk, at least, had won a substantial reward. Governor Clinton, shrewdly appreciating the advantage of alliance with a brother of the red tribesmen, empowered Johnson to furnish the war-parties with necessaries — arms, ammunition, clothing, and provisions — to be reimbursed from the public treasury. War contracts before and since have been the source of fortune.

Nor was this all. Johnson was further authorized to enlist under his command "all such Christians and Indians as shall voluntarily offer themselves," to send out parties against the French, and to pay them duly for all prisoners and scalps taken on such forays. He was not himself to head the parties, but to remain near the Mo-

hawks and make frequent report of their progress to the Governor.

Brother Warraghiyagey is taking another step on his upward way. He is now Colonel William Johnson of His Majesty's service.

CHAPTER II

COLONEL WILLIAM JOHNSON

I

BURGOYNE of the British Army, besieging the War Office for promotion after his Spanish campaign, wrote of the high standing of his family and declared: "upon any other ground I should blush to ask preferment." He was in the tradition of his age; the pious myths of Horatio Alger had not yet begun to work their spell upon the mind of youth. Or, as the modern Librarian [1] of the British War Office phrases it:

"This was an age of nepotism; there was no such damned nonsense as merit leading to promotion."

Colonel William Johnson understood his time and had imbibed its ideals. Family support had brought him to the New World and to the Mohawk Valley; family support should be called upon to further his progress to greater heights.

And matters were looking well for the family, indeed. Uncle Peter, with four English men-of-war from the West Indies, had joined the hundred motley vessels assembled by the colonies of New England just in time to take part in the capture of the French fort at Louisburg and reap a large personal reward therefor. Speedily he

[1] F. J. Hudleston, author of "Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne," 1927.

is Admiral, is knighted, and is, by the standards of the time, immensely enriched by the prize money he has taken. The news of his victories on sea and overseas will work to his nephew's advantage even in the wilderness and will, that nephew fondly hopes, pave the way for similar honors for the younger members of the family. William Johnson is not slow to let those about him know of Uncle Peter's new eminence.

"I give you Joye," wrote one of his wilderness neighbors in response to the news, "of Admaril Warrin being Knighted believe it is verey agreeable to Mrs. Warrin for all Ladys love Honnor as to the Admaril being g—— of N——" —by this guarded allusion the correspondent meant Governor of New York—"I heartyly wish it may be so and by what you Inform me am fully Satisfyd it will be so and hartylye Joine in your good wishes that he May first make a viset to Queaback for the good of us all and the honour of America."

Expectation at this moment had mounted a little too high. Governor Clinton continued to hold the royal favor and the doubtful pleasure of continual altercation with the assembly and with the chief justice of the province. Nor was Quebec to fall for many a year yet of peace and war, of intrigue and controversy.

But Uncle Peter's star was rising visibly; and the fortunes of the Johnson nephews rose with it. William's brother Warren, coming now as a British officer to the colonies, gathered a good deal of reflected light from the glory. He came from his regiment at Boston to visit William at Mount Johnson. There, no doubt, the brothers talked much of the future and what it might hold for them.

Colonel William Johnson's thoughts were all on the future; he was not one to repine over the past. His parents in Ireland waited in vain for word from him. Warren's account of his visit stirred another brother, John, to a letter of rather reproachful tone:

"After many repeated letters wrote by both my father and I, it has been a sensible affliction to us that we have not had a letter from you more than two years. We had long since given over the thoughts of your being among the liveing thinking that nothing but death could have prevented you from giveing that great satisfaction to my father and us all. What motive induces you not to Enquire for us . . . you may be assured that the hearing of your being in a prosperous scituation would be Equally agreeable to us as happy to yourself. My Father gives you his blessing and my sisters Joyn in love to you."

To Warren, nearer at hand, brother Billy was affectionately generous; and in return the soldier brother gave appreciation, assurance of affection, and news of Uncle Peter's latest advancement.

"I make no doubt you have heard of my Uncle Warren's great success in his two Cruzes, being the first with Admiral Anson and the second he was Commander in Chief of a large Squadron part of which fell in with the St. Domingo Fleet and took Sixty two Sail of them, besides several Rich Ships before he fell in with them. he now must be one of the Richest men in England and not one has done his Country so much Service; he must be worth three or four Hundred Thousand Pounds Sterling, he's Vice Admiral of the White and a Member of Parliament for Westminster, and Make no doubt in a very Short time will be a Pier of England, there being no Person more Able to Maintain that dignity."

Warren was planning a trip to England but would take Lady Warren's advice in the matter "least I disoblige my uncle." To both the brothers the desirability of standing high in Uncle Peter's esteem was ever apparent.

Public counsel relations were not so entitled in those days; yet William Johnson was not going to let Uncle Peter, triumphant in England, remain unaware of his nephew's achievements in far-off New York colony. Friends travelling across the Atlantic were commissioned to carry the news. One Leonard Lockman, writing from Boston on his way to England, assured Johnson of his good will and good intent.

"I will take care your services done to the Crown shall not only be made known to Sir Peter Warren but to the Ministry to the extend of my Knolledge which is a good deal if I can be of any other servise to you here please to command me. . . We dranck your health Yisterday at Governour Shirleys."

This drinking of health was a custom of the day acceptable to the person honored and more than usually pleasing to the performer of the rite. On March 18th of the year following the Albany conference which had given him his military title, Colonel William Johnson wrote to Governor Clinton:

"We kept St. Patrick yesterday and this Day and drank your Health and all freinds in Albany with so many other Healths, that I can scarce write."

II

Johnson's uncle by marriage (Indian custom marriage) was no less great a person in his country than Uncle Peter at the English court. An English lady, writing years

later of her childhood in America, told of a journey through these wilds and a visit to the "castle of this primitive monarch," King Hendrick. To her childish eyes he was indeed "a princely figure, with a countenance that would not have dishonoured royalty," and the fact that he sat on the floor beside a heap of wheat, surrounded by baskets piled up with dried berries, did not detract from his majestic appearance. The little visitor admired Hendrick's coat of pale blue with silver trimmings, a gift from sister royalty across the ocean; and was equally delighted by the beads and buckskin which bespoke Mohawk workmanship.

"I was prepared to admire King Hendrick," wrote Mrs. Grant [1] in later years, "by having heard him described as a generous warrior, terrible to his enemies, and kind to his friends; the character of all others calculated to make the deepest impression upon ignorant innocence, in a country where infants learned the horrors of war from its proximity. Add to all this, that the monarch smiled, clapped my head, and ordered me a little basket, very pretty, and filled by the officious kindness of his son with dried berries. Never did princely gifts, or the smile of royalty, produce more ardent admiration or profound gratitude.

"I went out of the royal presence overawed and delighted, and I am not sure but what I have liked kings all my life the better for this happy specimen, to which I was so early introduced. Had I seen royalty, properly such, invested with all the pomp of European magnificence, I should possibly have been confused and overdazzled. But

[1] "Memoirs of an American Lady," London 1809.

this was quite enough, and not too much for me; and I went away, lost in a reverie, and thought of nothing but kings, battles and generals for days after."

But in this autumn of 1746 our King Hendrick did not at once fulfil his promise to lead his men to battle. Instead, as he and others came back from Albany to their Valley homes, they were beset with ills. The dangers arising "from the infection of two different Diseases, which at that time raged in the city of Albany," were too much for them. Indeed, either yellow fever or smallpox might have been sufficient justification for quiescence.

The party of seventy warriors, promised at Albany, never took the field against the French. The best that could be mustered was a group of about half that number, of whom ten were whites, who made their way north of the St. Lawrence, returning with four scalps and eight French prisoners.

Another party of nine Indians, at first more diplomatic than warlike, went to the Caughnawagas with professions of neutrality between French and English. This was a satisfactory introduction to the Governor of Canada; at Montreal they played their parts so well that they received gifts and letters of introduction to the French commandant at Crown Point. On their return, however, they abandoned their rôles as neutrals and fell upon a small party of French, killing five and bringing into Albany a prisoner as well as fresh information concerning conditions in Montreal.

Carping tongues among the opposition intimated that activity among the Indians extended more to trade than to warfare; that outfitting the parties with blankets and

shirts, moccasins and war paint, interested the inhabitants of the Valley more than any actual campaigning. Johnson himself complained to Governor Clinton that the Indians would obtain from him arms and clothing and immediately sell them to other traders for rum and trinkets. The prohibition against the purchase of a soldier's clothing by a civilian should, Clinton agreed, apply as well to military goods issued to an Indian.

On the whole, King George's War was prosecuted without a great deal of fervor on either side, in America. The guerilla warfare between groups of Indians was little more than went on at any time among opposing tribes. Throughout the four years of warfare there was no expedition set on foot by the French against Oswego, or by the English against Niagara. Johnson even entertained the hope that he might induce the French Joncaire to desert his allegiance and cast in his lot with the English.

The winter of 1746–47 was a quiet one. Winter warfare was not in the Indian tradition, but spring brought a renewal of energy. Hendrick was by this time in better health and spirits, and though of an exceeding portliness and past the years when he might be expected to lead in battle, he was ready for action. A proposition that the Indians attend as scouts upon the army at Saratoga was not, however, acceptable: "they never like to keep in a Garrison among so many Christians."

By March the Mohawk chiefs were planning to accompany a detachment of soldiers to the castles of the other Iroquois nations, then bring them down and "go a-scalping." "We shall make the french smart this spring," Johnson predicted, "by taking, scalping and burning them and theyr Settlements; but I shall be ruined

for want of Blankets, linnen, paint, Guns, Cutlashes, &ca., for I am almost out of all those and can not get them in Albany." Colonel Johnson the war chief was by no means forgetful of the needs and perquisites of William Johnson the merchant and trader. Our more scrupulous age calls this graft; but the easy morality of the eighteenth century saw no harm in such a combination of interests.

Quite in consonance, too, with the spirit of the age was the bounty offered by colonial legislatures for scalps and prisoners, though perhaps there was a slight shrinking from extending the rewards to non-combatants.

"In this Bill that I am going to pass," wrote Governor Clinton, "the Council did not (think) it proper to put rewards for Scalping or taking poor women or Children prisiners in it, but the Assembly has assured me the Money shall be paid when it so happens, If the Indians insist upon it." And they did so insist, vigorously. "They plague me daily for their money," Johnson wrote plaintively to the Governor when the spring parties began to return with scalps and captives.

Through March, April, and May the parties came and went, bringing scalps and prisoners and demanding bounty, goods, and ammunition. Colonel Johnson's store was a busy place indeed.

As further reward for all this activity the Indians fully expected to be bidden to another council at Albany. Johnson indeed pointed out that quite as much could be accomplished at less expense by calling them together at Mount Johnson, where of "blew Camblet, red Shaloon, Gold lace and White Metall Buttens" coats were being fashioned for the fancy of the victorious warriors.

But it best suited the braves to flaunt their new finery

at Albany and the Governor to meet them there. Perhaps the cavillings of the opposition might in some measure be silenced by such an assemblage. So on another summer day again came Johnson and his Mohawk braves down the river path to the place of council.

This year an expedition against the French at Crown Point was in prospect.

III

Warren Johnson lamented that his brother should undergo the hardships of an expedition against the French in behalf of "an ungratefull Set of people." It is true that, in winning the favor of the Governor, William had automatically incurred the enmity of the popular party in the Assembly. And it was to that party he must eventually look, as must Governor Clinton, for money and supplies.

It was a jealously guarded prerogative of the one elective body of the colony to provide money for salaries and expenses. Successive royal governors demanded "support," as the phrase of the day had it, for long periods of time and without too great scrutiny of purpose, but the Assembly did not easily relax its hold upon the purse-strings, even when governors strove to wear out resistance with frequent prorogu ings.

In the present quarrel between Clinton and his Assembly the Governor, though possessed of prestige and power, was often out-manœuvered by the opposition. His protégé Johnson could not fail to become the target of much animosity.

Nor were the residents of the Valley at all times in har-

mony with this enterprising and ambitious young trader. Perhaps he was not the only one who cherished ambition and kept a lookout for opportunity. He was, after all, still a newcomer.

The Reverend Mr. Barclay had not succeeded in his endeavor to prevent the sale of rum to the Indians, but danger to trade threatened from another source. One of Johnson's neighbors, Joseph Clement, saw no reason why he too should not profit from the demand.

Warnings and threats proved unavailing; Colonel Johnson had recourse to his friend the Governor, and an order was issued forbidding, in His Majesty's name, the said Joseph Clement to "sell, give, exchange or cause to be sold, given or exchanged any Ale, Beer, Sider, Rum, Brandy, or any other Spirituous Liquors whatever, to any Indian or Soldier in and about the said Fort" Johnson. This would seem conclusive; but the Governor tarried in Albany or New York, and soldiers and Indians in the Mohawk Valley continued as willing to assuage their thirst from Clement's stores as from the cellars at Mount Johnson.

A mutual agreement to refrain from such sales was mutually violated. Clement wrote indignantly to "heer Wyllem Yansen:"

"You had promised me that no drink would be sold in your fort and that you would put a stop to it in Fort Williams. Instead of stopping it, you have permitted it in your fort, which is not according to your promise. And as to the drawing up of the agreement, of which I spoke to you, I am threatened every day by persons who are no strangers to you. If you cannot keep your word, it is no wonder that I do not

keep my promise; and about our agreement I have not heard a word but threats."

Eventually Johnson's course was successful and Clement sold his land and departed. "I hope," commented a friend, "You'll take a little pains to drive all his sort out and Plant Christians in their places." Still two others of the same name were heard of in the autumn of 1747, regarding the expedition of that year to Crown Point.

This sortie, which occupied an August day or two and the first week in September, was preceded by many letters detailing the trouble and expense of the preparations, and was followed by commendations from the Governor to the Assembly on Colonel Johnson's distinguished services. Yet even the Governor did not claim any benefits resulting from the expedition; while John and Jacob Clement — their relationship to Joseph of that name unstated — appeared before a justice of the peace and solemnly made oath that Johnson's Indian regiment was a figment of the mind only, an unsubstantial paper organization designed for winning reputation rather than for military achievement. They averred that the journey toward Crown Point was taken with no intention whatever of reaching that zone of possible danger.

Even in higher places there was a lack of that generous appreciation which Johnson's labors, in his own opinion and in that of the Governor, were entitled to receive. The Assembly refused to listen to his plea for extra payment for provisioning the garrison at Oswego. To his statement that men required double wages in this time of danger, they retorted with the reminder that he had promised on taking the contract to make the same charges

in peace or war. In the entire matter of payment they were dilatory, reluctant. The "Frowns of an invertirate Assembly" were visited on Johnson as they had long been on his patron the Governor.

This was not all. There was the never-ending jealousy between New York and her sister colonies to the northeast. Success against the French and peace along the border were objects of equal interest to both; and Major John Henry Lydius had come with a body of soldiers to represent in these parts the power of Governor Shirley of Massachusetts.

Lydius was a trader too, and a dweller among the Mohawks north of Albany. He was friendly to the Albanians, and his marriage with a French wife assured him friendlier relations with the "praying Indians" of Caughnawaga than was agreeable to one whose interest lay in diverting the Mohawks to the southern country.

On the whole, he looked like a rival; and Johnson could not brook anything like rivalry. In his many letters on their common business he kept up all courtesy toward Lydius; but to Clinton he voiced a complaint which was to echo far and long. When Johnson was asked to take charge of some goods provided by Governor Shirley for the Indians, he was quick to refuse. Not on any account would he undertake a commission which would imply his subordination to the authorities or the soldiers of any other colony. "It would be demeaning myself Verry much." If his trader's instinct as well as his *amour propre* was touched, he did not dwell on the fact in his curt letter of refusal.

The dispute rose to involve Governors Clinton and Shirley; the provincial council at Greenwich took a hand;

Sir Peter was called upon to further the cause; even the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State, heard the echoes of the difficulty. The real controversy involved payment for those war-parties whose doings had been reported from time to time.

Whatever the objection to honoring the bills for these forays, Governor Clinton at least was heartily on the side of his war captain among the Mohawks.

"Tho I was determined," he explained, "to be at no more charges for the Indians at the Expence of the Crown, yet I cant avoid doing it again in justice to you and the brave Indians who was on this party with you, for which reason whatever Goods and Expence you are at on your return I will give you my Bills on the Treasury for, but then I must desire you to give it out, and to let nobody know to the contrary, that you take this Expence upon yourself from the faith you have that the Assembly cant refuse to pay you." An undercurrent of mutual understanding between the Governor and the Colonel is apparent.

Now hard upon all this controversy came the order of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle ordering the provincial governors to withdraw from the expedition against Canada. All but a few of the officers and men who had after long trial been brought up to the point of warlike proceedings, were to be dismissed. King George's War, as this particular phase of the unending duel with the French was designated, was demanding attention in Europe rather than in the colonies. It would be another year before the peace of Aix-la-Chappelle would bring it formally to a close; but so far as the Mohawk Valley

was concerned a cessation of warfare was decreed after October thirty-first.

IV

MAKING war had not been the easiest of matters; unmaking it was no less arduous. The Mohawk braves were just beginning to be warmed up to the situation, and now it would be necessary to tell them to desist. Certainly they were not going to desist so long as enemy Indians from the north continued to descend upon them.

Winter was well along when the council passed resolutions based on the orders from England; for travel was no speedy matter across the wintry Atlantic. At almost the same time a little party of six — "Three Christians and three Mohawks" — on scout duty in the northern woods were surrounded by a party of thirty braves, most of them from the band of praying Indians at Caughnawaga.

Gingego, a noted warrior among the Mohawks, heard the stealthy approach of their snow-shoes and wakened his companions to take a stand against the enemy. Convinced of the inadequacy of their numbers, they attempted flight.

"They are gone through the swamp! We are men! We shall have them!" exulted the attackers.

"I am a man! I am Gingego! No one can make me fly!" and with the thrice repeated war-whoop Gingego met their deadly volley.

"Shott him through the Thigh and another through the body — Cutt their Heads off, Scalped or rather flea'd

their whole Heads, cutt of their Ears, nose and lips, and Stuck the heads on a Sciver before the Fire, which when found were half roasted, Sett them on their Shoulders in the Snow, with their heels up, and mangled the Bodys in Severall parts, killed and Scalped a Young Dutch man who lived at my house, and took another Prisoner, So that only two out of that party of Six Escaped their Barbarity. One of them a Christian the other a brisk Young Indian who heard Gingego speak them words before he dropt." So Colonel Johnson reported the affair; the Indians had been so enraged by this usage they complained vigorously to Brother Warraghiyagey. He had gotten them to engage in this war, they reminded him, and now they were left without help when their warriors were murdered. If no aid were forthcoming, the future would be dark indeed: "this Cruel Affair portends a Bloody Summer."

At such a time as this came the directions to go out among the Indians with presents and invitations to another conference. Peace was to be made; but its making was to be left in the hands of the English. Fraternizing with the French was feared as much in peace as in war; if the Iroquois were permitted to make their way up to Montreal to negotiate for the release of the prisoners there, they would easily be won away from the English.

This expedition was an enterprise which required all the knowledge of Indian language, life, and character, all the diplomacy and address which Johnson had developed in his ten years of Iroquois life. It also required a good measure of physical endurance, for the route ran through the deep woods of late winter, by trails leading to Indian villages all along the way to Onondaga. Johnson had

long since found that the only way to gain his point among these people was to talk privately to those most obstinately opposed to his plans, and so by cajolery, presents, or threats to win them over to his side before the time of open council.

His progress was more triumphal in its nature than he had anticipated. Every village as he reached it hoisted the English colors and beat the drum in honor of his approach. At the place of council at Onondaga formal salutes were exchanged. The Colonel and his party were solemnly led to homes prepared for them.

The Indians had a complaint to make.

"Now Brother, We the Five Nations here together must tell you We think it very hard, being kept from Hunting now almost two years (Except a trifle about home) and that all for nothing as we can see no sign of your doing anything with your army as we expected. What shall we do now to live, being in a miserable poor Condition, and if we have a trifle to lay out, Goods are so dear at Oswego that we can have nothing without paying three Times as much as we used to do."

There was feasting that night, so that the warriors were in a more receptive frame of mind for the morrow's council. Further to win their approval, Johnson made a detailed recital of their long friendship with the newcomers to their land, commencing with the arrival of the first great canoe which had brought the Dutch to Albany.

So well did the Indians like the goods brought by the Dutch that they resolved to cement the friendship by tying up the vessel to one of the strongest nut trees that lined the river at the place of landing. But fearing that

the wind might blow down even this strong tree, they decided upon a longer rope, which should tie her fast to Onondaga. That rope would thus be forever beneath their feet, and should ill come to the great canoe they would know by the shaking of the rope and could go to the aid of their allies. Thus in their symbolic phrases the old treaties told of the friendship between the Iroquois and the Dutch.

The English had succeeded to the Dutch interest; and between English and Indian was forged a bright silver chain which should never break nor rust, but would always bind them in brothership together. Johnson conjured them in remembrance of that old chain, never grown rusty, to shut their ears to the talk of the French who wished to blindfold the Indians and take the silver chain from their hands.

"I've reason to tell you that I think your going to Canada last year, has been the occasion of our loosing several of Our People whose Scalps I dont doubt you have seen brought there in triumph while our Hands were tyed here by you. . . .

"Your going to Canada last year and desire of going there now makes me think you cannot be sincere and hearty in your Brothers Cause, for it is impossible to be true to both. Wherefore I desire you to drop the one intirely and stand by your own Brethren, otherwise I insist on your declaring your Sentiments That I may when I return give an account of it to your Brother and likewise to your Father the King."

The Indians replied with a long and plausible explanation of their Canadian sojourn of the previous year, and assured Brother Warraghiyagey that they intended to

hold fast by the friendship with the English and abide by all the rules made at the fastening of the ancient covenant chain. But it seemed to them a grievous distress that they should not listen to the French offer to return the prisoners if the Iroquois should come to claim them.

"We Cant help telling you That we Think it very hard and Cruel to be hindered from Fetching our own Flesh and Blood from thence who lye rotting and dying in Irons when we are offered them only to go for them. Had you got them from thence as you have your own People We should not think of going to Canada as Friends but in another Manner. We beg earnestly Brother that you will make haste."

In spite of these efforts and a later council with the Governor at Albany, border warfare was by no means at an end, nor was either party in haste to relinquish its prisoners. A year later negotiations concerning the exchange of captives were still going on between the Marquis de Galissonière, Governor of Canada, and the various colonial governors. The Frenchman naturally wished the Iroquois to give up their prisoners in return for their own brethren held captive. Governor Clinton was still reminding Johnson of Hendrick's promise, as yet unfulfilled, to bring the French captives from the Iroquois castles. The Indians, continually distraught by rumors of fresh invasion from the north, were demanding protection of British soldiery in their villages.

Back of this lay the contention as to the status of the League of the Iroquois. The French Governor would not admit the English contention that the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, had made the Five Nations British subjects. In defence of their opinion that the League was an

independent, neutral power, they pointed out the fact that the colonial authorities had been unable to redeem the prisoners held in the castles of the Iroquois, whereas the French had purchased from their Indian allies all English captives and were holding them in Montreal for exchange. If the Iroquois braves were permitted to visit Canada for the exchange, their status of independence would be admitted by the action.

A solution no more satisfactory was offered by private citizens from Albany and New England, who suggested that they visit Canada as intermediaries, their reward to come from the trading they could do with French and Indians on the journey. Trader Johnson found this proposition repugnant; in his diplomatic and military activities Brother Warraghiyagey had not lost sight of his commercial relations. He was still dealer in "Indian truck" as well as commissioner to the League.

The former commissioners in Albany, finding themselves deprived of authority and in the opposition along with the colonial assembly, had resigned. William Johnson was the man consulted in all Indian matters, the man to whom all records had been entrusted. To him both white man and red should look for counsel.

William Johnson Esquire, trader extraordinary, Brother Warraghiyagey of the Mohawk sachems, Colonel of fourteen companies and Commissioner to the Six Nations, was by now indeed the great man of his Valley. This, however, was only a start on the ambitious programme he had mapped out for himself for the years to come.

CHAPTER III

JOHNSON OF MOUNT JOHNSON

I

BY THIS time the dignity of the Colonel demanded ampler quarters. Johnson was a builder by nature, and his restless spirit found occupation in the construction of a new home suitable to his increasing prospects.

Since his removal to his own land on the south side of the Mohawk he had dated his letters from "Mount Johnson;" but in truth neither the lesser house of his first residence nor the more imposing stone mansion which still stands on the banks of the river was erected on any elevation of ground. The new Mount Johnson, to bear in later years the more impressive and no more inaccurate title of fort, stood beside a small creek beyond which was a wooded slope that might with some show of reason be called a mount.

When 1748 merged into 1749 (new style) Johnson excused himself from a promised visit to New York. "Hitherto we have not had the least Snow, and now I am busy prepareing to build me a good House next Spring." When 1748 was merging into 1749 (old style) the ship Antelope was bringing from London all manner of bolts and hinges, locks and bars and screws which would make

part of the dwelling on which his workmen were busying themselves.

"They are for a house I am building and that you may better know what Sort and Size I shall give you the dimensions of the House, which is 60 foot long, by 32 wide, two Story high, all Stone. I should be glad you would please to ask a workman there, how much lead would be sufficient to Cover Such a House and what it would amount to with the freight here and also of Slate for Either of the two I propose covering it with." It was to be a substantial building, for defence against the elements or against the invader.

It was of Georgian style — perhaps the pleasantest reminder we have of those early Georges is the type of architecture which bears their name — with a broad hall running through the centre and great square rooms on either side, each with its welcoming fireplace, deep windows, panelled walls and wide-boarded floor. There was comfort here in summer's heat or in the long winters that locked creek and river in deep ice and bowed the wide evergreens with a heavy burden of snow.

From his broad doorway Colonel William Johnson looked out upon a fair domain. On one hand the eye might follow the clear little creek that ran beside the house down to the broader Mohawk, where green little islands shone against the blue of the water, with the dark background of the deep forests on the farther shore. Farther up the creek, were the store, the mill buildings, the houses for workmen and slaves. Already Johnson was foremost in the colony as landowner and slaveowner.

Across the smaller stream, on the lowlands between it

and the abrupt little mount, was a lovely valley where sheep and cattle grazed. Johnson had been the first to bring them to this country. Still further, along the river's bank, were fields of corn and wheat. Johnson was now exporter as well as importer, and many a ship bound for the West Indies carried flour his mill had ground from the fields his slaves had cultivated.

On these level acres, often to the crowding of the sheep and the destruction of the pasturage, the Indians were wont to gather for council. In time a council house arose for them and huts for their shelter. There was open-handed hospitality for all, and for the chiefs a welcome at the friendly table within the "castle" as the big house was often called.

A visitor in later years wrote of dining with the master. He "is continually plagued with Indians about him — generally from 300 to 900 in number — spoil his garden, and keep his house always dirty."

Out and beyond were broad acres almost without bound — sunny fields and cool deep forests, green hillsides and sparkling streams. Truly it was a country good to look upon, and his own. In time it was said to be the widest estate in all America, save perhaps the Fairfax plantation down in Virginia colony.

Scant wonder that the proprietor of so far-reaching an estate thought it time to set himself up with a coat of arms. Warren and William had talked the matter over when the former was at Mount Johnson. Later he wrote his brother from Dublin:

"I had our Coat of Arm's Cut in a very neat manner which I was to have sent you with this but after I had got them from

the Cuters found that they ware the ONeal's but have since ordered the Johnson's Arm's to be Cut as soon as possible, which I shall send as soon as finished with the Pamphlets, &ca."

Unfortunately for the accomplishment of his purpose, no Johnson arms came to light. It was quite a blow for these aspiring gentlefolk. For a time the matter rested, and Colonel Johnson was fain to make shift without ancestral bearings to paste in the books he was ordering and to stamp upon the pages of his ever increasing correspondence.

In time both brothers got over this difficulty and were possessed of insignia worthy their self-esteem. Each solved the problem independently of the other. Warren conjured up a hitherto unknown relationship to the O'Neill family and adopted their coat of arms, registering it at the Office of Arms in Dublin as his own. This was so shortly before his brother's death that it is probable news of Warren's action never reached the Johnsons in America.

In the meantime, though some years later than his erection of the new Mount Johnson residence, William Johnson had cut the Gordian knot of armslessness in his own more direct fashion. Denied the symbols of ancestry, he would, like Napoleon, himself be an ancestor. A coat of arms of his own devising would let the future know of his greatness. Of these he ordered a thousand, for insertion in his books; but he demurred at the price charged by the New York engraver for printing and coloring the plates, and in the end, after an acrimonious correspondence and counter offers which apparently did

not meet with acceptance, he contented himself with plain black and white.

This coat of arms was never registered; to Johnson's descendants it smacked too much, probably, of the America which had created their greatness and then disowned it; the America which they were fain to forget. They sheltered themselves, after the passage of generations, under the ægis of the O'Neills, as Brother Warren had chosen to do. The William Johnson coat of arms, therefore, remained his own, and his only.

It carried the usual shield with fleur-de-lis and escallops, with banners flashing and a hand upraised among them. But the hand grasped sturdily a good Mohawk arrow, and two fat determined-looking Indians upheld the shield.

"Supporters" — reads the heraldric description — "Two Indians wreathed about the waist with foliage, quivers over their inner shoulders, bows in their exterior hands, and plumes on their heads all ppr." To one better versed in Indianry than heraldry, both plumes and foliage carry a suggestion of war feathers.

In the motto below the shield Johnson gave formal recognition to the more remote sources of his greatness —*"Deo regique debeo."* The Latin was the tongue suitable for acknowledgment to God and King; but the pictorial language of the braves ready for battle was the tongue that could best be appreciated by Warraghiyagey's red brethren.

Whatever may be said of his descendants, William Johnson was never ashamed of the alliance and the companionship on which his power was founded.

II

The family which Johnson brought into his new stone house in January 1750, was even now not a small one. In time it would quite overflow the grim grey walls.

Johny was now a lad of eight years, and quite as "Onruly and Streperous" as his father at that age. Freedom and indulgence were already making him take on the airs of a prince, without the discipline which should support that dignity. There being no royal road to learning, young John was very reluctant to tread in that direction by a pathway unstrewn with roses. It was far pleasanter to roam in the fields, to play at being hunter or trapper, with an obsequious slave close at hand to carry out his childish whims. This little tow-headed lad, the son of an incorrigible Irish youth and a German servant-girl, lorded it over all around him, aping his father's dignity and command. But the father tempered his power with common sense and good judgment. John's arrogance proved too often but the cloak of inadequacy. This, however, is going far from eight-year-old Johny, whose pale yellow hair is the delight of his father's fond eye in these early days at Mount Johnson.

The younger sisters were just leaving the prattler stage. William Johnson had a very tender care for little Nancy and Mary, and had given them into the charge of an Englishwoman of the utmost correctness and reserve, the widow of an officer from the fort at Oswego. Here in the woodsy wilds, surrounded by painted braves and little brown sisters and brothers of the half blood, these two fair children were to have a training almost conventual in its rigid routine.

"Never was anything so uniform," wrote a visitor, "as their dress, their occupations, and the general tenor of their lives. In the morning they rose early, read their prayer-book, I believe, but certainly their Bible, fed their birds, tended their flowers, and breakfasted; then they were employed for some hours with unwearied perseverance, at fine needlework, for the ornamental parts of dress, which were the fashion of the day, without knowing to what use they were to be put, as they never wore them; and had not at the age of sixteen ever seen a lady, excepting each other and their governess."

The Johnson annals record no possession of a sense of humor, or these cloistered girls might have been induced to wonder why the other girls of the Valley were not "ladies" as well as themselves. Doubtless they accepted the fact that their father's wealth and renown lifted them incalculably above the German peasant race from which their mother had sprung, or the Irish and Scotch their father was settling along the river. Without question these docile maids went on with their round of activities.

"They then read, as long as they chose, either the voluminous romances of the last century, or Rollin's ancient history, the only books they had ever seen; after dinner they regularly in summer took a long walk; or an excursion in winter, in the sledge, with their friend; and then returned and resumed their wonted occupations.

"Their dress was to the full as simple and uniform as everything else; they wore wrappers of the finest chintz, and green silk petticoats; and this the whole year round without variation. Their hair, which was long and beautiful, was tied behind with a simple ribbon; a large calash shaded each from the sun, and in winter they

had long scarlet mantles that covered them from head to foot.

"Their father did not live with them, but visited them every day in their apartment."

With all this careful description of their routine, one surmises that Nancy and Mary saw more of the life about them than their precise monitress fancied. What must they have thought of Caroline and her dusky babies, of the swarms of Indians that paraded through the Valley and through the house, of the sounds of council, of complaint, of argument or revelry, that must have come to their tender ears? What they thought, later on, of some at least of the officers and secretaries and deputies that came and went, their father was some day to learn. The younger generation always surprised the old, in 1760 no less than at the present day. And these girls were William Johnson's own daughters, after all.

There were smaller children, now, darker than the German three. Caroline's first-born was a boy, whom she named William for his father. Teg-che-unto, the Mohawk clansmen called him; and in time he was known in the Valley as William of Canajoharie, where he lived with his Mohawk grandfather when his mother was no more.

For Caroline was not long to be the mistress of Mount Johnson's greater dwelling. Her first daughter, Charlotte, was born about this time; and with the coming of the second the mother's brief life was at its end. Like her predecessor, Catherine, she left behind her a son and two baby girls.

Colonel Johnson gave to this last little brown orphan the name of Caroline, in remembrance of the beautiful

young mother who had presided over his household and over his table, no matter how distinguished the guests; who had shared his prosperity as well as his rise to power. He was a man of position now; and if any of the travellers from afar who sought his hospitable board felt a reluctance to do homage to his dusky mistress, they could little afford to express such a feeling.

An English artist — Mrs. Julia Grant — who painted the Colonel's portrait the year after his new house was finished, wrote with enthusiasm of the life at this hospitable dwelling;

"His mode of living is that of an English gentleman at his country seat, and I was astonished to find on this remote frontier, almost in the shade of primeval forests, a table loaded with delicacies, and Madeiras, ports, and Burgundies of the rarest vintage. His table was seldom without guests, and his hospitality is a byword the region round.

"During my stay he had Indian chiefs to dine with him several times. Their attire was the same as white people's and for the most part they conversed in English. This disappointed me, because I wished to sit at table with genuine Indians in blankets and leggings and talking nothing but gibberish through an interpreter. Among those I met at Colonel Johnson's table were the venerable and noble-looking old chief Hendrick, now over seventy years of age; his brother Abraham, about sixty years of age, chief of a Mohawk clan and father of Caroline the beautiful young Indian woman who was mistress of the household; also Nicklaus Brant, chief of the Upper Castle of Mohawks, and a man of most prodigious silence and the most grave and solemn courtesy."

For the master of this great domain Mrs. Grant had naught but praise — of his order and system in the man-

agement of his many interests, personal, commercial and political, and not the less of his charm as a host and his appearance as a subject for portraiture. "Countenance, frank and always beaming with good nature and humor" is her description; other painters were to find him severe and remote. But these later artists were men, and doubtless saw quite a different side of Brother Warraghiyagey's many-faceted character.

Men or women, all found an admirable host; and the praises of this lord of the Mohawk Valley continued to spread afar. One Thomas Cumming, who visited Johnson in the summer of 1750, wrote from Schenectady an appreciation which was something more than the mere "bread-and-butter letter" of convention;

"Benevolence is an inherent quality in great and good minds, and those Breasts that open freely to the Reception of Strangers and can welcome them to a Generous and hospitable Protection are possessed of a Benevolence of the most refined Nature. No Language, I am Master of, can enough describe it, nor know I of any return so suitable to it as Gratitude. . .

"Thou art my Creditor. To thee I owe not only the Favours I so bountifully received with so much Easiness at thy House, but also for, what was my main Plot, being so well informed of the nature and political Situation of our Most Gracious King's Dominions in these Parts. Give me Leave to say, I knew nothing, till I made this Tour. And, I beg thou wilt not be offended, if thou hearest I should tell Strangers, *if they want to be informed, they must apply to Colonel Johnson.*" Cumming's earnestness in this matter could be satisfied only by underscoring his concluding sentence.

It is a reasonable guess that Colonel Johnson was not offended.

III

THESE were days of peace. "Trade and Peace," the Indian nations had said in council at Albany, "we take to be the same thing;" and Johnson was of their opinion.

"We expect the London ships in every day," he had written, "and I think for Certain they will bring the Proclamation of peace with them. If so I think there will be a fine trade next Summer at Oswego which made me send for a verry large Cargoe of goods to England, to be here Early in the Spring." Buying and selling, sowing and reaping, William Johnson was a busy man.

But for much of the buying and selling that had gone on in times of war he had still to look to the government for payment, and payment was slow in coming. The colonial Assembly continued to discredit the Governor and the Governor's protégé, and on one pretext or another to refuse or delay the honoring of Johnson's bills. Even in England matters were no better. The "bills and certificates are in the same neglected situation as at first," Johnson was assured by a correspondent.

"I hope your Excellency will please to recommend the payment thereof to the Assembly when they meet next as also Interest for the time they kept me out of my Money," Johnson wrote plaintively to the Governor. "Disbursed for the Service of the Province at the Risque of my Life and Fortune, and at a time when none Else would Dare to undertake it, I think there cannot be a juster demand

made, moreover they must all be sensible that it has been a great loss to me in my way of Business."

Nor was all as it should be in the castles of the Mohawks. Released from fighting with their neighbors to the north, the Iroquois could see no reason to refrain from their old habit of ranging southward for scalps and booty. The Mohawks planned a war against their old enemies the Catawbas down in South Carolina. The other Iroquois tribes were quite ready to take up the hatchet, and tribes even more distant listened to the war-song. Johnson attributed this willingness to French influence, but this seems searching far for motive in a conflict which had existed independently of either French or English for generations past.

It was to the interest of the colonists, of peaceful relations, as well as of trade, that this warfare come to an end; and Johnson's advice to the effect that this could be done by a council with the Governor was instrumental in bringing about a cessation of the long contest.

In the intervals between actual conflict the French were wisely strengthening their outposts and their alliances. They were always more generous and more friendly with the Indians than the unbending English. Their emissaries, priest and trader alike, were in many a village of the Farre Indians. They were coming along the borders of the Iroquois country, and the Senecas were all too ready to listen to their words and accept their bounty.

The danger moved nearer still. It was reported that the French had sent messengers even to the Oneidas, promising to come with workmen to build a church upon the borders of their lake. Boundary matters between French and English were in the most unsettled state im-

aginable; but this encroachment was too obvious to be sanctioned.

The Oneidas were informed that if they permitted this they would be throwing out of their hands the ancient English covenant chain. Be sure the English would think it necessary to prevent such treason by force. The danger was averted; the Oneidas soon became, and have ever since remained, devoted adherents of the Church of England.

"I approve much of the conference you had with the Oneidas," the Governor wrote, "at the separate meeting with them, as also of preventing the Priest settling near them, and of your sending back Beaubassin with his attendants. It was in my mind to have wrote you to do just as you have, but I forgot that part, and am very glad you did it."

And Cadwallader Colden, of the Governor's council and himself all but Governor, wrote to inquire how the embassy to Canada had succeeded. "I hope your Enemies will be disappointed by the success that affair will have. If it succeeded according to my wish their mouths must forever after be stopt if anything can stop such wide mouths." Greatness, it seems, was bringing its penalty of envy and detraction.

With trade and treaty, with placating the Iroquois and defeating French intrigue, with pushing his own fortunes in the face of the constant wrangling that went on among the men of power in the province, William Johnson had much to do. Every morning would see him in the saddle, riding from barn to mill, from store and warehouse out to the fields of corn and wheat, observing the budding orchards or the lambs grazing on the hills; beset as he

rode by the importunities of some Mohawk brave who wished his gun mended or his thirst slaked, or an order given for the feeding of his family while he took the path for war or hunting. Perhaps some guest from afar rode with the master of the estate on his rounds. There were always guests, red and white, at the great dining table, with its cheer of steaming roast and pudding, its color of far-off wines.

In the afternoon, the daily rounds made, there were still, in the intervals between the duties of host and adviser, the tasks awaiting him that must fall always to the lot of merchant, colonizer, or politician — and William Johnson was all three. There were letters to be read, accounts to be checked, invoices to be prepared. From London he must order wares not made in the colonies; to the West Indies, perchance, he must consign a shipment of the produce of his own fields; to New York, to Albany, to Oswego, must go reports and requests and advices on matters as widely strewn as the color of an Indian blanket and the choice of the next ministry in England.

It was enough to do all this business without the continual harassment of the long-delayed payment of his bills for Indian expenses. But continued requests met with little success. William Johnson betook himself to New York to see what might be done to further his cause. From there he wrote Uncle Peter of his difficulties.

Uncle Peter, though far overseas, still kept his finger in the New York colony pie and stirred it stickily. His wife's brother was James De Lancey, who through the Warren influence and that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, De Lancey's former tutor at Cambridge, had be-

come Chief Justice of the colony. It was Susan De Lancey Warren's dower land over which young Billy Johnson had first been set when he came to the Mohawk Valley. Johnson's relationship to the conquering Sir Peter Warren had great weight in bringing him to the notice and favor of the Governor. All went well while Clinton's administration was young and his Assembly not too unruly.

At that early period De Lancey and Clinton had been the best of friends and had worked together to further their own fortunes and those of their adherents. But one evening over their wine the two friends fell out; thereafter there was bitter war between them. De Lancey, who had cannily procured his life appointment as Chief Justice before the quarrel, was able as well as independent of spirit; by fomenting the opposition of the Assembly he kept Clinton's administration in a turmoil. Johnson, wishing for his claims the favor of both, was at a loss.

"I have been as Cautious in my Conduct with the Discontented as I possibly Could;" he declared to Uncle Peter; "they are realy the Majority in our Assembly, and I believe are So in all Assemblys upon the Continent, and naturally averse as I find to anything their governours do. I haveing acted by Governour Clintons orders may be in a great measure the occasion of their Delay of payment.

"I have now been 12 days in town, the Assembly sitting, in order to Solicitte My Demands; the Chief Justice I have seen once Since I come to town, but Could not find him Inclined to do me any Service, or even take much notice of me, which surprises me much as I never disobliged him or any of the family. I am sorry to say he is the Primum Mobile of the Opposition.

"Yet as you tell me you were so good as to write to him Conscerning my affairs and in the present Exegency, I should be glad to entreat his Interest, if I had the least reason to believe he was inclined, but I hope Sir You will excuse me when I say I cannot Submitt intirely."

Johnson had by this time become a great man, he felt, in his own right; and while he was never forgetful of courting the favor of those whose influence might benefit him, he was too sensible of his own dignity and importance to sue with any appearance of humility.

"I cannot Submitt intirely, I haveing sett out in whatever I have done for the Public on my own Personall Interest, Independant of the Governour, and him too which I can say without boasting, I have obtained by my fair dealing with the German settlers, &ca., up the Mohawks River, who are grown Considerable, and will in time possibly be the majority in the County of Albany, besides my scituation among the Indians, and integrity to them, made those poor Savages Seek to me, so that I have a Superior Interest with them, which Sort of Interest is the most advantagious to this Province, and to all the Neighboring, and requires their Cheifest Policy to Cultivate, and Maintain."

In a word, Colonel William Johnson is telling Uncle Peter that he does not feel ready to submit to any snubs from Chief Justice James De Lancey. In his own Valley he is powerful enough so that these provincial magnates must sooner or later come suppliant to Mount Johnson. Meantime he will pursue his business and await payment for his bills.

He had been hoping for other elevation, to come through Uncle Peter's intercession at court; but the latest news had been discouraging.

"I am Sorry to hear there is no prospect of anything being done for me at home, having all along flattered my Self that my hearty endeavor for His Majesties Service when represented by my friends, would have been taken Some Notice of, but as there is no further Expectation of it I shall observe Your advice as most wholesome by following my own business which I shall make the Chief object of my Attention."

This sounds like an abnegation of ambitious designs; but it was well calculated to make Uncle Peter bestir himself more diligently in his nephew's behalf. Colonel Johnson was only biding his time.

IV

The motives of men are often obscure; and after the lapse of nearly two centuries mists lie upon all their acts and our discernment must often be faulty. Even so, it is plain that the inherent strength of Johnson, no less than his strategic position, worked for his further advance. A weaker or less self-confident man might have fallen between the two stools of warring Governor and Assembly; might have temporized with the losing side or failed to ingratiate himself with the winner. By good luck, good judgment, and good friends, Johnson rode above the storms that brought shipwreck to crafts less enduring than his.

But first there was something that looked like a check

to his ambition; for through a long summer the Assembly persisted in refusing to recognize Johnson's claims to reimbursement for Indian expenses. They were large claims, and probably as just as claims were expected to be in that day of favoritism and fattening upon the public purse. Assuredly, though his expeditions had resulted in no great military achievements, they had kept the Iroquois from joining with the French; and that in itself called for reward.

But the Assembly temporized and objected; cut down the claims now, and again offered to pay them from some fund obviously exhausted; time wore on, and Johnson's patience wore thinner. The Indians still made daily demands upon his liberality; the debt was apparently to increase forever, with little prospect of repayment. In this situation the best he could do was to avoid further outlay.

"If there is no hopes of an alteration," he told Governor Clinton, "I should Choose with your Excy's Consent to resign every thing as my continuing longer on the footing I have hitherto will certainly ruin me, which I think would be a Cruel return."

Great was the complaint among the Iroquois when they heard that the council fire at Mount Johnson was about to be extinguished; it was beyond belief that Brother Warraghiyagey should relinquish the management of their affairs. He had been an unfailing source of supplies for years past; now he told them they must turn to Albany for advice and presents.

For himself there was coming across the ocean a commission which would give him a status as high as any in the colony, save his two warring friends, the Governor

and the Chief Justice. In London his charges had been allowed and the appointments of the Governor confirmed, while Clinton's recommendation that Johnson be given a vacant place in the royal council for New York had received favorable attention. His friend John Catherwood reported:

"Upon his Excellencys recommending you to be of the Council in the room of Colonel Moore, I urged your Appointment to be in the room of Mr. Livingston, as you seemed desirous to take place next to Mr. Holland, but Sir Peter Warren secretly asked it as a favour to place you before Mr. Holland, which was not your own desire, nor do I think it just, wherefore I have been under a Necessity of praying that Mr. Holland may take place according to his Appointment at New York . . . I do assure you, I have no other design than to have you both recommended according to your wishes and Justice."

Catherwood's views prevailed; the Lords of trade recommended the appointment, and King George commanded that his "Trusty and Welbeloved" William Johnson take his place in the council of the province of New York.

It was April when the royal commission was signed; but September when the news reached the banks of the Mohawk and the Governor wrote to Johnson to come down to be sworn in as a councillor.

But business was pressing on the river; the lord of many thousands of acres had much to oversee and to do. Mrs. Grant the artist declared him "the soul of method" and marvelled at his capacity for work and the care with which he kept all his many interests and activities properly ordered.

She admired the desk with its rows of letters carefully endorsed and neatly filed; the facility with which he turned from large matters of policy to small complaints from his red brethren; the apparent ease with which he handled affairs to her complicated and intricate in the extreme; and not least did she admire the promptness with which he would present himself for a sitting at the precise moment set for the wielding of her pencil and brush.

Daily the Indians were coming to urge him to reconsider his decision; they were to meet the Governor again in council next summer at Albany, when they had promised to make a treaty of peace with the Catawbas. They would insist that Brother Warraghiyagey remain their agent and commissioner.

It was another midsummer before Colonel William Johnson emerged from his fields and woods to make oath well and truly to execute the office and trust of a councillor of the province of New York. He took his seat at the council board on July 10, 1751.

CHAPTER IV

COUNCILLOR JOHNSON

I

TO ALBANY in the summer of 1751 came the Iroquois in full force. The ostensible reason of this council was to make a peace with the Catawba Indians; and six chiefs of that nation, with Hagler, their "king," had been sent thither by Governor Glen of South Carolina, under convoy of Commissioner William Bull of that southern colony. Fearing the woods, which were "swarming with enemies," the party took sail and arrived in due time, laden with presents and friendly messages for their brethren-to-be of the Six Nations.

But the Iroquois, after the formal preliminaries with which their councils must always be prefaced, petitioned Brother Corlaer, as they had always called the Governor of the province, for a private interview. Old Hendrick was their spokesman.

"We are come now to consult with regard to Colonel Johnson. We well remember that when the War broke Out, you recommended Colonel Johnson to the Six Nations, and told them that whatever private News there was, if Colonel Johnson told us, we might depend on it, as much as if we had it

from your Excellency; and it is not owing to us that Colonel Johnson was first recommended to us by your Excellency.

"We were very much shocked when Colonel Johnson sent us a Belt of Wampum through the Six Nations, to Inform us that he declined acting any more with us, and it was the more Terrible, because he was well acquainted with our publick Affairs.

"We had him in War time when he was like a Tree, that grew for our use, which now seems to be falling down, though it has many roots; his knowledge of our affairs made us think him one of us, and we are greatly afraid, as he has declined, your Excellency will appoint some person, a stranger both to us and to our Affairs; and we give your Excellency this belt of Wampum in order to raise up the falling Tree.

"We desire to have an answer to what we have said and that Colonel Johnson may be reinstated, for he has large Ears and heareth a great deal, and what he hears he tells to us; he hath also Large Eyes and sees a great way, and conceals nothing from us."

The Governor's answer on the following day assured them that Colonel Johnson's resignation was against the official wish — "and his declining to assist me at this time, is unexpected to me, because he gave me reason to expect him at this Interview, to assist me by his advice; but since he absolutely refuses to continue in the Management of your affairs, I cannot help it."

"To which the Six Nations answered, That the one half of Colonel Johnson belonged to his Excellency, and the other to them; and since his Excellency could not prevail upon Colonel Johnson to come down, they desired leave to send a Messenger with a string of Wampum to try what they could do; to which his Excellency consented;

provided it did not occasion any unnecessary delay and they said they would send a person who should go sooner than a Horse." Here spoke the Iroquois warrior, sure and swift of foot, and knowing as an early lesson every inch of their well-trodden trails.

The messenger, setting forth to the west, met at Schenectady Colonel Johnson, on his way to a belated fulfillment of his promise to the Governor; and on their arrival at Albany Brother Warraghiyagey was called into council, and entreated in the name of the Indians to remain their agent and advisor.

Johnson replied in a long speech, detailing his losses and his expenses; a bill of particulars, with items in pounds, shillings and pence, advanced of his own private fortune, unpaid, and long since overdue. The blame for this should of course be ascribed to the Assembly.

This the Indians had heard before. "Why," old Hendrick had asked of an interpreter, "can't the Governor and the Assembly agree ?" It was a question difficult to answer.

Even at the request of all the council — Cadwallader Colden, James Alexander, James De Lancey, and Edward Holland, in addition to his Excellency the Governor — Johnson refused to resume any part of the management of Indian affairs, or even to take any formal rôle in the council with the Catawbas, lest the Indians might from that assume his return to his old position.

There is a flavor of pre-arrangement about this, as if it afforded an excellent chance to make public records of his accounts and impute responsibility for the delay in payment. But Captain Andrew Montour, scion of

that remarkable French-Seneca family which figures largely in the border history of the times, paid Johnson a well-deserved tribute when he said:

"Our nation is hard to control. There are many good Senecas and also many bad ones. But all love Colonel Johnson, all believe what he says, and all — good and bad alike — will listen to his words and have faith in his promises. His tongue is not forked. He always speaks with one tongue. His knowledge of our affairs, our laws, and our language, made us think he was not like other white men, but an Indian like ourselves.

"Not only that, but in his house is an Indian woman, and his little children are half-breeds as also I am, your Excellency knows — only I am a French half-breed and Colonel Johnson's little children are English half-breeds.

"We understand that he declines to return to his office. We ask you to compel him to resume it, or, if you cannot compel him yourself, to send a letter asking our Great Father, the King, to compel him. We know that he will obey the King.

"Please tell the King, if you write him, that we want Colonel Johnson over us, and no one else."

But Colonel Johnson's great ears were deaf to the plea of his brethren. He had had enough to do with "that factious and malignant majority in the Assembly."

II

The "little English half-breeds" in Johnson's house were motherless, not long after this time. The beautiful young mistress of that house slipped away from life as little Caroline, her second daughter, was born. William John-

son, however, was not one to go long unconsoled. Molly Brant, dark and dashing, bright-eyed sixteen, a Mohawk of the "upper castle," was soon installed over the household at Mount Johnson.

The redoubtable Colonel was a young man still — in the middle thirties. He was one of the strong men of his colony — indeed of all America. His wealth, judged by the standards of that day, was already immense, with no prospect of check to its increase. His standing among his red brethren made his position unique; in the white race he was no less prominent. His family connexions were the highest the colony could boast. His influence in London assured royal favor and further advance.

Doubtless there was no belle in New York City who would not have been flattered had this rising magnate proposed entering with her upon the solemn bonds of matrimony. Many a charming girl of the period would have been willing to take to her bosom Johny and his sisters Nancy and Mary; might even have undertaken to look not too critically upon William, Charlotte, and baby Caroline. But these last would not have needed to trouble her; William had already gone to his grandfather at Canajoharie, and Mohawk relatives would have been only too glad, with Indian hospitality, to take the little girls to their hearts.

There is, however, no record that the bereft Colonel applied for aid to the social arbiters of New York or any other community. He was a law unto himself; and in nothing so much as in his personal affairs. The opinion of colonial dignitaries or of his gossipy neighbors of the Valley alike met his indifference. He could afford to flout them both, and he did.

It is evident that his brotherly relation with the Indians was much more than a mere surface profession of friendship. Their wild ways and their wild country were alike pleasing to his tastes. By this time Brother Warraghiyagey was himself at least half Mohawk.

His vigorous body rejoiced in the hunt and the war-dance. His rough joviality embraced the same practical joking which appealed to their childlike sense of fun. His impatience of moral restraint was far better fitted to their unexacting life than to the ways of townsfolk. In the forest he could be free; he could have his will unchecked by the restraints of the white man's customs.

So spoke the primitive side of the man, the "Onruly and Streperous" disposition that had been his since boyhood. And at the same time his cooler merchant's brain counted the rewards of shrewd trading, his more contemplative ambition recognized the value of Mohawk allegiance to his dreams of empire. On all accounts he grew to be linked ever more closely to his red brothers.

"He became attached to them," wrote the author of "Memoirs of an American Lady," "wore in winter almost entirely their dress and ornaments, and contracted a kind of alliance with them; for becoming a widower in the prime of life, he had connected himself with an Indian maiden, daughter to a sachem, who possessed an uncommonly agreeable person, and good understanding; and whether ever formally married to him according to our usage, or not, contrived to live with him in great union and affection all his life.

"So perfect was his dependence on those people, whom his fortitude and other manly virtues had attached to him, that when they returned from their summer excursions,

and exchanged the last year's furs for firearms, etc., they used to pass a few days at the castle. There they were all liberally entertained by their friend; and five hundred of them have been known, for nights together, after drinking pretty freely, to lie around him on the floor."

A young lady from New York might have found occasion to object to this sort of living; but Molly Brant saw no reason for complaint. She was Johnson's contented and devoted mate for all the remaining years of his life; bore him many children, of whom eight survived their father; and was a competent hostess whether the prominent men and women of the colony sat at their board or the Mohawk sachems were in attendance. In those days both white men and red were often to be found strewn about on the floor when the evening's drinking had reached its climax.

The story of Johnson's first meeting with Molly is perhaps only legendary, but it is a pretty tale. It was field day at Mount Johnson; and Indians and soldiers, residents and traders, the household domestics, slaves and children, were all gathered, with the master of the estate, to enjoy the fun. There were games and dances and feasting; foot races and contests on horseback.

One of the riders, an officer, caught the attention of laughing Molly Brant who, with her younger brother Joseph, stood watching the sport. As he was going by she banteringly suggested that she ride with him. As little seriously he nodded his consent; when to his amazement, with a flying leap the girl was behind him on his steed and the race was begun.

So, glossy hair and gay blanket flying out to the breeze, bright-eyed, panting with laughter, Molly came first be-

neath the gaze of the man her people delighted to honor. She was all that went straight to the depths of his inner self — vigorous, untrammelled, alive from her purple-black head to the tips of her little moccasins. Patch and powder, flounce and furbelow, went pale by comparison.

Among the kinsfolk who came with Molly Indian fashion, when she made her home at Mount Johnson, none was more welcome than her younger brother, whose Indian name of Thayendanegea was usually slighted for his school name of Joseph. For there were schools in the Valley before long, for Mohawks as well as for the children of the Dutch; and Joseph Brant was found to be apt at the primer and the quill. To tell the truth, he took to schooling far more readily than Johny, the pampered son of the Valley's lord.

Joseph had to the full as much pride as John, but less of braggadocio; in the lore of the forest he was the white boy's superior; and he speedily outdistanced him in the lore of men's minds and motives, for in this branch young Johny felt no need of learning. They were a striking contrast, the one with his pale blue eyes and thin, pouting lips, the other vividly brown, with piercing eyes under a wide swarthy brow.

Public opinion in the Valley then and for long thereafter surmised that Joseph was William Johnson's son as well as a welcomed member of his household. It is of course possible that he was the fruit of one of Johnson's many extra-domiciliar connexions; but of this there is no direct proof. Interest in Joseph really required no other justification than the mettle of the lad himself. Seeing the two together, the Colonel might often have wished

for his own boy something of the spirit, the vigor, the courage of the Mohawk youth.

III

Sir Peter Warren had been a fairy godmother indeed to the Johnson family. Thanks to his wife's dowry, he had set William up as a landed proprietor in New York colony. Warren Johnson owed to his uncle his first commission in the army; for in those days rank was bought and sold with little regard to military attainments. Now it was another brother, John, who was the beneficiary of his uncle's regard, being put at Warrenstown, Ireland, in charge of the property purchased with a goodly share of that bountiful prize money. "I shall endeavor," John wrote to his brother in America, "to make it my Cheifest studdy to keep up to the great duty we all owe so good an Unckle." Sister Catty, who since her husband Matthew Ferrall had given up his business and departed for the new world, was making her home with her father, was receiving from Uncle Peter an allowance of twenty pounds a year.

"We expect Sir Peter here in April," Brother Warren wrote. "I hope he'll come and wish he may Do something for the two unmarried Girls." Warren on his part was reflecting that if Uncle would only disburse another thousand pounds, he might purchase for himself the rank of major in his regiment. Evidently there was no limit to the Johnson expectations.

Death sets a limit to all things. It was Warren, in the summer of 1752, who wrote the doleful news to his

brother. "Such grief as our poor family are in is inexpressible for we have lost our all and all."

A violent fever attacking Sir Peter had carried him off in four days, in spite of constant attention from his nephew and from the medical profession of Dublin. Lady Warren was in London, and to her Warren had hurried with the sad news. "From my very heart I pity her and hope God will preserve her life for her poor Family's sake."

"He made his will two days before he died and how he has Settled his affairs no one as yet knows, nor 'till I return with her directions to have it opened. I Set out in two hours and expect to be in Dublin the 7th (of August) he's to be intered at Nock Mark in a private manner his Executors are, Lady Warren, Capt. Tyrell, and the Chief Justice Delancey, and be assured of a faithful account of everything as soon as his will is open'd."

No doubt this news about the executors carried a chill to William Johnson's heart. With Uncle Peter gone, Lady Warren and her children would without question be henceforth more De Lancey than Warren — and not Johnson at all. Chief Justice De Lancey would confide his work as executor to his brother Oliver, who had been prosecuted by Governor Clinton for his abusive language. Here was food indeed for thought.

William Johnson, however, was no tyro in matters of business and diplomacy; another year found him writing to this same Oliver De Lancey, expressing pleasure that the settlement of Sir Peter's estate had fallen into such good hands. As for his own accounting with the estate for the lands at Warrensborough, New York, according to Johnson's figures he was himself the creditor, notwith-

standing the fact that the estate possessed notes of his, given to Uncle Peter, to the amount of more than a thousand pounds.

"As to what dealings (if I may properly call them so) was between my dear Uncle and me, I never kept any account of, takeing it for grant, by the many letters he wrote me while yet in Ireland, by what he told me when he sent me from Boston to settle here, and by several subsequent letters, that He would give me a certain Tract of Land in Warrensborough, and Supply me with all things necessary to carry on my Work. He did accordingly send me many things out of his own good Will severall of which realy were useless to me. These things I used, in Clearing a farm out of the thickest timbered Woods where I labored sorely the best of my Days, not doubting in the least it was for myself. I being at York He desired I would give him Bonds for the sums, which I did, but never made any entry of them, so easy was I about it, until I received a letter from Lady Warren last summer relating thereto."

Upon inquiry the guileless Johnson had discovered his bonds given amounted to a thousand and twenty-five pounds sterling, of which "all I can say is that I should be very glad to have it Settled, and I doubt not but You, Sir, and the other Gentlemen concerned will think it reasonable (If I am not to have the land I Improved in Warrensboro) that then I should be allowed the Expenses I have been at, which was verry considerable."

This is close reasoning. Uncle Peter gave him the lands, advanced him money and supplies for clearing the property, and his estate now found itself in debt to Johnson for the labor and improvements made. If business could be

carried on in this way with men of affairs, there is no occasion to wonder that trade with the less sophisticated Indians was an unfailing road to fortune.

Thereafter Johnson was left unquestioned owner of Sir Peter's estate along the Mohawk, so far as it had not already been parcelled out to settlers; and if the De Lanceys demurred at this disposal of their sister's lands, doubtless he found means of presenting the matter to them in a favorable light.

In New York he was able to make his version of the question acceptable; but over the seas Lady Warren, and possibly the Johnsons, were somewhat harder to win over. There was something of hard feeling against this son who had grown so prosperous in the new world and was now inclined to advance his own fortunes without due thought for those of his brethren. Before Uncle Peter's death brother John had written:

"I must acquaint you what great concerns my poor old father is under for not hearing from you often, he is like one reaving at your remissness he seems realy to be doteing on you above all his Children."

That favorable opinion was now in a way to be clouded over by suspicion, and William was awake to the necessity of maintaining his credit in the family. His letters became more frequent; were accompanied by gifts, Indian trophies, and even his own snuffbox, since Sister Catty, now in America, tells him their father is also a snufftaker.

"I am sorely troubled to hear that some of my nearest Freinds entertain so bad an opinion of my Principalls, as to

Imagine I would wrong them of Anything that might be their Due. They Imagine, I understand, Notwithstanding the account was Settled here, and Sent Home, that I am indebted to the estate of Sir Peter Warren Deceased. Had He fulfilled his Promises and Engagements to me, which was that I should have such a parcell of his land, whereon I lived, and laboured hard many Years, then, Indeed, I should have fallen Something in his Debt. but as that was not Settled, as promised, I was oblidged to Charge for my Improvements, which tho short of what I expended thereon, makes the Ballance in my favour above Nine Hundred Pounds, the thought of paying which, is what gives Lady Warren Uneasiness about the Acct, not for my Brothers or Sisters Interest, I am Convinced.

"I hope My Brothers and Sisters may never be prevailed upon to do so rash a thing as to Commence a Law Suit with me who have Sufferred too much already in this distant part of the World, by means of those, whom I inclined to believe my best freinds, untill deceived."

Will the snuffbox, and the Indian calumet, help to relieve this misunderstanding? William bethought himself of these, and added a postscript with further assurances of filial duty and respect. Then a second thought and he wrote a message for Sister Catty, whose eyes were weakened by her sea voyage, so that she was as yet unable to write.

The third postscript was an inspiration thoroughly characteristic of William Johnson.

"As I cannot wait on you myself yet a while, I send you my Picture, which I had drawn four years ago, the Drapery I would have altered, but here is no Painter now can do it,

the greatest fault in it is, the narrow hanging shoulders, which I beg you may get altered as Mine are very broad and square."

Surely, after this, all opposition would be silenced.

IV

While Johnson was finding it wise to be on better terms with the De Lanceys, the Chief Justice in his turn was beginning to perceive that it would be to his advantage to come to an agreement with his enemy Governor Clinton. A chapter in the intricate story of New York colonial politics was about to close. Clinton had been Governor for ten years, and would soon retire to England and to the enjoyment of the fortune the New World had piled up for him.

Long before, Governor Clinton had received from England the commission making James De Lancey Lieutenant Governor of New York. For years the Governor had forborne to deliver the document, importuning the ministry to revoke it and permit the naming of Cadwallader Colden for that office. For years Clinton, longing to return to England, had stayed in New York, enduring the inclement winters and the factious opposition of the Assembly rather than turn the reins of power over to De Lancey.

It was Sir Peter Warren who had first obtained De Lancey's commission, to Clinton's chagrin. "In this I think Sir Peter has been highly partiall," he wrote the Duke of Newcastle, "because he is his brother in law, and has gone too great lengths, consistant with prudence to interfere himself with any appointments in my government without my consent or approbation."

COLONEL WILLIAM JOHNSON

About 1750

Clinton himself had hoped to please Sir Peter, and divert his attention from brother-in-law James by favoring nephew Billy, but the stratagem had not been effective.

"Altho it is very disagreeable to stay longer here, yet rather than Mr. De Lancey should be gratified anyhow, I am willing to stay," averred the Governor. He continued to stay for five years after thus expressing his determination.

Now, however, Sir Peter was gone, and a new governor would soon be coming out from England. De Lancey could endure almost anything better than the prospect that Clinton might, leaving before the arrival of his successor, turn the management of the colony over to Senior Councillor Colden. On all accounts it was well to make an effort toward rapprochement.

So it came about that the Assembly which in 1751 had been disbanded at the Governor's heated command, came together again in the autumn of 1752 in a temper much more docile than might have been expected. Its messages exchanged with the Governor, though brief, were by no means hostile. There was manifest a willingness to vote funds for the needs of the colony — for repairing the fort at Oswego, that neglected outpost against French aggression; and for giving due attention to the covenant chain with the Iroquois, which was showing unmistakable signs of rust and tarnish.

Johnson's place as commissioner to the Indians still remained unfilled, and the Assembly proposed to remedy this by the appointment of a board of twelve members — chosen, so Clinton wrote him, from their "inveterate opposers." Clinton's rejection of half the list led to a compromise; but even when the number of commis-

sioners was satisfactorily complete, it was to Johnson that all must turn when there was need for real accomplishment with the red children of the outer country.

The French were using this period of nominal peace to win all the wavering tribes to their alliance. Céleron de Bienville had made a great tour of the frontier, up the St. Lawrence and through Lake Ontario, portaging past Niagara to reach Lake Erie; from its southern shore, again by land, across to little Lake Chautauqua and down its outlet to the Alleghany branch of "La Belle Rivière." Everywhere he sought the continued friendship of the Indians; everywhere he endeavored to bring about the expulsion of the British traders that were to be found in their villages. At intervals he nailed upon the trees the coat of arms of France as a symbol of ownership, or buried deep in the ground a lead plate with an inscription claiming for France all the country drained by the Ohio and its tributary streams.

The Indians were not slow to bring in to Johnson news of these doings; a Cayuga sachem disinterred one of the plates and presented it for interpretation. Johnson did not fail to give it a meaning portentous to Indian ears; and just as the French were going from tribe to tribe impressing upon the savages the intention of the English to deprive them of their lands and their hunting grounds, so the British colonists did not lose the opportunity to make it clear that the French boded no good to the men of the wilds. Much of the present-day attitude of enmity between red man and white can be traced to that century-old contest between French and English — a European quarrel transplanted to American soil.

Johnson declared that the French had assured the In-

dians of the British determination to exterminate the natives. "I had hard work to beat these and several other cursed villainous things told them by the French, out of their heads."

More menacing than this was the new mission to the Iroquois. Caughnawaga had drawn its adherents mostly from the Mohawks and the Oneidas. Now on the St. Lawrence, at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, Father Piquet had established a very promising mission for the Senecas, Onondagas and Cayugas, which he called La Présentacion. "In spite of envy, contradiction, and opposition from nearly all the Indian villages," the priest wrote to the Governor of Canada, "I have formed in less than three years one of the most flourishing missions in Canada." "Monsieur Chabert de Joncaire," adopted Seneca, had been of great assistance in bringing converts from the westernmost of the tribes of the Iroquois. The spiritual father proposed that he raise a huge war-party from the Iroquois and the nearer western tribes, to drive the English traders out from the Ohio and to fall upon the southern tribes who were friendly to the English. The project appealed to the Governor, but on second thought he recalled that England and France were at this time supposedly not at war.

Peaceful penetration began to look into New York as far as the very citadel of the League. Lake Canunda, the Onondagas called the water near which was their never-extinguished council fire; later usage has extended the tribal name to the lake as well. It was reported that the French were about to establish a mission there; it would undoubtedly mean their domination over the whole powerful Indian League. Johnson and two of the Butlers —

sons of old Lieutenant Walter Butler of the garrison at Oswego — joined in buying from the Indians the lake and six thousand acres around it. This would be a sufficient barrier to the French design.

The subsequent history of the purchase is as amusing a bit of financing as that recorded of Uncle Peter's estate; but in this instance the colony furnishes the odd logic. Johnson advised the council that he had bought the lands for protection of the colony; as they were two hundred miles from his Mohawk home, it "could not be supposed that he had accepted of the Deed with a view to his own private interest." On the reimbursement of the amount paid for them they should of course be the property of the Crown.

The official surveyor was bidden to survey the lands, which were to remain pledged to Johnson, not to be disposed of to any other subject until he was reimbursed. Later the land was consigned to him in lieu of this and other claims against the provincial government. Apparently, then, Johnson paid twice for this property, whose value was much greater to the colony as a whole than to him as an individual; but implicit in the whole transaction was the well-understood fact that the amount paid to the Indians was but a small part of the value that would accrue to the owner later on, when near-by settlement made the property available for development.

Other land transactions were vast and frequent; Johnson's friendship with Governor Clinton and Surveyor General Colden tended greatly to facilitate the process of obtaining patents for his purchases. The friends prospered together; Clinton was returning to England with a substantial fortune.

But the Indians were restive; resentful of the increasing settlement from the east, not unsympathetic to the siren call of the French to north and west; and in the south, quite forgetful of their promise to keep peace with the Catawba people. Hendrick, coming to Albany for council, told the Governor that unless matters were bettered he would send out belts of wampum to tell his people the ancient covenant chain with the English need no longer hold them.

The times called for a special mission to the Six Nations; and Johnson, though no longer officially their agent, was dispatched to them with presents and all the paraphernalia of council making and peace making. He succeeded, as no other could possibly have done, in allaying their discontent and ranging them on the side of the British in the renewal of warfare now close at hand.

V

It was thus to no scene of tranquillity that the new Governor, Sir Danvers Osborne, came out from England. Brooding mournfully over the loss of a well-beloved wife, he was in no state of mind to meet the problems that faced him on his arrival in October 1753. Worse still, he brought royal commands far more stringent than those Clinton had received to impose upon a people restive under the milder regime.

He was not long unaware of the temper of the colonists. When Clinton had administered the oath of office and delivered the seals, he gave to James De Lancey the long-desired commission as Lieutenant Governor. The party then started for the town hall, designing, as the

custom was, to make public proclamation of the change in government. On the way, however, the demonstrations against Clinton were so unpleasant that he withdrew from the party; and although this rudeness did not extend to the incoming Governor, the celebrations in his honor brought Osborne no happiness. Cannon, bonfires, and rockets did not relieve the unhappy impression.

The next day he found the session of the council no more encouraging. He told its members that his orders were to insist that the Assembly vote perpetual support for the administration. The council needed no time for deliberation to assure him that such a measure could never be expected nor enforced. "Then what am I here for ?" exclaimed the unhappy man. He spent this second evening in private business and in consultation with his physician. The next morning the citizens of New York City saw suspended from a high post of his garden fence, the lifeless body of their two days' Governor.

James De Lancey had attained his ambition. Ex-Governor Clinton shortly sailed away to become Governor of Greenwich Hospital and later Admiral of the Fleet; and De Lancey was left the ruling power in his colony. He better than anyone else could influence the turbulent Assembly; had he not been the leader of its most powerful faction ? As the only college-bred man among them he had easily attained prestige; indeed there was at that time but one other man in the public life of the colony, William Smith, who had attained a college degree.

De Lancey did not propose to have his administration upset by broiling of the sort which had made Clinton's days uneasy. He was shrewd and politic. So was Wil-

liam Johnson. Whatever opinion these two worthies had of matters that had gone before, they were too wise to fall to quarrelling at the present time, when each had grown to undoubted power.

A great event impended — greater than any of its participants realized at the time. In view of the coming war with France and the border warfare with Indians which was not waiting for open declaration, Lord Holderness, British Secretary of State, called a congress of deputies from all the colonies to meet in Albany in June of 1754. Mutual defence against the enemy was the purpose, and the cementing of the bonds of friendship with the Iroquois was a prime factor in that defence.

No man's attendance upon that congress could be more vital than that of Colonel William Johnson, far less because he was a member of the colony council than because he was Brother Warraghiyagey of the Mohawks. There was no question as to his selection as one of the four delegates to represent the colony of New York in this epoch-making Congress at Albany.

CHAPTER V

CONGRESS AND CONFERENCE

I

IN THE light of later history that Congress at Albany in the summer of 1754 is notable as the place where first was formulated a plan of union for the colonies that were later to become the United States. But those across the sea who authorized it, and the delegates who participated in it, thought of it more seriously as a conference for devising more effective means of dealing with the Indian and French enemies on the border, and particularly with the menacing groups of the League of the Iroquois.

"We think it for his Majesties Service," wrote the Lords of Trade to the Governor of New York colony, "that you should take the very first opportunity of representing to the Council and Assembly in the Strongest manner of how great Importance it is to the province of New York to preserve the Friendship and Affection of the Indians and the fatal Consequences which must inevitably follow from a Neglect of them, that you should press them to join with and support you in every measure you shall find it necessary to pursue, in Order to fix them on the British Interest, more especially by making proper Provision for presents for them, which joined to the presents

Allowed by his Majesty, and which you will receive by this Conveyance, may serve to facilitate this great End, and to wipe away all Remembrance of that neglect the Indians now complain of." So, guardedly but beyond mistake, they forecast the coming war with France, which should have its most momentous scenes on the theatre of the New World. England wished her colonies to be united for that conflict.

"As the present weavering Disposition of the Indians equally Effects the other Provinces, We have wrote to the Governors of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay and New Jersey, desiring them to represent to their respective Assemblys the Utility and necessity of this Measure and to Urge them to make proper provision for it; And therefore it will be necessary that when you have Settled the Time and place of Meeting, you should give them early notice of it; And this leads us to recommend one thing more to Your Attention, and that is to take care that all the Provinces be (if practicable) comprized in one General Treaty to be made in his Majesties name, it appearing to us that the Practice of each Province making a Separate Treaty for itself in its own Name is very improper and may be attended with great inconvenience to his Majesties Service."

To the gathering at Albany seven colonies came; but they were not the seven named in this letter. Virginia sent word that she was doing all she could to meet the troubles on her immediate frontier; that must suffice. Delaware and New Jersey citizens doubtless congratulated themselves that they were not dwellers upon the border. Sensible of danger, the four New England colonies, New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland — named

always from north to south to avoid disputes as to precedence — sent their representatives promptly. De Lancey, highest among the delegates in official rank, presided over the Assembly.

In days past, however, Albany had seen far greater gatherings of Indians. While Johnson's councils of the summer before had done something to re-awaken the flagging affection of the Iroquois for the King, the breach was by no means wholly healed. In the same way, the coolness between De Lancey and Johnson was not yet entirely dissipated. There was a coincidence here which attracted notice; the delay of the Indians in coming, their smaller numbers and complaining attitude when at last they did appear, were circumstances attributed by spiteful tongues to Colonel Johnson's desire to make his ascendancy over the red man more widely manifest.

Many and bitter were the allegations of the Indians concerning the fraudulent surveys and purchases of their lands; the congress spent day after day in listening to these recitals. Nor were the Iroquois the only complainants; the Oswego traders had a story to tell that illustrated aptly the unfriendly disposition of the red man.

"In passing the Mohawks and Canajohary Castles, they Board our Battoes with Axes Knives etc. and by force take what Rum they think proper hooping and yelping as if they had Gloried in their depradations and threatening Murder to any that oppose them; And on our Arrival at the great carrying place, The Oneida Indians force our Goods from us at pleasure to carry over, and not content with making us pay a most exorbitant price for each Freight but rob us of our Rum, Stores and other Goods with a great deal of invective threatening language, and

are generally so Numerous that we are Obliged to Submit to these impositions or run the risk of being Murdered and Robbed of everything we have; And to put their Schemes the better in Execution they force away the High Germans who generally attend with their Horses, that we may be under a Necessity of employing them and paying whatever they please to demand." The need of bringing the red brothers to a better frame of mind was all too evident.

June was nearly at an end when the council was formally opened by De Lancey's speech of appeal to the Indians, urging them to take a stand against the encroachments of the French upon northern and western lands which had been considered as under the protection of Great Britain.

"Open your hearts to us, deal with us as Brethren, we are ready to consult with you how to Scatter these Clouds that hang over us."

Three days elapsed before the Indians had reached an agreement and were ready to make reply. It was the rule of their League that councils should be unanimous; any differences of opinion must be ironed out before the day of formal presentation. On this occasion the white men were following their example; for De Lancey's speech had been prepared by a committee and considered in detail, before delivery. Now the council, after deliberating paragraph by paragraph the speeches of Hendrick and Abraham his brother, requested the same committee — of which Johnson was chairman — to draft a reply in suitable form for the Indian ear.

Hendrick's speech was considered both affecting and important, a bit of native oratory, "one of the most elo-

quent Indian speeches ever uttered," according to one commentator; "containing strains of eloquence which might have done honor to Tully or Demosthenes," to quote from another. Hendrick's language and manner of delivery were of course quite his own; but as he was the long time intimate of Johnson, related to him by ties of blood and interest and years of close association, it is highly unlikely that he expressed any sentiments that were not fully known and shared by his white mentor. William Johnson was therefore in the most unusual position of heading both parties in the council. It is not surprising that its deliberations and its outcome worked admirably to his benefit; were laudatory of his past actions and hopeful of his future increase in power.

"You have thrown us behind your back, and disregarded us," Hendrick accused the colonists, "whereas the French are a subtile and Vigilent People, ever using their utmost Endeavours to seduce and bring our People over to them.

"This is the Antient place of Treaty where the Fire of Friendship always used to Burn, And 'tis now three Years since we have been called to any publick Treaty here. . . We would have gone and taken Crown point, but you hindered us, We had concluded to go and take it, but we were told it was too late and the Ice would not bear us. . . 'Tis but one step from Canada hither and the French may easily come and turn you out of your doors.

"Look at the French, they are Men, they are fortifying everywhere — but we are ashamed to say it, you are all like Women !" This is the most scathing condemnation the savage knows.

Abraham followed with an appeal for the reinstatement of Johnson as manager of Indian affairs; "for we all lived happy whilst they were under his management, for we love him, and he us, and he has always been our good and trusty friend."

De Lancey, speaking the words of the Johnson committee, urged the Indians to make trial for another year of the commissioners who had been appointed; in the meantime he would transmit to the King the plea for the reappointment of their old friend.

Johnson received the hearty thanks of the council for a paper submitted at their request, embodying his suggestions as to the management of the Six Nations. He urged that garrisons be established among them, to protect the Indians and supply them with food; that military officers be stationed at each Indian "castle." Onondaga, in addition to a good fort and a garrison of soldiers, should have a missionary and a blacksmith; while every tribe should have resident among them young men acquainted with the language, to act as interpreters and intermediaries. If these suggestions were carried out, Johnson felt that the Indians could profitably be reminded of their promise to "carry the covenant chain as far as Detroit."

Before the council broke up a purchase was made by a group of Connecticut colonials, which was strongly resented by the people of New York and Pennsylvania. By the royal charters the New England provinces had been granted territory stretching indefinitely to the west beyond the lands already settled; but the middle colonies felt that their own westward advance should be unimpeded by these canting Puritans. Boundaries were

everywhere indefinite, but this land on the Susequehanna, this valley of Wyoming, had red claimants as well as white. Here lived those of the Delaware tribe that had not betaken themselves westward. Their claim to the section was disputed by the Iroquois, who as conquerors of the Delawares would not permit any dealings in land without their sanction.

It was no other than Major Lydius who got the signs of the Iroquois sachems affixed to the cession of land to the Connecticut settlers. The intention of making the deed was made known to the council, and there was apparently no concealment; yet a little later the Governor of Pennsylvania was writing both to Johnson and to Hendrick to urge the repudiation of the deed, and the words "false and fraudulent," "clandestine," "villainous," were being vigorously applied to the transaction.

So, while the ultimate object of the Albany Congress was union, one immediate result was a fresh dispute.

The Congress added greatly, however, to the prestige of William Johnson. There was no doubt that in the war which was looming before the colonists he would be a figure of note, and fresh honors would be added to his name.

II

Meanwhile, on La Belle Rivière, the first clash of arms had come; and a young Virginia lieutenant colonel was beginning a career which was eventually to win considerable notice both in his own country and across the sea. George Washington's first campaign, however, brought disappointment and criticism.

It was to be two years before war would be formally declared in Europe, but the conflict in America was breaking out without waiting for the signal. The Ohio country was claimed by the colony of Virginia, but the growing prestige of the French bade fair to make the claim an empty one. The French visitations, the plates, and the insignia, the inciting of the tribes to enmity against the English traders, were early signs of the struggle which was to engage the New World for years to come.

To assert her rights in the Ohio country, Virginia determined to plant a fort at the junction of the Alleghany and the Monongahela; and toward this point, where the workmen were engaged on the fortifications, Lieutenant Colonel Washington with two companies of raw militiamen was marching in the spring of 1754.

Bad news met him. The French had descended in force upon the builders and had forced them to surrender their position, though they were permitted to retain arms and tools as they marched away. Completed and fortified by the victors, the outpost was given the name of Fort Duquesne in honor of the French Governor of Canada. Here the French remained to check any further Virginian advance.

The friendly Iroquois Half King sent word to the young commander that the enemy was near at hand and ready to strike the first body of English they should meet. Washington encamped his men at Great Meadows, and pressing forward with a picked forty joined Half King and some of his warriors for a surprise attack on the French. In this skirmish the colonists were victorious. Half King himself claimed the honor of having killed De Jumonville, the French leader.

This little triumph — the first bloodshed of a long war — was followed by a less satisfactory encounter. Fort Necessity, arising at the place of encampment, was reinforced by several companies from the south. The French, their numbers also augmented, now laid siege to it.

"Our troops were but a handful," says a contemporary account, "compared to the number of the enemy, consisting of only about three hundred effective men. After a vigorous resistance for three hours, in which it was said near two hundred of the French and their Indian allies were slain, Col. Washington, observing the great superiority of the enemy, who now began to hem him in on all quarters, found himself under an absolute necessity of submitting to the disagreeable terms that were offered him.

"In this action we had thirty killed and fifty wounded. The French were observed to be assisted by a considerable number of Indians, who had been long in the English alliance: Not a few of them were known to be Delawares, Shawanese and of the Six Nations. On the surrender of our camp, they fell at once to pillaging the baggage and provisions; and not content with this, they afterwards shot some of the horses and cattle, and scalped two of the wounded."

On the fourth of July 1754, Washington and his men, having given their word of honor not to work on any building "in any part this side the mountains" until a year should have elapsed, marched out of Fort Necessity and made their way back to Virginia. The French were again masters of La Belle Rivière.

At that very time the Albany Congress was in session;

it was a week later that the Iroquois sachems ceded the Wyoming lands to Lydius and the Connecticut men. But news of the engagement on the Ohio did not reach the delegates until they had dispersed to their homes. Goldsbrow Banyar, who as secretary of the province kept up a voluminous correspondence with Johnson concerning his land purchases and patents, wrote from New York giving the current account of Fort Necessity and its surrender. "I can hardly credit that part of it, which says, our own Indians fought against us," he wrote. "There is no Advice of the Affair from Mr. Dinwiddie, but an Express is daily expected with it. I dare say when we hear the truth it will appear unfavorable enough on our side. It would be some Consolation to us under this Loss, might we depend on its raising in the Colonies a proper Resentment, and put them upon raising Supplies of Men and Money, but I fear this is rather to be wish'd for than expected."

This narration gave Johnson "the Utmost Conscern." He had anticipated, he replied, just such an attack at that point; nor was he so sanguine as others had been about the loyalty of the Six Nations. "This will not only animate the French and their Indians, but stagger the resolution of those inclined to Us, if not effectually draw them from our Interest."

Johnson the veteran warrior — had he not been Colonel of the Six Nations these eight years past ? — thought that this young Washington had acted rashly.

"I wish Washington had acted with the prudence and circumspection requisite of an officer of his Rank, and the trust at that time imposed in him, but (on considering the affair)

I cant help saying he was verry wrong in many respects, and I doubt His being too ambitious of acquiring all the honour, or as much as he could, before the rest Joined him, and giveing to much Credit to the reports or Acc'ts. given by the French deserters (which did not at all Shew him the Soldier) was the rock on which he Splitt. He should rather have avoided an Engagement until our Troops were all Assembled, for marching by Detachments in such a close country, and against such an Enemy, will never do, which if you observe you will always find it so."

Since his advice had been so gratefully received by the Albany gathering, Johnson felt competent to render it elsewhere. On this occasion he was quite the master of both psychology and military science; oblivious of the fact that his army service had consisted chiefly of outfitting parties of Indians who would do his fighting as proxies, and that the warmest engagements he had so far undertaken were in the struggle to collect the bills for the supplies. None the less, he felt keenly that he could have managed the affair far better than did Washington, so much his junior. From the vantage point of his nearly forty years Johnson felt vastly superior.

"Without much of a Prophetick Spirit I can foresee the ruin of this country verry shortly without the imediate interposition of His Majesty and Parliament, which I most earnestly wish and warmly pray for above all things, as nothing else will save us, who seem not at all inclined to help ourselves, or so much infatuated that we will not.

"excuse my saying so much on this subject, my Passion raised by our Misconduct and to say no worse hurried my pen farther than I intended."

III

The conflict on the Ohio was the beginning of a long and decisive war. Very speedily the Iroquois Indians in New York knew of the capitulation of Fort Necessity, and a goodly number of them made a pilgrimage to Canada to assure the Governor of their friendliness toward him. They proposed to be on the winning side whatever the outcome. Unfortunately for them they too often guessed wrong.

By midsummer there were French and Indian attacks upon the border towns of New York and Johnson was issuing orders to the commanding officer at Schenectady to see that his companies were fully equipped and guard regularly kept. The Governor was urging the raising of a company of rangers for defence, but was not particularly sanguine of getting the Assembly to meet the bills. Still, it was felt that the hard hearts of the people's representatives had been somewhat touched, and at their autumn meeting there might be an appropriation for defence and even for the settlement of Johnson's long-standing accounts.

Free with his advice to others, Johnson had refrained from giving it to Acting Governor De Lancey, even when desired. Banyar, in one of his long discussions of land sales and politics, took occasion to repeat the request.

"The Governor in one of his late letters to you desires you will freely write your sentiments upon Indian Affairs: He must undoubtedly be much obliged to you, since no one else that I know of, can give him any material Information on this Point. The publick can have little reason to think you will give yourself much Concern about Indian affairs from

the Treatment you have met with at the hands of their Representatives; But I am far from believing you will, though you might very justly, carry your Resentment this length. It is impossible for any one, who has Interest and Abilities in these Matters equal to your Self, to sit as an unconserned Spectator, and tho for want of the proper Supplies, as well as proper Measures being taken, anything you might suggest can not have its full Effect, yet even under these difficulties, any hints from you might be of great use. I have done on this Subject, I only mention'd it, because by your Silence on this Head you gave the Governor Reason to make the Request to you."

Johnson responded; but while the ice was broken between himself and De Lancey, the full warmth of the sun did not yet shine on their relations with each other.

"Yet I am Sorry to find," wrote Johnson to Banyar, "(Notwithstanding all this and what I have said to him at York and Albany on that head, and the Instances I have given him of my haveing nothing in view by it but the good of the Service), that His Honour should still act so reservedly with me as he does."

Another light was by this time shining more warmly on Johnson; a ray from New England. Governor Shirley of Massachusetts, whose plan for the capture of Louisburg had led to the making of Uncle Peter's great renown and greater fortune, had proved himself far more appreciative of Johnson's abilities. He had asked and received a long dissertation on "the present Shattered State of the Six Nations and their Allies." Further neglect, in Johnson's opinion, would mean the loss to the English side of the Six Nations, and "with them every other Indian in the country."

The French, as Johnson pointed out, had the custom of dealing with the Indians with the dignity and decorum dear to the savage heart; their negotiations would be carried on by a King's officer in full regalia, attended by a retinue of soldiers to indicate his rank. The English, satisfied with the ministrations of a trader or an interpreter, failed to take into account the importance of a show of power.

Johnson feared that the visit to Canada would have the effect of winning many warriors over to the French interest. Some would go at once to join the warlike bands on the Ohio; others would return to induce their stay-at-home brethren to follow that example. Yet by prompt and generous treatment, he felt, the Iroquois could be kept friendly to the British colonists.

"Instead of that we are for the most part Spending our time in squabbles and Chit, Chat, while the French are indefatigable in their endeavors."

Following an "entire and speedy reformation" in British manners and methods, the next steps, Johnson thought, should be "dispossessing the French at Ohio, Establishing Garrisons in the most commodious places in their Countrys, redressing their greiviances with regard to Lands fraudulently obtained, and taken from them; often to my knowledge complained of to different Governours, and as yet Unnoticed or thought so by them, who are more uneasy about it than People Imagine." Johnson instanced two large land patents — not his own — which were particularly an offence to his brother Mohawks.

"If these were immediately Settled to their Satisfaction, other Complaints and Greiviances of less Moment, together with their Wants of Everry kind could be redressed and Supplied by whatever person May have the Management of their affairs."

This person, he pointed out, "should be vested with as much power as the nature of the thing will admit of, and intirely independant of any American Assemblys Approbation for the payment of money expended." Here Colonel Johnson's own experience spoke unmistakably.

And who should that person be, in charge of these red wards and allies ? Johnson was not too modest to point out that he was "no Stranger to their Customs and Manners."

"Should His Majesty deem me worthy of that important trust, and enable me to discharge it properly, by laying aside all other business, and allowing me to choose, and employ such People as I might Judge proper under me, the remainder of my Life Should be entirely devoted to his Service."

The Mohawks had spoken for Johnson in council at Albany; the colonial representatives there had sent to the King their recommendation in Johnson's behalf; Peter Wraxall, secretary in name at least to the Albany commissioners, had made an abridgment of the Indian records specially planned to further the Colonel's cause; now a royal governor was won over to furthering his appointment. For the present, at least, it did not seem to matter so greatly if the manner of Acting Governor De Lancey were a trifle cool. There was more than one path to preferment, and William Johnson was not the man to leave any of them untried.

IV

Now there was on his way from England the commander who was to take the leadership over the forces of the colonists. General Edward Braddock with two regiments arrived in Virginia in February 1755 and summoned the colonial governors to meet him in council at Alexandria.

Only shortly later Baron Dieskau with a force of French soldiery came to Canada to take in charge the warlike preparations of New France. In Europe there was yet no declaration of war; these menacing movements were presumably for border protection. On both sides Indian spies watched closely every movement.

Crown Point had long been a thorn in the side of the British. Here on Lake Champlain the French continued to maintain themselves in a country New York claimed as heir to the Iroquois. For trade or for foray it was a commanding situation. An expedition against it would be a prime object in any warlike manœuvres.

Governor Shirley proposed to his assembly that the colonies of New England unite with those to the southward to advance against this stronghold of the French. The Assembly, agreeing, put into his hands the appointment of a commanding officer for the expedition. About the time Braddock was landing on Virginian shores, Shirley was writing to Governor De Lancey:

"The Gentleman whom I shall nominate for that Command, will, I am persuaded, shew your Honor that the only Motive which will sway me in this appointment, is a Strict regard to His Majesty's Service, and the Interest of the Common Cause.

"The Gentleman I have thought of on this important occasion is Collonel William Johnson of Mount Johnson in the Mohawk Country whose distinguished Character for the great Influence He hath for severall Years maintained over the Indians of the Six Nations, is the circumstance, Which determines me in my Choice, preferably to any Gentleman in my own Government tho there are not wanting there Officers of Rank and Experience.

"Collonel Johnson raised and Commanded a Regiment of Indians in the late intended Expedition against Canada and with regard to his power to engage them now, No Gentleman can Stand in Competition with him."

De Lancey, calling together the Assembly, inclined to delay the matter until General Braddock should assume the chief command; and Johnson, though not a member of the Alexandria conference, was urged to attend upon its deliberations.

"Governor Shirley," wrote the faithful correspondent Banyar, "expresses a strong expectation of finding you there and if possible a still greater desire that you should accompany him on this important Affair. . . And it is the most favorable Opportunity that you could wish for, as an Introduction to the General, In whose Power it will be, to Make you some Amends for the hard Measure you have hitherto met with. . . You have a convincing proof of Mr. Shirley's Friendship, and can therefore have no room to doubt but he will exert it to the utmost on this occasion. . . I have very little doubt of the Assembly's coming in. . . In short, Sir, I think I can not manifest a greater Regard for your Interest, than by urging every Argument that might possibly prevail with you to undertake this Journy immediately." The arguments pre-

vailed, and Johnson was in attendance at Alexandria in April.

"At all events," Shirley had written him before starting, "I can't think it possible that the Ministry will not esteem this important service of yours at a high rate, and not only defray all necessary expense, if there was a possibility of any difficulty in the Colonial Governments doing it, which I cant conceive there will, but make you a suitable recompence over and above what the Governments concerned may do."

Shirley's opinion was of weight with Braddock; the first good result of the council, so far as Johnson was concerned, was the General's formal commission to him to superintend and manage the affairs of the Six Nations and their allies. After three years of estrangement Brother Warraghiyagey was coming back to his own.

That same day Johnson wrote to ask Peter Wraxall to become his secretary. Wraxall's Albany position was in most vexatious litigation; and he had done Johnson such good service already that he might be depended upon to continue the promotion of his patron's interest. Never lacking in energy, Johnson desired Wraxall to repair to Mount Johnson as speedily as might be.

The plan of campaign as decided upon at Alexandria was to involve four separate expeditions. Lieutenant Colonel Monckton of the regulars was to carry out the design of bringing the long recalcitrant Acadians to terms. Braddock himself was to advance upon the Ohio and retake Fort Duquesne. He had for secretary Shirley's son; for aides-de-camp Robert Orme and that unfortunate young Washington whose misconduct at Fort Necessity had so aroused Johnson's disapprobation.

For the campaign in New York there were two objectives. Shirley was to take charge of the expedition against Niagara. Though he was past sixty years of age and his title of Colonel was purely an honorary one, he accepted the assignment and eagerly planned the march. His, too, were the plans for taking Crown Point away from the French — that design which William Johnson and his Mohawks, aided by provincial troops from the neighboring colonies, were commissioned to carry out.

According to this arrangement, Johnson was first to assemble his Indians, binding them to the British cause by all the inducements offered by the colonial authorities and by His Majesty the King. With these troops, duly organized into companies and officered as he thought best, he was to repair to Albany, there to be joined by the provincial forces. North from Albany to Crown Point they would clear a practicable road and build fortifications.

The French commandant at Fort Frederick was then to be called upon to depart, his station there being an encroachment on the domains of His Britannic Majesty. But should the garrison prove unwilling, as indeed, in view of their long and undisturbed possession of the site, seemed not improbable, they were to be driven out by force of arms, and all the French settlements along Lake Champlain were to be devastated.

It was an important undertaking; and quite properly, the man who was to head it was to receive support and rank. Five thousand pounds from the army chest of war went to Johnson for carrying out his operations with the Indians; and the governors, Shirley first, issued him commissions in the colonial troops. De Lancey de-

murred and interposed objections, as before; but at length he followed the example of the others. Henceforth Brother Warraghiyagey was to be Major General William Johnson.

Major General Johnson hurried back to the banks of the Mohawk to send belts of wampum far and wide and assemble his forces for the coming conflict.

CHAPTER VI

MAJOR GENERAL JOHNSON

I

FROM HIS doorway at Mount Johnson the Major General looked out on a strange picture.

Between him and the mount, on both sides of the little creek and on the level land along the river, stretched a vast sea of Indian encampments. The great and smaller barns and the sheep house were almost lost in the clusters of tents and lodges. Even the mount itself was dwarfed in appearance. Everywhere bright blankets fluttered, brown bodies shone in the sun, everywhere the constant movement of men, women, and children, horses and dogs innumerable, made a bewilderment for the eye.

Major General Johnson had scarcely anticipated that his belts of wampum would bring in so great a horde of his dusky brothers. More than a thousand had come to welcome Brother Warraghiyagey back to the superintendency of the Six Nations and their allies; and to partake of the feasting and jollity which were always a part of the councils at his hospitable castle. Once more the council fire was to be kindled for them in the Mohawk Valley.

"I have now with me," Johnson wrote to General Braddock, "Nine Nations of Indians besides the Delegate from the Messasaga Castle. Men, women and Children

they amount to upwards of 1100 — of which there are more Men than were ever known to have come down to any former Meeting. I did not flatter myself that near so many would have come, so that I am put to great Difficulties for their Maintenance which amounts to a great Expence every day, Numbers of them came a Horse back and as they must not at this critical time be controlled, they have spoiled my Meadows and destroy every Green thing about my Estate. If they turn out good, I will not repine."

The council, beginning on June twenty-first, was as long drawn out as Indian heart could wish. Red Head, chief sachem of the Onondagas, was chosen by the Indians as their chief speaker, though his recent dalliance with the French savored of anything but loyalty to the British interest. He interpreted Johnson's opening speech; for custom decreed that it be repeated thus, though Johnson was fully capable of rendering it in any or all of the tongues of the Iroquois confederacy. The General did not lose this opportunity of assuring his brethren that his authority over them was now fixed on a firmer basis than ever before, independent of the opposing parties in the colony. He made it very plain that he was the sole and supreme guardian to whom they should apply.

"The tree which you have so often and so earnestly desired might be again set up, is now raised and fixed in the earth by so powerful a hand, that its roots will take a firm and deep footing, and its branches be a comfortable and extensive shade for you and all your allies to take shelter under it. . .

"I do, Brethren, remove the embers which remain at Albany,

and rekindle the fire of friendship and council at this place; and this fire I hope will prove comfortable and useful to all such as will come and light their pipes at it, and dazzle and scorch all those who are or may be enemies to it."

Two days later, after due deliberation, the Indians answered, rejoicing in his reinstatement and in the extinguishment of the "low and bad" fire at Albany.

"The fire you have kindled here we will cherish, and all other fires we kick away, as unnatural and hateful to us."

This was satisfactory enough as cementing Johnson's triumph over his enemies within the colonies; but it left still untouched the question of the enemies beyond the borders. On another day Johnson made a long speech recounting the alliances between the English and the League. He pointed to the four great volumes of treaties spread out on the table before him, reminded them of the long record of friendship, and urged them to guard against the breaking of the covenant chain.

The next day brought his final appeal. Speeches and feasting, persuasive private conversations with the leaders of the tribes had brought them to the point where the real question might be broached. Into his appeal to war and the delivery of Braddock's message, Johnson put all his art and his knowledge of Indian character.

"My war-kettle is on the fire, my canoe is ready to put into the water, my gun is loaded, my sword by my side, and my axe is sharpened." In the name of General Braddock and of their Great Father the King, Brother Warraghiyagey threw down before the assembled sachems and chiefs the great belt that betokened war.

There was a breathless moment; then an Oneida sachem snatched it up from the ground, and Arent Stevens, one of Johnson's interpreters, began the war-dance. Shortly all the assembled warriors were joining in the chorus. A large tub of punch helped to raise their spirits still higher, and when the Indians withdrew to confer among themselves it was felt that the outlook was favorable.

Johnson seized this moment's lull to dispatch a letter to Braddock.

"I hope by tomorrow afternoon I shall receive their Answer, and tho it may not be equal to our utmost wishes, it will I believe be more than I expected. The public Influence of this Colony over them, was almost expired. The French had artfully worked up a Jealousy in the Upper Nations against the Mohocks and I have reason to believe had not this meeting taken place 5 of the 6 Nations would in a little time have gone over to the French.

"Their Sachems and leading men I have talked to seperately in private, and by Arguments, by Promises and by Presents, I think I have given a deep Wound to the French Interest — from early in the morning to 12 oClock at night and sometimes later, I have been in this way employed and I am at present very much out of order by it. However if I carry my point I will not repent and no fatigue will dishearten me."

Two thirteen-year-old boys had watched all these days of council with eager interest — John Johnson and Joseph Brant. Boy-fashion, they had been here, there, and everywhere; now in the trampled fields with the dogs and ponies; now sharing in the feasting and drinking; now standing within the portals of the great house where Molly, with baby Peter in her arms, was watching every

change in the game of diplomacy and eloquence. Boy-fashion, the two had made up their minds to be a part of the campaign that was coming. Johny as the son of the commanding General would enjoy to the full his position of superiority, he was anticipating less the actual warfare than the fun of camp and march. To Joseph, however, more serious as became the prospective warrior, it was to be a test of manhood, a baptism of fire.

II

Of the many who gathered to feast at Mount Johnson in June a sadly small proportion straggled into Albany in July, where the colonial troops were being assembled for the expedition against the French stronghold.

About three thousand provincial troops had found their way to the rendezvous. They represented five different colonial governments; each inclined to be jealous of her own rights and prerogatives and resentful of possible encroachments from the others. But the men, though untrained in war, undisciplined by any soldierly standard, were not lacking in courage. Connecticut's twelve hundred were headed by Phineas Lyman, who was second in command to Johnson, though as little acquainted with war as the General himself.

To camp came, as July went on, a group of Mohawks, bringing along their families to be provisioned from the army stores. Even counting them all, the number was pitifully small. Hendrick felt apologies were necessary, but there was little he could say. The plain facts were that the hearts of the Iroquois, with the exception of the Mohawks, were turned toward the French; and the Mohawks themselves were far more inclined to stay at home

in safety and let the white men fight their own battles. No more than a score came to Albany, despite all the promises and presents of the month before.

Governor Shirley at this same time was making ready for his expedition across the colony to Oswego, with Niagara as the objective. He too wanted a group of Indians in his forces, and assumed that Johnson's great ascendancy over the Iroquois would make it easy to obtain an escort. But Johnson quickly made it apparent that there were no more Indians available than he wished to keep in his own train. Speedily enough a quarrel was brewing.

Shirley had been the means of obtaining Johnson his various honors and commissions and was to all appearances his superior officer; but Johnson maintained stoutly that he was now quite independent of any orders or requests Governor Shirley might give. It must be owned that our General, when he had ascended his ladder, was never visited with compunctions about kicking away the rungs upon which he had risen.

Presumably the helpful and shrewd Wraxall contributed to Johnson's willingness to forget his indebtedness to Shirley. De Lancey, in accepting his commission as Lieutenant Governor, had not relinquished his permanent post as Chief Justice of the colony. Wraxall's suit to establish his Albany appointment would come eventually before the high court; policy dictated a bid for De Lancey's favor.

Meanwhile De Lancey, intelligent as he was ambitious, had been viewing with some apprehension Johnson's growth to power under Shirley's tutelage. It would never do to have a rival power in the colony fostered by greater authority outside. De Lancey's own term as Acting Governor could not last indefinitely; any new ship in the har-

bor might bring Osborne's successor. De Lancey must make his hay while the sun was yet shining. Wraxall provided an excellent means for transferring Johnson's loyalty from Shirley to a nearer governor.

How much the redoubtable Major General realized of the way in which fate had manœuvred him into the embroglio, does not appear. Once entangled, he was heart and soul engaged in the controversy to defeat the aims and blast the reputation of his friend and patron.

Shirley and his lieutenants tried in vain to secure an escort for the hard journey by land and water to Oswego. The Mohawks were contemptuous; Red Head was openly insulting, declaring he would have no force of soldiers brought through his country. He would be a neutral in the conflict between French and English.

Already, from Mount Johnson, Major General Johnson had written to Braddock by the hand of Peter Wraxall intimating his independence of Shirley:

"Governour Shirley likewise presses me to engage a great Number of Indians to go with him, and has given a Colonels Commission to a person to command them, tho I have already engaged Gentlemen whom I think to be the properest Persons to be Indian officers."

He had added and then erased, "Whom I do not think a person the most acceptable to them." This was the gist of the matter. Shirley had chosen for his representative that Lydius upon whom Johnson had long looked with distrust; Lydius, who the year before at Albany had helped to negotiate the sale of the Wyoming lands to Connecticut; Lydius, who had shown many indications of winning the friendship and trust of the Indians whom Johnson consid-

ered his own special cohorts. This was not to be brooked.

The council at Mount Johnson, as reported by Wraxall, contained allusions to Lydius as a "snake" and a "devil." To this Shirley took exception. "I cant avoid repeating, Sir, that I look upon the Secretary's foisting in that Note, as a very gross Affront upon me; and notwithstanding the Excuses, you offer'd to me for him, I cant but be of Opinion that his inserting false Facts in the Records, by way of explanatory Notes, in order to ground personal Reflections upon them, which is evidently the Case here, is an Abuse of his Trust."

Shirley had depended upon Johnson, as superintendent now over all the Indians, to furnish him with some as scouts and guides for his regiment from Schenectady to Niagara; Johnson at first agreeing, now interpreted his commission to mean that he alone was to control the entire number of Indians and that no one else was to have authority even to communicate with them. Shirley very naturally remonstrated:

"I cant think General Braddock intended to forbid me to take any Steps for procuring Indians to go with me from Schenectady to Niagara; or that you should assume to yourself a Power to engage all the Indians to go with Yourself to Crown Point; Your Commission, I think, was given you to use your best Endeavours to engage them generally in His Majesty's Service, for Niagara as well as Crown Point; and that it was your Duty to comply with my Demand for a Number of Indians to go with me; and not forbid all Persons to speak to any Indians for that Purpose."

It was this letter that, according to Wraxall, carried "such an overbearing and Insulting Air" and was couched

in a "stile so Magisterial" that the General was urged to show his independent spirit and to shun any personal conversation with Shirley. If Brother Warraghiyagey were at all disposed to overlook his own greatness, there was always at hand a facile flatterer to insist upon it.

In this case, it must be owned, public opinion was somewhat inclined to favor Shirley; everyone felt that it would be daring fate to take a regiment across the northern part of the colony without an Indian escort. Even at Mount Johnson it had been necessary to advise the soldiers to avoid any conversation with or about the Indians, and to give proper notice in advance of any movements they might make in the direction of the Indian encampment. "They are a people naturally haughty and mistrustful," Johnson wrote; "It is a Matter of great Moment to keep them in good Temper and to avoid giving them the least Disgust." If this tenderness were necessary at a peaceful council, when they were being wined and dined at Brother Warraghiyagey's hospitable home, how much more would it be imperative to have a means of placating the hostility of farther and less friendly tribes as one passed through their lands?

"Your opinion that there is no Occasion for any Indians to join me 'till my arrival at Oswego, is singular; all persons besides, whom I have consulted in this Affair are of different sentiments; I am so myself." So Shirley wrote.

Even Johnson's devoted friend and partner Banyar intimated that if Johnson were quite supplied with Indians he might spare some for the Governor; and pointed out, "You may be reinforced but Mr. Shirley cant."

But the New York view in general was that Crown Point was the more important objective. French invasions by

way of Niagara would fall chiefly upon the Iroquois, while incursions from Lake Champlain promised to penetrate to the very heart of the colony. As Banyar expressed it:

"Niagara in a general view, or System, is no doubt of very great Importance, but my Skin is nearer to me than my Coat, and I had rather be subjected to the Inclemency of the Weather than have my Skin stript over my Ears." This was a figure of speech which had a very close and personal meaning to colonials of the year 1755.

In the midst of this bitter exchange, with the preparations for actual advance moving at a snail's pace, came the afflicting news of Braddock's defeat and death upon the Ohio. It was a crushing blow. Whatever enthusiasm Johnson may have felt for his share of the campaign was now quite dissipated. The fact that Shirley was now his commanding officer added nothing to his military ardor. The Indians, he thought, would now not only be withdrawn from co-operation, but would rally heartily to the side of the French. He believed that an advance toward Crown Point was quite out of the question.

Others did not agree with him. Of the four expeditions planned at Alexandria, his was really the last hope. The removal of the Acadian peasants affected matters little one way or the other. The diversion of the Indians from Governor Shirley's party had foredoomed his journey to frustration. Now the defeat of Braddock, the shameful rout of the British regulars, the defection of the Indians of the Ohio, the salvaging of the remnants there by Washington and his provincial troops, made it imperative, if British power were anywhere to be upheld, that a success be gained. To give up the northward advance would be a confession of utter defeat and humiliation. On the other

hand, even a slight advance, a trifling victory, would be an elixir to the fainting spirits of the colonists. The Crown Point expedition, though Johnson deemed it "Madness to attempt it," must go on.

"I hope to inspire our troops with a laudible Spirit of revenge. I believe they are in General Brave though not regular. If the Indians stand by us and God bless our Endeavours, I hope we shall raise Laurells that will over shaddow our Cypress."

III

Another month had gone by before the troops had moved as far northward as the tip of Lake St. Sacrement, the lower of the two long lakes stretching from Canada southward. Johnson proceeded to change its name to Lake George to honor the King and "assert his dominion." It was good diplomacy as well. One of the forts on the way, which the soldier builders had called Fort Lyman out of respect for their leader, was rechristened Fort Edward for one of the royal princes. William Johnson saw no reason for doing honor to a Yankee provincial officer.

There had been no more than two score Indians with them along the way, but at last, in response to repeated solicitations, the red warriors began to find their way into camp to the number of two hundred or more. The New England soldiers found them a great nuisance, subversive of even such discipline as had existed prior to that time. But to Johnson they were salvation. He felt that the further progress of the expedition would have been impossible without them.

To the energetic New Englanders the journey north-

ward had seemed leisurely and picnic-like; four or five miles' travel alternating with stops for bread and roast venison, lemon punch, and wine. But Johnson wrote to De Lancey that the toils of the way "have not left me sufficient time either for Meals or for Sleep and have hurt my health for I am very far from being well."

From the new-christened Lake George went to the Lords of Trade a long attack upon Shirley and the "Licentious and abandoned proceedings" of his agents. "I shall only say in general, that a complication of more Scurrilous Falsehoods, more Base and Insolent Behavior, more corrupt, more Destructive measures to overset that Plan of general Harmony which I had with infinite Pains and at great expense to the public, could not have taken place."

And again. "From Govr. Shirley's late Behavior I am under no doubt that he is become my inveterate enemy and that the whole weight of his Power and abilities will be exerted to blast if he can my Character — here and here only am I anxious — Gross Falsehoods (such as he has already asserted in his letters to me) artful misrepresentations, Deliberate malice, Resentment worked up by people in his confidence, whose Interest, nay whose very livelihood depends on their inflaming him—these my Lords are circumstances which I own disturb me." But Johnson, per Peter Wraxall, seems himself to be busied with a rather adequate bit of character blasting. Governor Shirley was still struggling with his depleted forces on the difficult route to Oswego.

All this delay had given the French an excellent opportunity to master the plans and dispatches which they had captured at the rout of Braddock on the Ohio. From these they readily perceived that Crown Point, on upper Lake

Champlain, was the chief British objective, and thither Baron Dieskau with a force of more than thirty-five hundred men had already made his way.

Nor did Dieskau propose to remain there waiting for the British to attack. Already he had moved down to Ticonderoga, which commanded the two ways by which a further journey might be made to the south. He chose the eastern of the two routes, down to the tip of Lake Champlain and through the so-called "drowned lands" to Wood Creek.

Scouts brought to General Johnson news of the approach of a French army, and in the camp on the borders of the rechristened lake a council of war was called. At first it was planned to send out detachments in two directions — one toward the approaching enemy, the other toward Fort Edward. Hendrick the Mohawk, who was in truth the only experienced leader among them, dissented vigorously, and his judgment carried the day insofar that the thousand men went in one body toward the French.

Even this, however, did not meet with Hendrick's entire approval. His comment was a just one: "If they are to be killed, they are too many; if they are to fight, they are too few." Feeling the plan foredoomed to failure, he did not shrink from taking his part in it, though he was now well past seventy and so corpulent that he could not go afoot at the pace demanded. On a borrowed horse he rode at the head of his painted and befeathered warriors.

Wheezy though he was, he had breath enough for an appeal to his reluctant braves, with an eloquence that thrilled young Joseph Brant, eager for his initiation into warfare, to the depth of his heart. Even the colonial soldiers who could not understand a word of it listened in

awed silence. So Joseph went out to his first fight, and old Hendrick to his last.

Provincials and Indians marched straight on into an ambush the French had prepared for them. There was a single shot, then a rain of bullets; the front line of the colonials was crumpled up, as Dieskau said, "like a pack of cards." Joseph, shaken with horror, saw old Hendrick's horse brought down by a bullet, saw a sabre stroke end the life of the old chief as he struggled to pull himself up from the dying animal. In a few minutes the frightened boy had conquered his tremors and the indomitable warrior that he was one day to become began to take shape.

Men had fallen all about him; the rear line pressed on and met a devastating fire from another direction. There was a brief period of panic, then the column rallied and began a retreat to the camp. They fought their way back Mohawk fashion, firing from behind the shelter of the trees; reloading, gaining another point of semi-protection and firing again. They were almost back to the shores of the lake before the main body, in camp, awoke to the necessity for defence.

If Dieskau could have followed up his attack by falling at once upon Johnson's camp, victory would have been his. His Canadian troops, however, had been demoralized by the loss of their leader; his Indians from Caughnawaga were none too willing to fall upon their Mohawk brethren. The delay until his regular troops should come into action sufficed to prepare resistance within the camp. A day-long battle ensued.

Very early in the engagement Johnson received a flesh wound in the thigh and retired to his tent for recuperation. General Lyman took charge and led the fighting through

the furious hours. The provincials, Dieskau later declared, fought in the morning like good boys, at noon like men, and in the afternoon like devils.

The Baron himself was wounded three times, in calf, knee, and thigh. Nevertheless, he had no intention of seeking a tent had there been one at hand to shelter him. He refused to be borne to the rear of a column but, seated against a tree, directed the last efforts of his regular soldiers against the camp. His Indian and Canadian cohorts were already dispersed.

It was nearly five in the afternoon when the colonials, leaping over the barriers, put to rout the last of the French soldiers. The wounded Dieskau was carried to the tent of General Johnson, who offered him a kindness and attention he had not anticipated.

Even here Dieskau was not quite out of danger. The Mohawks wished revenge for their warriors slain at the first encounter, and particularly for the loss of their beloved chieftain Hendrick. They invaded Johnson's tent and in angry colloquy demanded the blood of the captured general. It was with considerable difficulty that Brother Warraghiyagey persuaded them to depart; and a guard of fifty soldiers was set up about Dieskau to protect him from Iroquois wrath.

So came to an end both the battle of Lake George and the much-heralded advance to Crown Point. Though he stayed in camp for weeks longer and received many large reinforcements, Johnson made no further move northward. The historian Parkman justly characterized the expedition as "a failure disguised under an incidental success."

But for Johnson himself it was not a failure. Not while

Wraxall could write the account of it, omitting all mention of the work of Lyman, to whom, as was admitted privately, the effectiveness of the day was due. Not while the record of his deeds could be transmitted to the throne itself by friends at court. Not while the eagerness of the colonies to forget the Braddock defeat made them ready to rejoice in the most incidental of victories.

The Lake George battle was a lucky day for William Johnson.

IV

Although the death of Braddock had left Governor Shirley commander-in-chief of the American forces, Major General Johnson did not see fit to report the result of the Lake George engagement to his superior officer. Instead, he sent a circular letter to the governors of the various provinces announcing the victory, and made sure that the news would be transmitted to England through more than one favorable channel. It lost nothing in his own telling.

A day or two after the battle, the Indians betook themselves homeward. It was their custom to hold public celebration of mourning for their comrades fallen in war. None of them could have mourned the loss of Hendrick more than Johnson himself. With the old chieftain gone he would have less hope than before of keeping the Indians faithful; and without them, he did not wish to undertake any further advance toward Crown Point.

So for the autumn the troops remained at the lake, building a fort and disputing among themselves. In this they but followed the example of their General, whose dispute with Shirley went on and on.

De Lancey, after being Acting Governor so long, was but Lieutenant Governor again, since Sir Charles Hardy had now come from England for the governorship. He had chosen wisely in becoming the partisan of Johnson against Shirley, whose star, with the coming in another year of a new commander-in-chief, seemed about to set. Sir Charles espoused the Johnson-De Lancey side of the controversy, and together they were able to present matters in England in such a light as to win a substantial victory.

It was one of the opposing party in the New York assembly who wrote, in a widely published "Letter to a Nobleman," in a less enthusiastic vein.

"To the panegyrical pen of his secretary, Mr. Wraxall, and the *sic voleo sic jubeo* of Lieutenant Governor De Lancey, is to be ascribed that mighty renown which echoed through the colonies, reverberated to Europe, and elevated a raw, inexperienced youth into a kind of second Marlborough." Truth to tell, the times needed a hero, and Johnson was not unwilling to be drafted to fit the need.

As for being drafted to further fighting, that was another matter. He tartly offered Shirley his resignation from the colonial army and from the discharge of Indian affairs under the Governor; being well assured that his commission from a higher authority was on its way across the water.

"Thus Gentlemen," he grandiloquently addressed the colonial governors, "is the Campaign closed. I think myself obliged to observe to you — that altho the Sanguine Hopes and over-eager Expectations of the Governments concerned, are disappointed — in spight of the Envy or Malice of others, our Army hath had the honour by the singular favour of Divine Providence of defeating some

part of that formidable and ambitious plan which was concerted at the Court of France."

He wrote this from Albany in December; Peter Wraxall had already gone down to New York City, and with Banyar was concerting a plan which soon took shape in an urgent summons thither. "A reception from many friends here is intended you, which will do you great honour and give the Attorney General great chagrin." Johnson was not averse to both results; New York, as the year was closing, received him with great public rejoicings.

These were but prelude to the news which was coming across the waters. His Majesty King George the Second, hearing of the reports from the New World, was graciously pleased to make known to all men by his letters patent that:

"WEE of our more Especial Grace certain knowledge and meer motion have Erected Appointed and Created Our Trusty and Welbeloved Subject William Johnson of our Colony of New York in America Esquire (a Man Eminent for ffamily Inheritance Estate and Integrity of Manners) to and into the Dignity, State and Degree of a Baronet." It was to be Sir William, hereafter.

Nor was this all. There came also the appointment, direct from the royal fountainhead, as "Colonel over the Six Nations and Sole Agent and Superintendent of said Indians and their Affairs," answerable to Majesty alone. No more concern over the jealousy of colonial assemblies or the spite of mere commoners unnobled by royal favor.

Parliament, too, had added a grant of five thousand pounds sterling to Sir William the Indian superintendent — and the canny official promptly invested it in interest-bearing securities.

To such an eminence had risen the raw Irish youth ex-

iled to the colonies seventeen years before. Sir William would not have been mortal if he had not strutted a little more pompously than before. Well might his enemies — he was by no means without them — tremble.

When next he went to church, no doubt Sir William sang with redoubled unction that stanza of the national hymn noted for its vigor rather than for its poetry:

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix,
God save the King!

CHAPTER VII

SIR WILLIAM

I

THERE WAS a good deal of anxiety to cloud the triumph of Sir William Johnson, Baronet. The war went on and on; and the ancient covenant chain with the Iroquois had worn to utter thinness. Only the Mohawks — and by no means all of them — held to a few frail rusted links. Johnson himself was ill, this summer of 1756. The author of the "Letter to a Nobleman" might speak of him as a raw youth, but Sir William felt more than the weight of his forty years. The primitive surgery of that day had not been called upon to remove the bullet that had been his memento of Lake George; nor had Johnson's way of life been such as to conserve his powers. After the long illness of this year he began to take on the ponderous step and manner of an older man. Dancing the war-dance was now a hard duty rather than the pleasure of exuberant youth. Yet his honors carried with them their obligations; and sick or well, he must do all that lay in the power of man to hold the Six Nations to their allegiance.

Now that he was superintendent supreme, the Iroquois were only part of his charge. He must make for himself a corps of deputies who would keep their eyes upon all the forest tribes, far and near. It was no slight task.

Among those who had hastened to congratulate Johnson when Braddock first made him superintendent was a young German by the name of Daniel Claus, who had come to the New World but a few years before on a business enterprise which had proved disastrous. Claus, settling in the Mohawk Valley some five years before this time, had made acquaintance with the Indians and their language, so that his services as interpreter were frequently desired. He was diligent and loyal; he would make a good deputy.

Down in Pennsylvania an Irish trader by the name of George Croghan had done the colony great service in its dealings with the Indians of the Ohio. Johnson first made the acquaintance of Croghan at this time, and began an association which was long to endure. The French-Seneca Montour was also to be an efficient aide in this section.

During this summer there came from Ireland a nephew, Guy Johnson, who proved himself adaptable to the ways of the New World and the purposes of his uncle. Johnson procured Guy a commission in the army and as time went on increasingly trusted him with matters of Indian polity.

Peter Wraxall was of course invaluable; but he had the unfortunate desire to spend at least half of the year with his wife in New York, the society of Mount Johnson and the Mohawk Valley being without appeal to that lady. Consequently Wraxall was on the lookout for some "needy, Learned Man" who would act as his deputy, working at Mount Johnson and in the forest councils while Wraxall himself was looking after matters diplomatic and political in the metropolis.

It was about this time that formal declaration of war was made in Europe between France and England. This bore no flavor of news to the inhabitants of the New World.

Shirley was recalled; the Earl of Loudoun was made commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America, with Major General Abercrombie as his second in command. Both Loudoun and Abercrombie thought so little of the American assignment as to procrastinate until summer before making their appearance; when at last, June almost over, Abercrombie finally reached New York, he forebore to follow up the preparations which Shirley had been making for the protection of the frontier and of Oswego, but proceeded instead to make himself obnoxious to the citizens of the colony by quartering his troops upon them, and to the provincial officers by announcing that they should all rank below the officers of the regular army. General Abercrombie did not need to stir out of Albany to find a conflict.

Of the real situation, beyond, he had very little inkling. Johnson, holding council out at Onondaga with representatives of the Six Nations, the Delawares and the Shawnees, could have told him more of it. The Governor of Pennsylvania at this particular time could still further have enlightened him.

Generations before this day, the Iroquois had so subdued the Delawares that in the councils of the nations the latter were designated as women and forbidden to fight. To this fact as much as to any other may be attributed the long story of peaceful relations between Penn's colony and the natives. Already the Delawares were beginning to migrate beyond the Ohio, where French influence was strong. Now, taking advantage of the divided councils of the Iro-

quois and their preoccupation with other warfare, the one-time "women" were recovering their ancient valor. Together with the Shawnees they were terrorizing the outlying settlements. It was an unpleasant surprise to a colony which had so long enjoyed security while its neighbors trembled from the fear of border warfare.

After long deliberation the Iroquois had somewhat reluctantly promised Sir William to recall the Delawares to their allegiance and had sent messengers to remind their southern neighbors of their subject state. Promising messages had come back. These were satisfactory to the Iroquois but not so helpful to the frontier dwellers whose homes and villages continued to suffer. While the nations were about to gather in council at Onondaga for further discussion of the matter, Governor Robert Hunter Morris of Philadelphia felt that the situation from his standpoint demanded a declaration of war.

"You cannot conceive," he wrote to Johnson, "what havock has been made by the enemy in this Defenseless Province nor what Numbers of Murders they have committed, what a vast Tract of Territory they have laid waste, and what a Multitude of Inhabitants of all Ages and both Sexes they have carried into Captivity; I can assure you that there are not less than Three hundred of our People in Servitude to them and the French on the Ohio.

"At first the Enemy appeared in small parties and committed their outrages where they could do it with more safety to themselves, but of late they have penetrated into the Inhabited part of the Country in larger Bodies and have defeated Several Detachments of our Armed forces, burned and laid waste whole Counties, and Spread a general Terror amongst us."

These things had led Governor Morris, forsaking Pennsylvania's tradition of pacifism, to proclaim the Delawares "outlaws and rebels." Johnson, on the contrary, viewed the proclamation as "a very unadvised and unaccountable proceeding" on Morris's part. He feared it would endanger the results of his summer council.

That council, convened in June at Onondaga but continued because of Johnson's illness at Mount Johnson the following month, was in appearance satisfactory. Those Delaware and Shawnee chieftains who appeared admitted that some members of their tribes had been so ill-advised as to make war upon the colonists, but promised reformation. Henceforth they would keep peace with the English and exercise their warlike tendencies upon the French.

Johnson assuaged the feelings of the Delawares by "taking off their petticoat." With due ceremony and order he assured them they were no longer bound in serfdom to the Six Nations but might be free people. To them and to the Shawnees he gave medals commemorative of their status as allies of the British.

Then the war-belt was thrown down and the war-dance went on through the night, with much feasting and merriment. Johnson wrote to Abercrombie that he could bring five hundred Indians to co-operate with the troops, "provided there was the Appearance in our favour of a formidable and respectful Enterprise."

II

As July ended Abercrombie was wrangling with the citizens of Albany and Loudoun was just getting his first introduction to colonial people and politics in New York City. Neither officer seemed particularly awake to the

actual existence of war; such plans as were made seemed to point toward Lake Champlain and Crown Point. Oswego, with its neglected and ill-supplied garrison, had been Shirley's objective; but Shirley was now superseded and it did not become the dignity of the new commander-in-chief, surrounded by the circle of Shirley's enemies, to carry out the plans of his predecessor.

The Canadian view of matters was more logical. Montcalm, who had succeeded the captured and invalided Dieskau, saw the point of weakness. His troops proceeded to invest Oswego. It was mid-August. Each day was bringing to Mount Johnson its quota of Indians to be fitted out with arms and clothing, with money and corn for feeding their families while they should "go a-scalping." But those who came on Sunday evening, the fifteenth, had a more urgent message. From a French Indian they had learned of an intended attack on the forts at the carrying place.

From now on every hour brought its fresh rumor, which Johnson transmitted to Loudoun at Albany, first by messenger and eventually in person. While Sir William was in Albany the news came of the actual attack upon Oswego. He set off at once for the German Flats, while General Webb was ordered to advance to the Oneida carrying place.

Johnson wrote hastily from Canajoharie, late in the evening of August twenty-second:

"This moment I met an Onondaga Indian who says he came running to me from Oswego with the Following Account, viz.— That 9 Daies ago the Fort on the east side of the River after an Attack of two daies had surrendered that the old Fort held out when he came away which was last Wednes-

day — So that by his Account they must have been engaged four daies and were still in possession of the Fort. Our people sallied out he says and fought bravely."

Johnson proposed that he gather as many Indians as he could muster and proceed to join Major General Webb, who had started out but a few days before. They met, but not to advance. On the heels of the first messenger came news of further disaster. From the Great Carrying Place between the Mohawk and Oneida Lake came first one and then another party of Indians with tidings: "they themselves had Seen the place all in Ruins had likewise Spoke the French, who told them they had now fought two battles with the English and Should Very Soon fight the third." Thomas Butler, who made this report to Johnson, found it extremely difficult to engage any Indians for the westward journey — "When I talkt or Mentioned to the Indians of Going a Scouting they asked for pay in C. for the Same besides their dayley wages. There seems no such thing as Sattisfieing the Indians and allways Casting Reflections — As to provisions They have not wanted, Ten pounds foureteen Shillings Mr. Fonda layed out at the German Flatts besides Near fifeteen pounds here. Yet they have allmost all left me."

The English set the Oneidas no very good example on this occasion. Webb, hearing of the destruction of Oswego, fell into the utmost panic. Wood Creek was hastily choked as a passage way by the felling of trees, and the demoralized troops fell back upon German Flats in terror. The way was open for the French, and every Indian of the Six Nations knew it.

"This unfortunate Revolution in our military affairs," wrote Johnson to the Lords of Trade, "entirely discon-

certed all my measures. . . By our losing Oswego which I may call the Barrier of the 6 Nations and thereby the possession of that part of the Country, they were laid open to the Resentments of the French, who might at any time they were inclined to it, with facility fall upon their Towns, and cut them and their families to pieces." Oswego had gained in estimation since the preceding summer when Shirley's advance in that direction had been impeded and ridiculed. Johnson's view of the loss was shared by the Indians; "the spirit they had recently shewn in our favour was sunk, and over awed by the success of the French and the accumulated Power which it gave them."

It was not long before there were delegations of Iroquois waiting upon the Governor of Canada. Rumors were thick in the New York forests that autumn and winter, and Canadian scalping parties not few in number.

The year before it had seemed advisable to throw up defences about Mount Johnson. A wall and ramparts were constructed; a blockhouse or two placed in a strategic position. Reports were frequently sent in that parties of Indians were said to be seeking the scalp of Sir William. His letters now were addressed from Fort Johnson.

Loudoun, though friendly to Johnson and appreciative of the Baronet's influence with the Indians, thought that the entire policy of the British was at fault. Give up great meetings and large promises; treat them like men and talk truth to them; if they are unfaithful to their engagements, do not cajole them but punish them — this was the burden of his pronouncement. Johnson, knowing more intimately the red brother and his power, thought if he could by promises and presents and powwows win the Six Na-

tions to even a reasonable show of neutrality, it would be well.

The long winter of inactivity wore on. Benjamin Franklin had pungently remarked that Loudoun was like the effigies of King George so often to be found swinging outside English inns — "always on horseback but never getting anywhere." America had had four commanders-in-chief in this dismal year 1756, yet its close found the colonists disorganized and despondent.

"This is a melancholy thing to reflect on the sad Issue of our Affairs both in Europe and in America," wrote John Watts, merchant and official, from New York City. "How much has been in our power and how negligently and cowardly, if not treacherously, the most material parts have been conducted.

"May God inspire us with more Virtue, or Slavery I think must be our portion."

III

The hapless colony had been stripped of coat; now indeed it was to have a portion of its very skin torn away, as Banyar had feared. While Johnson, in this summer of 1757, was doing his utmost to win a few reluctant Iroquois braves to promise neutrality in the conflict, Montcalm, up in Canada, was greeting the representatives of a score or more tribes, hundreds upon hundreds of gaily painted warriors, who, aroused to enthusiasm by the success of French arms, asked nothing better than to share in the slaughter and the foray that were anticipated. How many of his own brethren were proffering allegiance to Brother Onontio, as they

called the Governor of Canada, Johnson could only unhappily surmise.

Loudoun had a fairly comprehensive idea of the state of Indian affairs, through Johnson's reports and through the information brought in from many another source. He was not hopeful of aid.

"I could not look upon them as our friends, whilst I found that even those who were with us as friends the one day were the next with the enemy which could be of no other purpose but to carry them intelligence of our strength, situation, and what accounts they could get of our motions. Whilst things continue on this footing, they are the most dangerous of all spies, acting with impunity—

"I am informed that the Senecas have declared for the French and that, as they are at present the most powerful of the Six Nations and threaten the others if they do not join with them, insomuch that even the Mohawks who live at the greatest distance from them, have had it under consideration, whether to retire back among us or to join with the Senecas and take up the hatchet against us; common prudence makes it necessary that we should be very sparing both in Arms and Ammunition."

Johnson's summary of the situation, in a letter written to Pownall, Governor of Massachusetts, was little more hopeful.

"At a Meeting at my House, the Senecas, Cayugaes and Onondagaes declared their Intentions of observing a Neutrality between us and the French and since that Time I have seen Few of them, and transacted no business with them. Whether they will resist the Application of the French, if they make any to them to break this Neutrality,

is, I think, a doubtful Question; however, as yet they have not to my knowledge broke it. The Tuscaroras and Oneidas have made no positive Declarations. The former, I suspect, are by no means warm in our Interest; the latter are divided among themselves, and the Majority, I fear, in favour of the French. The Mohawks remain staunch, but very expensive and troublesome." Expensive the situation was, indeed; Johnson's Indian account for a year and a half totalled nearly twenty thousand pounds.

"Under the present Situation of our Public Affairs, I can think of no Measures to increase our Indian Interest. To keep the little we have steady, is all I can expect to do."

Now as another year wore on, Loudoun was sailing away for an attack upon Louisburg, leaving New York to defend itself against the French. It was a good time for Montcalm to come down Lake Champlain and Lake George and try his powers against the forts which had been built at the southern extremity — William Henry, and Edward, named for princes of the royal family. At Fort William Henry a Scotch officer, Lieutenant Colonel Monro, was in charge; at Fort Edward, fourteen miles to the south, was General Webb, who had failed to distinguish himself on the Oswego journey of the summer before.

Fort William Henry was invested by the French and by a horde of savages who caused almost as much trouble to their allies as to the besieged garrison. Webb at Fort Edward, instead of sending reinforcements to Monro, listened to the thunder of artillery and sent out messages of distress asking for reinforcements for himself. Johnson was in the midst of a council with the far distant Cherokees, trying with the aid of Atkins, the southern superin-

tendent, to win them over to an alliance which would compensate for the defection of the Iroquois. He forsook this endeavor for the time and managed to assemble a group of Mohawks and make his appearance at Fort Edward. It was too late, however, to save Fort William Henry, even if Webb had been inclined to go to its support.

After several days of resistance the little fort was obliged to capitulate. When its garrison surrendered to the French the Indians demanded that the prisoners be turned over to them for slaughter. Montcalm refused and by the strictest of vigilance endeavored to keep his refractory savage allies in check.

It was the English, not the French, who disobeyed the order against giving liquor to the Indians; they could not see the reason for forbidding the red man the stores which in any case they had to relinquish to the victors. After a night of wild orgy the temper of the Indians burst all bounds; Montcalm could no longer restrain them. The Abnaki Indians led in a scene of slaughter which brought horror alike to French and English. The priest who was their leader during the expedition admitted their guilt: *"Vous avez dû vous apercevoir . . . que nos sauvages, pour être chrétiens, n'en sont pas plus irrépréhensibles dans leur conduite."*

Half a hundred of the surrendered English were butchered and strewn about the field; two hundred more were carried off in the direction of Montreal, whither the now quite unmanageable Indians departed, leaving the French soldiery to complete the demolition of Fort William Henry.

All this was almost within sight and hearing of Webb and his men at Fort Edward; yet that craven general did

little but tremble. Johnson was utterly disgusted; he had seen British officers of many different types in his time, and had not always been inclined to admire them; but this was the first whom he set down as an unmistakable coward. Johnson himself was cautious at times to the point of exciting criticism; at no period in his life was he prone to seek danger. But in personal courage he was not lacking, and he was sustained by a pride which was quite as effective as valor. He could see little excuse for such conduct as Webb's.

Back Johnson marched with his men, white and red, to the Mohawk Valley; the various groups of militia who had come post haste to Fort Edward were soon released and permitted to return to their homes, completely disgusted with this outcome of their endeavors, and more contemptuous than before, if that were possible, of the prowess and purpose of the British regulars. The colonial Assembly heard Lieutenant Governor De Lancey's explanation of the contretemps in cold silence, and its speaker wrote to England; "This campaign is like to end as did the last, with loss to poor America."

For the Mohawk Valley there was still more evil to come in this wretched year of 1757. Johnson, conferring constantly with one group of Indians after another, found his labors suspended in late October by "a Pleurisy and Violent Stitches." Nor was his mind at ease during the seven weeks his malady confined him to his bed; for matters were at a point of severe strain between him and Lord Loudoun who, returning from Louisburg without notable accomplishment, was the less pleased that New York affairs had gone but poorly in his absence.

Banyar had written when his Lordship started up the

Hudson, surmising that the interview between Johnson and Loudoun would "not be a verry pleasing one." His Lordship, smarting over his own failures, was much disgruntled with the Six Nations and not altogether satisfied with their superintendent; was inclined to take harsh measures against both. But Banyar was already aware of Loudoun's tendency to procrastinate.

"He has expressed so warm a Resentment against those Nations, that if I did not think it would Abate before his Lordship proceeded to Action, I should be greatly Alarmed." To allay his disapproval Johnson "would have a very nice part to act." Forewarned is forearmed; the diligent Banyar wished his friend to be ready for any emergency.

But his friend lay on a bed of pain at Fort Johnson and the meeting with the offended commander-in-chief was postponed. Meanwhile on a cold November night the cry rang out through the Valley that the French were there, with their Indians — burning, destroying, scalping.

The settlement known as the German Flats was their prey. Here dwelt the Palatine settlers who had come a generation since to escape from European oppression. A little self-contained community, it was disregarded by both English and Dutch, and even suspected of disloyalty to the British cause. The soldiery made no secret of its contempt for these German-speaking farmers — though the King whom they served was himself much more German than British. In the late summer Johnson had written Abercrombie of the need for defence; he suggested a company of rangers. There was the usual delay, and with Johnson confined to his bed there was everywhere a noticeable relaxation of vigilance.

The war-whoop awoke the dwellers on the German Flats at three in the morning. Sixty dwelling houses and five little block-houses were put to the torch; as the inhabitants were forced from the burning buildings the tomahawk fell upon many, while the remainder were carried off into captivity, together with a great drove of cattle and horses, welcome reinforcement indeed to Canada's need.

The village was absolutely destroyed; rumor, flying down the Valley, said that the eight hundred French and Indians who had accomplished its ruin were determined to force their way through one settlement after another until they should take Schenectady. The inhabitants of Stone Arabia and Cherry Valley began sending away all their movable possessions, making ready to desert the region.

Johnson could see the work of his lifetime about to fall into ruin; his beloved Valley despoiled and deserted, prey to the wolf and the fox. From his sick bed he entreated Abercrombie to send forces for the protection of the people of the Mohawk country. Lord Loudoun, for his part, was inclined to think it a good plan to make war upon the Six Nations, as punishment for their duplicity.

Misfortunes could not persist forever. At length, it appeared, England had a minister who comprehended something of American needs. "Every door is open to France," was Pitt's judgment of the situation. Closing some of these doors was to be his endeavor.

IV

Louisburg, Ticonderoga, and Fort Duquesne were the three doors Pitt hoped to close. He recalled Loudoun

and would gladly have recalled Abercrombie, but the latter's friends at court were too many. Wolfe, Howe, and Amherst were newcomers who would, it was hoped, make up for the lack of energy and inattention that had made the past years so disastrous.

The early months of 1758 Johnson spent in constant conference with Indians in groups large or small. He apologized to Banyar for remissness in correspondence:

"Look not upon my Silence in a bad Light had you only a feint Idea of my present troublesome, unsettled, and dangerous (altho not spoke of) Situation, you would Sooner pity, than censure me. . . Dear Freind I cant help venting a little of my Passion for you, on the Lieutenant Governors useing me in the Manner he has done, but as it is not the first time, My Surprise is not so much." Johnson had recommended a man for a local commission but De Lancey had seen fit to disregard the suggestion.

The Iroquois were still wavering between French and English; and the peaceful Quaker residents of Pennsylvania took this troubled time to invite the Six Nations to a council, to emphasize their own desire to keep the treaties of peace made by the Indians long since with their brother Onas, as William Penn had been known among them.

"If you incline to carry on a War against any Nation" — so their messenger interpreted to Sir William the belt of invitation — "we have everything fitt to Kill Men with in Plenty, such as Guns, Swords, Hatchets, Powder, lead, Cloathing and Provisions, which we are ready to furnish You with. If You should determine to strike the English, you must kill the Soldiers only, and not us, for We have no

hand in the War, nor will we concern ourselves in it, but supply You with everything in Plenty, as we have enough, and if you shou'd determine to strike the French, we will likewise furnish You plentifully with everything for that purpose." Business to go on as usual.

Johnson resented this. "If these Sort of Negotiations are permitted with Impunity to be privately carried on without my Knowledge or Concurrance, I cannot answer for the consequences, nor carry on that Service which His Majesty hath been pleased to commit to my Care." So he wrote to Abercrombie.

Of a long series of negotiations between the people of Pennsylvania and one Tediuscung, a leader among the Delawares, Johnson wrote with seriousness.

"The Party spirit which has and continues so signally to display itself in Pensilvania, hath supported this Man's consequence. He has been courted by both sides and all their Negotiations seem to have centered with him only." Present conditions might have extenuated this, Johnson thought, but under more favorable circumstances Tediuscung should be gently eased down to a position of less prominence. The Delaware's speech betrayed "a head made giddy by the Complisance and Courtship which has been paid to him.

"He speaks of himself in a Stile of Consequence which I am fully convinced belongs to no single Indian upon the Continent. He tells the Governour that all the Nations *from the Sunrise to those beyond the Lakes as far as the Sun Setts* have sent messages to him and constituted him their Plenipo.

"The Indian manner of speaking is indeed sometimes

strongly figurative, but this is a Rant beyond what I have ever met with."

It was sound enough policy to keep on friendly terms with the Delaware, "but while court is paid," admonished Johnson, "caution should not be forgot." This might well have served as Brother Warraghiyagey's motto.

Now the Six Nations were trying to regain some of their old time unity of action. The Senecas and some of the western tribes had held council at Lake Erie; the Senecas were proposing to join their fellow Iroquois by the old council fire at Onondaga. French supplies were getting low.

Johnson felt that this was a fateful gathering; if it terminated favorably, he would be in a position to bring a group of Indians for the attack upon Ticonderoga. After much dalliance with reluctant braves and a rather acrimonious exchange of letters with Abercrombie, Johnson with three hundred warriors, officered by Claus and Croghan and nephew Guy, arrived at Ticonderoga in time to observe that unhappy rout from the safe vantage point of a distant hill.

But while Pitt's central doorway had not yet been closed, there had been better fortune for the forces sent to north and south. Louisburg had been a success for British arms, while Fort Duquesne had been retaken and renamed Fort Pitt. The full force of the army could now be directed toward the New York frontier. From there the British could pierce through French defence to the very stronghold itself — Quebec.

Oswego was to be re-established and garrisoned; from there it would be the plan to move on to Niagara. Sir

William Johnson and his Indian troops were to co-operate in this expedition.

It was felt that the "gloomiest, dreariest years in the history of the British Empire" were drawing to an end. At last the tide was beginning to turn.

CHAPTER VIII

WAR MAKING AND PEACE MAKING

I

GENERAL ABERCROMBIE'S secretary, reporting to the Under Secretary of State in England, gave an entertaining summary of the many delays and disappointments that had attended the effort to get the Indians under Sir William Johnson to co-operate with the British troops. On the third of June, Abercrombie had written Johnson that he expected in three days to start for Fort Edward.

"The fourth day thereafter, Sir William came himself to Albany, and found the General just ready to set out on his March; but the Chief End of his Journey, was to obtain a Warrant for his Appointments, and another for £2000, on Account of sundries to Equip his Indians; without which, altho, not three Weeks before, he had had another for £1200 on the same Account, he said it would be impossible to get any Indians to Stir; to obviate which, the General immediately complied with his request." In spite of this, there was a full month of delays before the Indian group was brought, too late, within sight of Fort Edward.

When, at the end of this year 1758, Jeffery Amherst arrived to take the chief command and wrote Johnson asking how many Indians he might be able to engage for the

next year's campaign, Johnson promised to report the number later.

"It is necessary, Sir, to Acquaint you that in Order to enable me to furnish the Indians with the requisits for the ensuing Campaign I should as Soon as possible be laying in a Stock of all necessaries, to do which I shall want About four, or five thousand Pounds Sterling, which I shall be glad you would please to Order a Warrant for."

This took Amherst's breath for the instant. "I must confess that demand is far higher than I had foreseen would have been Necessary on that account, And indeed beyond what the Military Chest can at present Spare." That chest the Indians were wont to regard as bottomless; the reason for their return to the English interest lay in the obvious depletion of the French source of supply.

Johnson himself had something of the same idea. Among his discussions with previous generals had been a request for the payment of a salary as Colonel of the Six Nations, in accordance with the royal commission. That document had carried with it a salary of six hundred pounds yearly for his work as Indian superintendent; but it was Johnson's contention that when he should take the field in command of Indian troops he should receive an additional salary as a military leader. This view did not appeal so strongly to the commanders-in-chief.

Superintendent Thomas Atkins had been appointed to deal with the Indians far to the south; his salary was the same, though he was not commissioned as a military officer, nor did he bear the title of "Sole" superintendent, which Johnson enjoyed. This was in Johnson's opinion additional reason for urging the payment of a second salary.

"Besides, I wrote the Lords of Trade before the Commission was granted, that I could not give up my own Business and take upon me the Management of Indian Affairs under 1000 pounds Sterling per annum without being a Sufferer; However the Commission was issued before the Receipt of my Letter."

To Amherst Johnson continued to press the matter:

"In the year 1746 by virtue of the then Governor of New Yorks Commission I received Colonells Pay at Home, then I had not quarter the trouble, fatigue or expense I now have and I can assure You Sir that my present pay (which I look upon to be only for the Civil appointment) is not adequate to the expense I am obliged to be at in executing even that."

But this application was equally lacking in success, and two years later Johnson was addressing the ministry in England on the same subject.

War was of course a great interruption to business, even though Johnson the trader bought and sold the articles which Johnson the Indian superintendent disbursed to his charges. Indians on the war-path brought in few peltries, and acquired an expectation of gifts that was prejudicial to barter. Johnson was impatient for the re-establishment of peace-time conditions and the flow of skins and furs away from the colony to England. "The Indian Trade, alone, wisely and righteously Conducted, will be a Source of Vast Advantages, not only to these Colonies, but to the Commerce and Manufactures of Our Mother Country, and will be the most Solid and lasting Security to the Attachment of the Indians." So he echoed the economic judgment of the red men themselves, "Peace and Trade we take to be the Same Thing."

This year, it was hoped, would be the last campaign of the long war. At Canajoharie, in April, there was a great meeting of tribes. Even the Senecas came in and forswore their allegiance to the English. Four smaller nations tributary to the Iroquois were represented.

"It is with great pleasure I can Inform Your Excellency," Sir William wrote Amherst, "this Confederate Nations have, with every Mark of Unfeigned Zeal and Sincerity, declared their unanimous Resolutions of Joining in the Present War against the French, have accepted and taken up the War Hatchet, which I threw down to them in Your Name."

The Senecas in particular urged their desire to take part in an expedition against Niagara. Since the loss of Oswego to the French, English trade in the western part of the Long House had been almost at a standstill. Niagara was a strategic point for both travel and trade; it commanded the great portage between Lakes Ontario and Erie, and it was the natural gateway for the traffic with the western Indians, whose hunting had meant prosperity for both the Iroquois and the traders with whom they dealt. Sir William thought the outlook most favorable.

"Not only from the Commencement of the Present War, but for many Years past, His Majesty's Indian Interest hath not Wore so favorable a Face, nor given Us such encouraging prospects."

After the formal council a delegation of sachems from all the tribes waited upon their superintendent.

"I find they are all extremely desirous and Urgent that an Enterprise should be taken against Niagara, and I am so much persuaded of their Sincerity therein, that I think 800 Indians, if

not more, would Join me therein; I have promised them to transmit their Request to Your Excellency immediately."

This alacrity wore a very different aspect from the delays and refusals of the year before; Amherst's approval was prompt. In early summer Sir William and his adherents set out to join General Prideaux in the attack upon Niagara.

II

Transporting an army to besiege the French fort at Niagara was in itself a tedious and difficult undertaking. The wagon road from Albany ended at Schenectady, sixteen miles westward. Then bateaux — flat-bottomed boats paddled by two men, and bearing about fifteen hundred weight burden — were called into requisition for the journey against the swift current of the Mohawk. But the men were grateful for even the opposing current; in dry seasons they must disembark and haul the bateaux over the pebbly bed.

At Little Falls, sixty-five miles up the stream, was a portage a mile long. Here the German villagers were ready with horses and sleds on which the bateaux were drawn around the obstructing cascades, to embark on another sixty miles upstream to the Great Carrying Place of the Oneidas, where in this year General Stanwix was building the fort known by his name.

It was a land "carry" of six to eight miles over to Wood Creek, but from this point on the current was with the westward travellers. Forty miles they must go down the creek, and thirty miles across Oneida Lake itself, to the Oswego River.

From this point on the greatest vigilance was ordered. Any soldier firing "without a particular order for it" was to receive a hundred lashes at once, with no appeal to a court-martial. The boating too, must be far more cautious, for the river abounded in rifts and jutting rocks. Twelve miles from Oswego a fall of eleven feet necessitated a short but by no means easy portage.

Here, amid the ruins left by the French destruction of three years before, the expedition was finally assembled. Altogether there were nearly three thousand — regulars, provincials and some seven hundred Indians, over whom Johnson was Colonel.

Colonel Haldimand with a New York battalion was left to defend Oswego while Prideaux and Johnson, on July first, embarked upon the great lake for Niagara. Oswego was the key to the Iroquois Long House: without it the troops would be cut off from their base. Niagara, however, was the key to the whole French empire: the essential link which made communication possible between the Canadian settlements and the lower country along the Mississippi. Shirley's appreciation of its strategic importance was beginning after three years to seep into the heads of the British officers.

While Prideaux was beginning the siege of the Niagara Fort, whose reconstructed walls still stand on the point where Niagara River enters Lake Ontario, Haldimand, at Oswego, was beset by fifteen hundred French and Indian troops. He repulsed them after a day or two of fighting and thereafter awaited news from Niagara.

It came, first in the form of a message from Johnson telling of General Prideaux's death through the bursting of a shell from one of his own cohorts. Haldimand set off

at once for Niagara, designing to take charge; but before he arrived he met the greater number of Indians returning, their bateaux laden with plunder and their hearts high with victory. Niagara had been taken, with Johnson in command.

Sir William had arisen vigorously to his day of opportunity. He pressed the siege with resolution; a breach was made in the walls. The French General by a sally attempted to raise the siege; he was defeated and taken prisoner. Five days after Prideaux's death, on July twenty-fifth, Niagara surrendered and the French chain of communication was forever broken.

Johnson was chief mourner, in all due pomp and solemnity, at the funeral now held in the Niagara chapel for the unfortunate Prideaux. But on Haldimand's arrival Sir William's eminence was disputed, and another quarrel was brewing. Each felt his commission to be the superior one. All they could do, however, was to glower and wait until they should hear from General Amherst, to whom the news had been dispatched from Oswego. Amherst had by that time just received the word of their loss and was sending General Gage to take Prideaux's place. It was a week later when he received the more welcome message telling of Johnson's victory.

"An Event too Essential and Interesting not to be imparted to His Majesty with the Utmost Dispatch, and as it could not be more properly Stated than in your own Words, and that you may reap the Encrease of Honor due to you, for the great Share you have had in this Signal Success, I have immediately sent home Capt. Prescott with your Original Letter, and the Capitulation it Accompanied; and I make no doubt but upon his Return, I shall have His Majesty's Commands to Signify

to you his most Gracious pleasure thereupon; Mean While I beg you will Accept of my most unfeigned thanks and congratulations."

To Johnson at Niagara came a Chippewa chief to make submission for his people. Johnson figuratively took from him the hatchet put by the French into the hands of his tribe and recommended to them and their neighboring peoples hunting and trade as a substitute for warfare. The Indian made a properly responsive answer, promising to carry the message to the other tribes of the west. "I clothed him very well," Johnson's diary of the Niagara occurrences records, "and gave him a handsome present to carry home. Then took from about his neck a large French medal; gave him an English one, and a gorget of silver, desiring whenever he looked at them, he would remember the engagements he now made."

From Oswego, whither he now repaired, Johnson sent out belts and messages to bring back to him the Indians and to assemble for council others of the tribes of Canada. He had in mind an expedition against the French at La Galette, but Gage was not in favor of the attempt. By the last week of August large numbers of Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas were on hand to learn with expressions of satisfaction of the submission of their western brethren. They promised all assistance to the English and hoped for a speedy and successful termination of the war; but they did not wish another expedition to be undertaken at this particular moment. Johnson's diary tells the tale:

"This evening (Friday, September 7) the Senecas and Onondagas met at my tent, and spoke with two belts and a string of wampum, as follows: The first, was a black belt I

gave them some time ago, to unite them and strengthen our alliance with them, which they now only produced to show me it was fresh in their memory. The second, was three strings of wampum complaining of the dearness of our goods, and earnestly desiring they might have fairer dealing; otherwise, it would alter the present good dispositions of all the Confederacy and their allies, who expected a more advantageous trade might be carried on with us than with the French; which above all things would bring those nations over to us and attach the whole to his majesty's interest—*Gave three strings.* The last and third was a white belt, charging me with being too hasty and inconsiderate in thinking of another expedition before I had returned home, and considered what was next best to be done, and consulted with them, added that if I now proceeded and should fail, the whole Confederacy would be overset. They therefore, in the strongest manner, laid hold of me, and insisted on my staying at home."

Between Indian remonstrance on one side and British procrastination on the other, Johnson could not carry his point. Gage believed it better to leave well enough alone than to venture against a position which, if taken, they might find too difficult to hold. So, although the advices from other divisions of the army were encouraging, the months of August and September dragged along without further action against the enemy. In mid-October, after obtaining leave from Gage, supping in merriment with officers, and giving presents to the remaining Indians, Sir William turned his face again toward the Mohawk Valley.

While at Oswego the troops had received word of the reduction of Quebec. While there was still fighting to be done, this was all but the finish of the long struggle. The power of France upon the American continent was practically at an end.

III

FRIENDLY relations with the tribes to the west would mean for the Indians a resumption of hunting and trade. For Sir William it would mean a vastly increased business and responsibility; a horde of Indian confederates to foster and keep in good humor, in addition to the original Six Nations. He was somewhat inclined to shrink from the task.

Peter Wraxall had died during the summer. Not long after came the death of Lieutenant Governor De Lancey, who for the past two years, since Sir Charles Hardy returned to his original calling as a sailor, had been Acting Governor again. Cadwallader Colden, friend of Johnson's earliest years in the Valley, took up the reins of government as President of the Council, later to become Lieutenant Governor. Ever since Governor Clinton's return to England Colden had been in retirement on his Ulster farm, ignoring the triumphs of the faction that had superseded him. He was now a man well past seventy and had outlived many more vigorous contemporaries. He was to outlive practically all of them and to see his royal master disowned by his rebellious colonists.

Sir William, in the place left vacant by Wraxall, made temporary use of his friend Dr. Richard Shuckburgh; but he had in mind training his nephew Guy for the business of Indian secretary. Guy had already shown considerable adaptability for the work. Both he and John had been with the expedition to Niagara.

John had been styled captain and given a troop of Indians to lead; but he had not distinguished himself in the service. Sir William had already discovered that his

nineteen-year-old son was not to follow in his father's footsteps as a diplomat. For Mohawk relations the elder man was to rely increasingly upon Guy and upon Molly's brother Joseph.

All three of these young men were as yet short of twenty years of age; two of them were still to undergo some of the school discipline which Guy had already received before coming to America. The next winter found John reluctantly submitting to the routine of a school in Philadelphia, while the Mohawk Joseph, committed to the ministrations of the Reverend Eleazar Wheelock in Lebanon, Connecticut, was winning laurels for himself in a field very different from those in which he had hitherto sought distinction.

George Croghan, Johnson's deputy at Fort Pitt, after making treaty with the various tribes of that region, had gone with Rodger's Rangers to Detroit, on that momentous journey which took over from the French all the forts along the Lakes. Croghan, as shrewd a man of business as Johnson himself, reported prospect of a good trade properly regulated, but saw grave dangers in the propensity of British traders to push matters too far and to become unscrupulous in their competition with one another. Croghan himself appeared to possess rather more scruple than the average, refusing a gift offered him by the Indians about Detroit.

"About 8 miles below the town is an Island about 10 miles Long and about three Miles wide in the Midle, Lays high, well timberd, the finest Island I ever see. itt was offered me by the Indians Butt I Did Nott Chuse to Except itt as people Might Say I went a Land Jobing when I should have Done my Duty. Butt if on a paice that Cuntrey Should be Ceaded

to Great Britian itt will be worth having if your honour Chusis to have a Smale Estate in that Cuntrey I will gett itt for you."

Croghan brought word, also, of a great meeting of all the western Indians planned at Detroit in the spring of 1761, to which the Six Nations also would be invited. He recommended their attendance.

During this same summer of 1760 Johnson and a convoy of Indians had gone up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and here Daniel Claus had been left in charge. He was both deputy in Indian matters and a lieutenant in the army, now, and duly grateful to Sir William for aiding him in attaining that position.

Now that the war was coming to a triumphant close Johnson felt that he could reasonably withdraw from the King's service. Peace would bring trade, and trade prosperity; with these would come greater settlement in the Valley and more of the colonizing, building, creative accomplishment which was dear to his heart. Writing to Pitt from Fort Johnson on October 24, 1760, he congratulated the minister on the reduction of Canada, and summarized his own activities as superintendent and commander over the Indians in the war now at an end.

"Permit me Sir to observe that nothing but the Duty of one to his Majesty, heightened by a just sense of those favours which he has been pleased to bestow so liberally on me together with a sincere regard for the welfare of my Country, which I had the vanity to think I was in some measure able to promote, could by any means have induced me to continue in the exercise of an employment so inconceivably troublesome, the assiduity necessary toward a proper discharge of

which, can only be conceived by those who have had the experience thereof."

He then proceeded to a recital of his part — and it was on the whole a not inconsiderable one — in the seven years of warfare through which the country had been passing, ending with that peace with the Canadian Indians which had completed the downfall of the French.

"Thus Sir we became Masters of the last place in the Enemys possession in these parts and made those Indians our Friends by a peace, who might otherwise have given us much trouble. . . I need not enlarge much on the reasons for keeping up a good understanding with all Indians, who may be friends, and can be troublesome Enemys. . .

"Permit me to add that having now discharged my Duty during the War to the utmost of my Ability, I should be glad to be freed from the discharge of an office so fatigueing, in which I have greatly impaired my Constitution, and neglected my Concerns in this Country, which I would willingly apply the remainder of my life to retrieve." Brother Warraghiyagey wishes hereafter to forego the war-dance; trade has greater charms than war or diplomacy.

In the same month in which Johnson wrote this tentative resignation, the death of his royal master across the ocean automatically dissolved his commission as superintendent to the Indian tribes. George the Third immediately issued a new one, however, to be effective "during the King's pleasure."

IV

Johnson had intended sending Croghan and Montour to the conference to be held at Detroit in the summer of 1761;

but General Amherst thought the superintendent himself might well be in attendance upon that gathering of the tribes. So after a good-bye conference with the Mohawks on July fourth, Johnson set out from home. With him were Guy, now rejoicing in the title of lieutenant, and John, home from his Philadelphia sojourn.

It was presumed to be a journey of peace and amity; at the first stop at Canajoharie, Johnson introduced to the Indians the Reverend Samson Occum, a New England Indian who had two years before been duly ordained as a missionary. As they went westward to Canada Creek near Fort Stanwix, a messenger from General Amherst overtook the party. The General's letter inclosed one from Captain Campbell, Commandant at Detroit, reporting the efforts of the Six Nations to induce the Western tribes to join them in taking up the hatchet against the English. At the same time the faithful Mohawks arrived with a belt of wampum and the same news, saying that the Senecas from Chenussio had announced their intention of falling upon the back settlements. They had even threatened to destroy the Mohawks, whom they now denounced as more English than Indian. The Oneidas and Onondagas disclaimed knowledge of the plot and declared it must be attributable to the Senecas alone; but they had complaints of their own to present, of ill-treatment at various posts by the soldiers, or unfair trade and too few presents. Johnson warned them against the rum which had probably caused the conditions complained of, and promised a supply of powder, before he took the schooner from Oswego to Niagara.

Here there was a long delay pending the arrival of bateaux with the presents indispensable in all Indian coun-

cils; this but gave opportunity for making the proper impression upon the treacherous hearts of the Senecas. Another letter from Campbell had told Johnson that at Detroit the western Indians had confronted the Senecas with their conspiracy and had returned them the war-belt in open council before the officers of the garrison, to the confusion of the intriguers.

Of all this the Senecas at Niagara declared themselves quite innocent; but Johnson was not willing to accept their protestations that some few detached members of the tribe must have been guilty of the offence. "I well know your custom," he told them, "of consulting each other upon affairs of much less moment, nay, matters of the smallest importance are never agreed to without the consent of you all." He said he would not in the least believe their statements unless they sent messengers with him to Detroit to make public repudiation of their conduct; and returning to them the belt of wampum they had offered, he reduced them to thorough confusion. They promised to bring a message from their nation, with chiefs who should go with him to Detroit as evidence of their good will. The arrival of the Mohawks, delivering three strings of wampum and a stern rebuke, confirmed the Senecas in their submission. The chiefs embarked with the party for Detroit.

Encamping each night upon the margin of Lake Erie, meeting Indian messengers from the tribes along the way and exchanging salutations and news with passing boats of traders, they made it a long and leisurely summer journey. It was the second of September when the party reached the island known as Bois Blanc near the mouth of the Detroit river. Here, a half century later, Tecumseh was to rally his braves for the campaign against the Ameri-

can forces. "It would be a pleasant place for a settlement," Johnson wrote in his diary, "land good, and a fine prospect."

Croghan with his Delaware and Shawnee delegates had already reached Detroit. There were salvos when Sir William approached, and on the next day a great bonfire and celebration in honor of victories of English arms elsewhere — the burning of fifteen Cherokee towns and the surrender of Belle Isle and reduction of Pondicherry in the East Indies.

With councils and present giving, with the hearing of private complaints from Indians of a score of different tribes, with plans for the management of the various forts along the Lakes, the strength and disposition of their garrisons, and for the carrying on of Indian trade, there was much to be done. Yet there was time for social enjoyment as well. On Sunday the sixth, Captain Campbell gave the ladies of the settlement a ball, that Sir William might see them. "They assembled at eight o'clock to the number of about twenty. I opened the ball with Mademoiselle Curie — a fine girl. We danced until five o'clock next morning."

Nine days later, Johnson returned the compliment. "The ladies and gentlemen all assembled at my quarters, danced the whole night until seven o'clock in the morning, when all parted very much pleased and happy. I promised to write Mademoiselle Curie as soon as possible my sentiments; there never was so brilliant an assembly here before."

Sir William had experienced no difficulty in winning the hearts of the British garrison or the French townsfolk; it appeared that he had been equally successful in dispell-

ing any clouds upon the Indian horizon. One tribe after another offered wampum and words of loyalty. All echoed the sentiments of the Chippewa to "our brother Warraghiyagey, who has now brought peace to our Country which was in a tremor, and has fixed our hearts in their proper places which before his arrival were fluttering and knew not where to settle.

"We now take him by the hand, as all the Nations have done, with a Certainty that nothing can separate us, we give him now this bunch of Green Wampum which has a power to dispel all darkness by Night or by Day, and will lead him through any part of our Country without stumbling or hurting his feet." Thus miraculously guided, Sir William set out on his return journey.

In spite of the talisman, it was a bad season for lake travel. At times the storms prevented progress. "No stirring with my craft. In the night the wind blew so hard that we were all afloat in our encampment and beds, and could not move anywhere else, being on a sandy beech between two waters."

By the end of September they had reached Presqu'Isle near the eastern end of Lake Erie. October set in with fresh storms. It was not surprising that Johnson's maladies returned in full force; the bullet in his thigh was increasingly painful, his cough racked him constantly. "I never had a worse night than this in my life," Sir William wrote on the tenth of October; on the next day he "could not walk or stand up without help, nor sleep a wink."

The green wampum had proved scarcely efficacious as a charm; but the storms and the illness and the long journey finally wore away. The end of the month found Sir William again at Fort Johnson and his family flourishing.

Molly greeted him with a new brown baby in her arms, a little girl but a fortnight old.

A few days later Johnson was writing to General Amherst:

"It is with great Satisfaction I now Inform your Excellency, that I have left the Western Indians Extremely well Disposed towards the English; and I am of Opinion that matters are Settled on so stable a foundation there, that unless greatly Irritated thereto they will never break the Peace Established with them; And there now remains only to Compleat Everything by Calling down the Six Nations to a meeting, and Settling all matters with them, which I doubt not being readily able to do."

Peace at last — peace and his brother trade. Brother Warraghiyagey can look forward, now, to the day of building and business that has so long allured him.

But is he perhaps too sanguine ? Daniel Claus, in Montreal, is somewhat nearer those French Indians of the upper country.

"I must say they in general behave beyond Expectation, notwithstanding the indifferent and dispiteful Eye they are looked upon here by the People in Power, and the many Ill Usages and Robberies they meet with from the Soldiery . . .

"I can assure you Sir that there is no Discourse started here of Indians but they may be delt with as we please and we are so intoxicated with providential Success that we will presently Stumple over the whole Universe, if no Block should happen to lay in our way."

CHAPTER IX

JOHNSON OF JOHNSON HALL

I

THE STORY is an old one, of the white man and the Indian who compete in dreaming and the solicitation of gifts. The Indian is the first to report that he has dreamed of receiving from his white brother a fine uniform; the dream is made true by the gift thus indirectly requested. Next morning the white man reports a dream which the Indian is obliged to verify by the cession of a piece of land. The return suits him ill; and he warns his friend solemnly, "You must not dream again."

William Johnson and old Hendrick were perhaps the first heroes, or victims, of this fable. Its truth was vigorously denied by Johnson's friends; and since the tale was later applied to nearly every British settler upon American soil, it would be folly to take it with too great literalness, or to adduce in evidence the fact that old deeds have been discovered referring to lands as "part of Sir William Johnson's dreamland tract."

Johnson himself was wont to declare that with the exception of a purchase of a mere hundred thousand acres or so made in 1751 — whose ratification by the government was delayed for nearly twenty years — he had acquired no land directly from the Indians, but had always taken

title through an intermediate purchaser. This statement omitted, naturally, the Onondaga purchase, which he at no time considered in the light of a private transaction.

But in January of this year 1761 he made ready to lay before the council an application for a tract of land to be granted to him directly by the Mohawks.

"The Indians of Canajoharie in full Council Sent me a Message some time ago, and desired I would come up to their Castle, haveing something of Moment to communicate to me, on my Arrival the whole Castle mett in form, and let me know they had unanimously resolved to make me a present of a considerable Tract of land, and Desired a Deed of gift might be drawn for that purpose. I thanked them for their good will shown towards me, and told them I could not draw one then, but would consider of it.

"In a few Days after, about fifteen of them deputized by the rest came to my House, and executed a Deed of Gift for a Tract of Land on the North Side of the Mohawk River which they desired I might send up to their castle that the rest might Sign it, which I accordingly did."

This tract at first contained about forty thousand acres; a pleasing gift indeed, but one that would not be effective until approved by the council and described by a patent issued in due form. Unfortunately a goodly share of this property was covered by other applications for patents already pending. Johnson asked for an abstract of such petitions.

"I have no other view in desiring this than to be able to See, or have Common Justice done to the Indians, who in the most earnest manner begged, I would take care they were not imposed on for the future in the Sale of such

Lands as they still were Owners of, and further, that I would let them know what Lands were Pattented, so as to prevent any disputes." Johnson had already written Alexander Colden for a survey of this section.

The request for a patent for this great gift was not to meet with ready acquiescence. Banyar had already, the month before, written in reference to the proposed land transfer:

"All Petitions for large Tracts are at a stand, the Council seem determined to grant no more than 20,000 acres in one Patent, so that if they come to such a Resolution you must present as many Petitions for 20,000 acres as will include the quantity you mean to take up and take out as many Lycences as Petitions. It will be necessary perhaps too that you offer a share to each of the Gentlemen of the Council." One perceives that the office of councillor, though unsalaried, was not without its emoluments.

The regular procedure in obtaining lands was based upon the theory that the ultimate title rested in the Crown, but the right to occupancy remained in the Indians as a tribe, not as individuals. The intending purchaser must first petition the colonial council and receive its license to buy lands from a certain tribe. Then he must make his bargain with the Indians, obtaining the consent of the entire tribe in formal assembly. When these regulations had been complied with he might apply for and eventually receive a royal patent which gave him a full title to the land. By taking this tract of forty thousand acres as a gift from the Mohawks of Canajoharie Castle Johnson hoped to avoid the preliminary bouts with the council and the necessary division of the spoils. He hoped, also, to

take precedence of others who were negotiating for the purchase of the same land.

Banyar replied with the unwelcome news that petitions covering much of this land were already before the Council. He suggested a compromise. "Unless you and they agree I foresee neither the one nor the other will get a Grant of the Land."

Sir William was at first little disposed to compromise. The other petitioners proposed that they share alike, a plan which would leave him about six thousand acres. "I can't help saying it is a very extraordinary proposal to a man who has already a very full, and formal Deed to the Whole." He told Banyar that while he hated and had always avoided any contention with mankind, he could not submit to this.

When summer found the matter still in suspense, Johnson was less patient in his tone. "I am surprised to find so much trifling, and little low means used by some people in order to retard my getting a Pattent."

In part the contest was an old one. One George or Ury Klock, early dweller in the Mohawk Valley, had been these years past a thorn in Johnson's side. His desire to avoid contention had not prevented Sir William from branding Klock as low and villainous in the extreme, in letters without number; the great cause of complaint being that Klock made the Indians drunk and obtained from them cessions of land.

In this allegation Johnson was probably correct; but those to whom he made complaint were well aware that no council with Indians was satisfactorily ended without the distribution of rum in liberal quantities, and that the

"darling water" formed a large part in any bargain made with the red man. Moreover, Klock had obtained a license to buy a large share of these very lands, seven years before, and had already attended to the matter of interesting the members of the council in his project. Even Banyar had an interest, though he, in virtue of his long alliance with Johnson, professed himself quite willing to relinquish his own pretensions.

Though favoring Johnson personally, he was still unable to fall in completely with Sir William's presentation of the case, commenting that the balance of equity was clearly against his friend.

"For it is denyed flatly, that you or any one else have a Right to purchase Lands without Lycense from the Government or that there is the least essential difference between a Deed of Purchase and a Deed of Gift." If the Indians were permitted to dispose of their lands at will, what was to become of the right of the Crown ?

In the autumn the scruples of Banyar and of Colden, who was for the time at the head of governmental affairs in the colony, were set at rest by a division of the lands between themselves and Johnson. Banyar promised to insist that Klock should be excluded. But he thought Johnson should pay the expenses of surveying the lands, and again the matter rested, while some tentative efforts were made at getting other concessions from the Mohawks. A year after his first application Johnson wrote in sarcastic vein:

"I am verry sorry to find Silence and reservedness among friends, so reigning a fashion now at New York. The example may have Come from whom or where it will, we plain

Rough bred Country People cannot be induced to fall into nor approve of it, therefore hope that our Rustick impoliteness in keeping up to that old Silly custom of corresponding with our Friends and acquaintances will be excused, and attributed to the distance we live from the Beau Monds."

In time matters were smoothed over; the protests of the councillors at being asked to pay for their shares in what Sir William had received freely, as a gift, brought an admission that the Canajoharie gift making, like most Indian conferences, had concluded with a round of presents for them all; "as I knew their wants and that it was usual in such cases to give them somewhat in return, I immediately afterwards gave them the sum of 1200 dollars together with a handsome present for their familys." In this giving of presents the councillors were now invited to share; on their agreement the land would be duly apportioned as they wished.

When this bargain was about to be concluded new instructions arrived from England, forbidding that any further grants of land be made without special license under the hand and seal of Majesty itself. Here was continued delay; two years after the original application Johnson was recounting his claims to John Pownall, in England, and asking him to lay the application "before the Lords of Trade, or thro' any other Channell which may be the best for obtaining the same."

Johnson was convinced that his services to the Crown, his devotion to the public interest would bring a speedy and favorable answer to his application; "satisfied that some consideration would be had of the many risques I have run both of Life and Fortune in Encouraging and

promoting the Settlement of the rest of my Lands in this Country, which I do assure you I have not laid aside as a thing which may turn to value hereafter, as is the custom of all the possessors of large Tracts within this province."

Nevertheless, several years more passed by before his Majesty finally granted the request of his devoted subject. Possibly there were itching palms in England as well as in America.

II

Even during the heat of the war Johnson had been mindful of his colonizing purposes. While others were abandoning their claims, he continued to bring new tenants into the Valley, checking by exhortation and example the terrors which threatened to depopulate his beloved land, "for which purpose I spent all the time in which I was not on the publick service, in a small Lodge in the Wild Woods amongst them."

This lodge later bore the name of the Fish House, and its rustic walls on the bank of Sacandaga Creek were a favorite summer haunt after its usefulness in the encouragement of tenants was at an end. Four miles to the east of this dwelling Johnson had built a more pretentious summer home, naming it Castle Cumberland, in honor of the royal duke who had defeated the Pretender.

These were but preliminary to even more ambitious building enterprises. Johnson was now planning a real town. Croghan, at his request, sent him plans that had been made for the town of Carlisle, just at this time getting under way in Pennsylvania. They were more extensive than Johnson had wished, so he kept to his own sketches.

FORT JOHNSON

From an old French print

FORT JOHNSON

He proposed, after the fashion of a lord of the manor, to dwell near but not within the town of his own creating; so Johnson Hall was now erected. It was built after a plan not unlike that of Mount or Fort Johnson, but of far larger proportions though of wood instead of stone. It was perhaps but the ground work for a more imposing mansion to be built later on, to be in keeping with Sir William's power and estate. But the dream of a castle was not to be fulfilled, and Johnson Hall was the final abode of its ambitious owner.

Molly, whom visitors now obsequiously called "the Indian Lady Johnson," must have been well pleased with the old stone house, for the new home offered but little change in the interior; its broad halls, great rectangular rooms, panelled walls, were all much like the older dwelling. Nor was the outlook dissimilar — servants' quarters on either side, lowlands stretching away before the eye, a creek running in front of the eastward-facing doorway, the familiar shrubbery about the entrance. Thither Molly came with her babies in the spring of 1764.

John remained at the old home. He was of age this year, and father felt it fitting that he should now have a house of his own. Soon he was setting up his household, as Sir William before him had done, without benefit of clergy.

But it was not to Fort Johnson and the young heir that the Mohawks came. It was Brother Warraghiyagey they sought, and Johnson Hall was now their rendezvous.

Meanwhile the new town was growing. It was to be no mere cluster of houses, but was to have church and school and shop and all that goes to the making of a town. Court-house and jail too there would be; for already Sir

William was looking forward to the division of that huge county that stretched westward from Albany; and when the time would come, there was no question whose word would decide the location and personnel of the new county government. Johnstown was to have a future.

To the Lutheran and Reformed Churches Johnson had allotted fifty acres of land apiece to be used for a parsonage. Years before, he had welcomed missionaries to the Valley, but most of those who had come had been of the dissenting bodies. The Reverend Mr. Barclay at Fort Hunter had long since gone, and no minister of the Church of England had come to take his place. Johnson inclined to welcome any denomination which would take up the work of Christianizing the Indians. They were a defence against the encroachment of the French and now that the French menace had passed they would help to cement the bonds of friendship between Indian and British.

Already the Mohawks and Oneidas were showing themselves peculiarly receptive to the ideas and practices of the missionaries who came among them, though the conflict between new ways and old was always in evidence. Conrad Frank and old Hon Joost Herchheimer wrote Sir William from Burnetsfield:

"Two or three days ago, there Came down from Oneida a party of Indians about Twenty or Thirty, to have their Children Christened and Likewise to have some of them Married, and as they went away today, and got up as far as Franks's they shot one of Stephen Franks's Hogs just by his House; So Franks's Son Justice went to the Indian, and asked the Indian for what he killed his hog; then the Indian immediately offered to Shoot him, and so Justice Frank and one Etigh got hold of his Gun, then he Draw'd his Knife to Stab him; but at last the Indian got

away from them and Shot Justice Frank through his throat Dead, and the Indian went off —

"So we thought Proper to Acquaint Sir William of it, to know What to do in this Affair."

Evidently the Oneida had imbibed rum as well as religion on this pious journey.

Schools and churches had heretofore been of the type suggested by the Dutch and German complexion of the settlement. Up to this time it had probably been assumed, if the matter gained attention at all, that the prevailing language of the province would continue to be Dutch. Certainly this colony had stemmed first from old Amsterdam across the ocean; despite English pride, the Van Rensselaers and their ilk were still padroon and potentate. It may have irked the title-loving British to recall that old Peter Schuyler, beloved of the Mohawks as "Quider" in the early days of the century, had refused a title from Queen Anne when he took to England a group of Indian chiefs — among them the grandfather of Joseph and Molly Brant. Schuyler had no desire, he said, to arouse the envy of his neighbors by a distinction granted by the English court. This was a sturdy Dutch attitude the Johnson generation could scarcely comprehend.

There was always in New York politics the undercurrent of division between the English and the earlier Dutch settlers. Since the launching of King's College in De Lancey's day the factions had taken on a denominational aspect as well, for the Calvinistic Dutch resented the turning of the resources of their colony into an institution of the Established Church. Moreover the dissenting party was sympathetic to republicanism and to all the New England heresies abhorred by staunch adherents of the Crown.

These finer points of controversy at the outset made very little difference in the Mohawk Valley. Sir William undoubtedly counted himself a member of the Church of England, but he was grateful for any good influence brought to bear upon his dusky charges, and while he gave every encouragement to the work of translating the prayer book into the Mohawk tongue, he was equally helpful to dissenting pastors and teachers, of New York and even of New England. It was not until later that he became convinced by political events that the Established Church alone should be fostered.

In the meantime, he welcomed the dissenter and thought the Lutheran ministry not too far removed from his own church for good deeds. Certainly other denominations were showing far more zeal in both conversion and education of their red brethren. With Dr. Eleazar Wheelock, who was maintaining a charity school for Indians at Lebanon, Connecticut, Johnson's relations were friendly and close. Joseph Brant received his training under the good doctor's care, and Johnson's own son, Caroline's boy William, was sent for such education as he would receive. But young William, arrogant as his half-brother John, was unwilling to submit to the discipline the doctor felt necessary to a school.

Joseph proved a pupil of a very different sort. The doctor's letters abounded in his praise. He was modest and industrious, full of real goodness and piety, according to his reverend mentor. And while Joseph was later among the most devoted adherents of the Established Church, and learned the partisan attitude which led him to cast aside a half-ripened fruit with the jesting comment that it was "bitter as a Presbyterian," still his fondness for his

early teacher persisted to later years, and he sent his own sons, long after the Revolution had severed him from the Valley of his birth, to study under the son of Dr. Wheelock.

By this time Joseph too was of man's estate in years as he had long been in accomplishment. He was acting as secretary and interpreter to a young missionary recently graduated from Yale, Charles Jeffery Smith by name. Another Mohawk lad known by the name of Moses had been trained at Lebanon to become a schoolmaster among his people.

"I am every day diverted and pleased," Smith wrote, "with a view of Moses and his school, as I can sit in my study and see him and all his scholars at any time, the school-home being nothing but an open barrack. And I am much pleased to see eight or ten and sometimes more scholars under their bark table, some reading, some writing and others a studying, and all engaged to appearances with as much seriousness and attention as you will see in almost any worshipping assembly; and Moses at the head of them with the gravity of fifty or three score." Sir William's son Peter, Molly's eldest, may have been amongst the number; but he was a restless little fellow, with too much of the family spirit to be submissive to discipline.

But the Valley was growing up into a settled country; little if any less filled with population than the other portions of the state. The Mohawks were now but two villages set in the midst of white villages and farms. The red men roved and hunted as they pleased, careless whether the land were patented to white owners or still their own ancient range. Yet civilized life was closing in upon them, and they were well aware of it.

"The Mohawks of the lower Castle all met at my House last Sunday," Johnson informed Banyar, "and made a verry long Haraunge on the want of a Minister, and murmured greatly at the former Ministers leaving them after acquiring enough of their language to read the Service to them. they then in the most earnest manner begged I would write Home their request, of haveing a Minister allowed intirely for them and the Canajohares. . . It would make the Indians verry happy in their mind and be the means of civilizeing them."

III

Johnson all these years, so he thought, had kept his girls in careful seclusion; but he could scarcely know how much they saw of the throng of people that had passed in and out of the walls of Fort Johnson as the war went on. They were not likely to be unaware of the coming of young officers and deputies and visitors of every rank, however painstaking the duenna who had been provided for them. Sir William's daughters would not be inclined toward either dullness or undue timidity.

Nevertheless, it was with a distinct shock that Johnson read a letter from Daniel Claus in March 1761, when his oldest girl Nancy was in her seventeenth year. Claus wrote from the safe distance of Montreal, discussing his ambition to purchase a captaincy, which he hoped to be possible while still retaining his position as Johnson's deputy. But from Sir William's official family he desired to advance to a more personal relationship:

"To be more open in my Sentiments I beg leave to mention to you that I always had and ever shall have a Sincere Regard

and Esteem for Miss Nancy your elder Daughter, who likewise was kind enough as not to discourage me therein, wherefore I should before now have asked your Consent and Approbation to marry her, had it not been for the troublesome times we hitherto sustained, but that Period being at last come I embraced this opportunity of doing it now, and from your natural Goodness flatter a favourable Answer."

This was a bit of a strain upon Sir William's "natural Goodness." How long, he wondered, had this been going on ? The letter found him at Castle Cumberland, where he had no opportunity of cross-questioning the forward young minx. Johnson let the honest Daniel worry a bit in Montreal before writing him of the first of May:

"Your proposal of marriage surprises me a good deal, having never had the least hint of the kind dropped or mentioned to me before; so that it seems to me verry extraordinary, and precipitate, besides it is giveing me a bad impression of my Daughters regard and duty towards me, whom she should consult in a case which concerns her happiness so nearly.

"It shall ever be a Maxim with me, to give a Child as great Liberty in the choice of a Husband, or Wife, as is consistent with the Duty they owe to a Parent, in whose power it certainly should be to have a voice, and indeed a decisive one, as from them must generally come, what must make them easy in the world with their own industry afterwards. If they exceed that, and will act independant (which seems now to be the case as you say) then I think all expectations from a Parent are forfeited."

Poor Dan must have trembled as he read these lines; had he cooked his own goose and Nancy's too ? But the stern parent could not keep the pose absolutely; undoubt-

edly he was reflecting as he wrote that Miss Nancy had a share of her father's own spirit and that he loved his daughter the better for it.

"I have always had a regard for you," Sir William went on, "and shewed it by the Notice I have taken of you, which alone should have weighed with you, and prevented your carrying on any Intrigue of the kind privately in my Family. Had you moved the thing to me, before to others, it would have been more in Character, and friendlier.

"I shall talk to her about it, and when I know her Sentiments, will be able to say more to you on the subject." Claus must comfort himself with the reflection that Nancy's sentiments were not unlike his own, as Sir William's inquiry would assure him. But he made all haste to assuage Johnson's discontent by such explanation as he could offer.

"The only real uneasiness I have is your taking the Paragraph about my Marriage in so Different a Light, and thereby calling Miss Nancy's Regard for you and Duty towards you in question, if I have represented her as acting independent of you, it is entirely owing to the Imperfection in the English Language, for as long as I had the Pleasure of being acquainted with her, I always discovered in her a profound Love and Duty to her Parents, wherefore could not think of or presume to move such a Thing to her, and if my having a great Regard and Esteem for, and her being kind enough to Retaliate it with Complaisance and Civility, may be called carrying on private Intrigues in your Family, I only must submit to your Interpretation, for I assure you sincerely that I never intended it thereby."

This explanation, or Nancy's inclination, prevailed. In the fall Johnson was advising Claus to come down to the

Valley, but his military superiors did not grant the required leave. Sir Jeffery Amherst, who had looked with indifference upon Johnson's claim to military pay in addition to recompense as a superintendent, began to make it clear that he did not approve of double assignments; Daniel Claus would have to choose between his work as Johnson's deputy and his position as an officer in His Majesty's Army.

When summer came, Dan made his choice and came down by river and lake to the home of his innamorata, bringing with him the accounts of his Indian office, which Johnson had charged him to keep secret, the proofs of the Mohawk prayer book which he was helping to make ready, and a determination to devote himself henceforth to the service of Sir William and his family. Later in the season the happy pair were made one with Sir William's consent; before long a goodly acreage was set aside and a house was on the way for the bride and groom.

Sir William's second daughter, Mary, more often called Polly or Molly — the latter must have confused her somewhat with her Mohawk step-mother *de facto* — was younger than Nancy by a year or two, yet she also had snared the fancy of a not ineligible youth. Her father had frowned; but Lieutenant John Carden wrote from Martinique:

"I now mention one thing which I hope wont give offense and if you will Consent will get leave to go to your house which is to give me your daughter as a wife which you refus'd me before but hope you wont now Miss Molly. I hope you wont take it ill my making such a request but the vast regard I have obliges me to desire her for my wife.

"I begg you will consent to my request and make me a

happy man which I must be if I am so fortunate as to have her for my wife. I desire no money with her. I beg you will comply."

Alas for the young Lieutenant — distance and a stern parent were too much for his suit. Sir William had other plans, and nephew Guy was close at hand to console Molly for the loss of her soldier lover. Guy was no figure of romance; he was short and stout, and his Irish talk sounded odd in American ears. But her father was learning to depend on his skill in Indian matters, and it suited his dynastic ambitions to make his nephew his son-in-law as well. Less than a year after her sister Nancy became Mrs. Claus, Mary was Mrs. Guy Johnson, and their father was writing to a friend and whilom visitor:

"My Family is increased since you left us by Mrs. Claus bringing forth a fine Child of the best or Female kind, and my youngest daughter marrying Lieutenant Guy Johnson."

This reference to Mary as the youngest of his girls seems to dismiss the daughters of Caroline from consideration; yet they too had their place in their father's affection, and a few years later Charlotte was duly married to an officer in the British Army, and Caroline to one of Sir William's favorite clerks, Michael Byrne. At this time, however, they were just entering upon their teens.

Johnson himself had no aversion to being rallied on his popularity with people of "the best or Female kind." The summer after the journey to Detroit, Captain Campbell was writing from that outpost:

"I have a Ball on the Kings Birthday where a certain acquaintance of yours appeared to great advantage. She never

neglects an opportunity of asking about the General, what, says she, is there noe Indian councils to be held here this Summer — I think by her talk Sir William had promised to return to Detroit."

And in the spring of 1763 Johnson was writing to Major Gladwyn, the new commandant at Detroit, who likewise had been charged by Mademoiselle Curie with messages for Sir William:

"I have not forgot the powerfull effect of the Charms of the Lady who honours me with a place in her remembrance, and should be very happy in any opportunity which might offer of paying her my Devoirs."

Other eyes than his, and thoughts of an entirely different character, were soon to be turned toward that little fort on the far-off lakes. The peace which had been so fruitful of accomplishment was to be rudely broken by the war drums of the Farre Indians under Pontiac.

CHAPTER X

WAR DRUMS IN THE WEST

I

SIR WILLIAM'S new commission as Indian superintendent, issued by King George the Third, did not bear with it the title and rank of Colonel of the Six Nations, as the previous appointment had done. Consequently he was not called upon to take a military part in the conflict now brought on by the dissatisfaction of the Indians generally, the intrigues of the French traders against their British competitors, and the ambitions of Pontiac. Johnson's part would be to hold, so far as was possible, his hand upon the uncertain pulse of the Iroquois, to win, by peaceful means, other tribes back to their allegiance; and to receive the submission of defeated tribes when the soldiery should have conquered them. But the quelling of this uprising was to be a longer and more difficult task than either army or citizens dreamed.

While the first onslaught was at Detroit, and while the tale is dominated by the aggressive towering figure of the Ottawa chief Pontiac, yet to the dwellers on the borders of New York and Pennsylvania more serious factors were the defection of the Senecas and the inveterate hostility of the Delawares and their allies the Shawnees. During the period of conflict the name of Five Nations was again the

true one, for the sixth, the Seneca Nation, was openly on the war-path against the British; Presqu'Isle, Le Bœuf, Venango, and Fort Pitt knew only too well their savage war-whoop, their deadly scalping knives. And from the Susquehanna westward it was all too plain that the Delawares had cast off all traces of their old submission to the Iroquois and their old title of "women." They fought with a fierceness all the more deadly for the years of quiet in which they had unwillingly acquiesced.

Signs had not been wanting of the coming conflict, though it broke with hideous suddenness upon the unsuspicious garrisons of the little outposts. The summer before Pontiac began his siege of Detroit, Sir William's meeting with the Delawares at Easton in Pennsylvania had been ominous. Tediuscung, the Delaware chief whose eminence in his tribe Johnson had often deplored, was the prominent figure at this assembly.

Pennsylvania had its warring factions, political, religious, and commercial, even as did her sister colony New York; and through these differences Tediuscung, his cause espoused by the Quaker party, had risen to be recognized as a Delaware "King." His assumption of power was peculiarly offensive to Johnson and to the New York Indians, who held the Delawares a conquered people. Their very presence upon the Susquehanna was due to no right of their own, but solely to the lenience of the Six Nations, according to the latter.

The Easton conference was a stormy one; Tediuscung demanded a clerk, refusing to be satisfied with the official secretary; he protested against the proceedings and against the older treaties and land cessions which had been the source of discontent these generations past. In this he was

warmly seconded by the Quaker representatives present, Israel Pemberton citing the King's proclamation in which the Indians were spoken of as allies.

"Sir William said," — according to the official report of the council — " 'He knew what was contain'd in the Proclamation, adding, that He had the opinion of the King's Ministers as to the Mischiefs of any person's interposing, but the King's Agent, in Indian Affairs.' — Israel said,' He had the opinion of the ablest Man in America on that Point.' " Benjamin Franklin was the leader of their party; time has confirmed Israel's judgment of his ability. But the statement did not appease Sir William nor compose the council.

"Sir William repeatedly requested that they wou'd be silent; but they Still continuing their Interruption, He rose up, and desired the Interpreter to tell Tediuscung, and the rest, that He cou'd do no more at that time, and so broke up the Conference." Any sort of dispute in open council was absolutely opposed to all Indian tradition and practice. Differences must be composed outside the council board.

Before the conference was concluded Tediuscung and his people professed themselves satisfied, but rumor flew throughout the colony. George Croghan submitted to his chief the Philadelphia gossip:

"There has been nothing Talkd of butt the proceedings of the Treaty att Easton itt was Reported that you had Drown your Sowrd on Pemberton. . . I am creadetably Informed that are Bussy Writeing a Remonstrance home against your Conduct."

At a subsequent council at Lancaster, there was even less pretense of pleasure; it was reported by a witness that

"The Indians went away much dissatisfied, especially the Six

Nations; the Shawnees and Delawares left the most of their Presents on the Road to the Ohio, and sent word to the Governor 'He might send for them to give to the Indians the next Treaty.' The Indians promis'd to deliver up all their Captives the first of October, but they have not as yet brought one."

Tediuscung, however, was to do no more treaty making. To his country along the Wyoming Valley the Six Nations laid claim, and ever since the agreement made by the Delawares at the time of the Albany Congress, to admit settlers from Connecticut, the Mohawks in particular had been seething with indignation over their assumption of right. Representations had been made which had prevented the Connecticut people from making use of the land they had purchased, and even yet the government of the province refrained from any encouragement to settlement. But a group of hardy pioneers, not waiting for inducement, betook themselves to the Susquehanna near Tediuscung and his people.

That autumn the Delaware chieftain was visited by a group of Mohawks, ostensibly for friendly purposes. There was much feasting and the rum bottles were plenty. As Tediuscung lay in a drunken stupor his house was fired and the old chief perished in the flames. Yet so cleverly had the Mohawks done their work that the Delawares laid the blame on their new white neighbors, with the result that thirty or more of the unsuspicious settlers were murdered and the rest driven by terror to perish in the woods or make their way back as best they could to a more hospitable country. After this occurrence, it is not surprising that more and more of the Delawares were quite ready for the war-path as a permanent walk in life.

General Amherst's war chest had been growing low; he wished to discourage the constant giving of presents and the issue of powder and other means of war making. In this way he designed to put an end to the warfare that went on continually between the northern tribes and their ancient enemies to the south, Cherokee and Catawba. Sir William was more realistic in his view; he perceived that if the Six Nations were busy treading the trails of the back country to fight their southern tribesmen, they would be less inclined to vent their hatred against the white man.

The Six Nations were requested to "take the old Back-path in going to War against the Southern Nations," but the cessation of warfare seemed impracticable. "Our disapproving or discouraging their prosecuting the War against the Southern Inds., however reasonable, would greatly inflame them." Sir William was native to that land which had made a proverb concerning the Kilkenny cats.

So was his deputy George Croghan. "It is very luckey for us," he had written, "That those Indians and them over the Lakes are Nott upon a good understanding with Each other. If they were united I am of opinion we should soon have an Indian Warr."

II

The year which brought about, in Europe, the final signing of the peace that left England in presumably undisturbed possession of eastern North America found England's soldiers engaging in their fiercest struggle to hold that dominion. The little outposts which the Indians had asked for in times of war as a protection against the French,

were now a source of offence. Long before this the native mind had grasped the idea that the colonists were much more liberal when war threatened than when all was quiet. After a long period of free supplies of powder and ball, food and rum and clothing, it was distasteful to go back to providing these necessities for themselves by hunting and barter. From Fort Pitt Croghan reported:

"The Indians that pass by this post to and from Warr are very unesey att our Nott Suplying them with Amunision and Nesereys Notwithstanding I asHure you itt has Cost me above a years Salery within this twelf Months in trifels, More than the officer Commanding heer wold alLow them In order to keep them in Temper (So That I Can say I Searve the king for Nothing and find mySelf.)

"Ever Since the Reduction of Canada the Indians in those parts apeard very Jelous of our Growing Power Butt Sence I acquainted them of the Paice and Lett them know that all North America was Ceaded to Greatt Britian they Seem Much More So." They were then on the eve of outbreak, unanticipated by Johnson as by the heads of the army.

It was a summer of horror. Of all the little forts only two held out against the hordes of savage warriors that beat against them with a fury and a fixedness of purpose the red man had rarely shown. Detroit was under continual fire, relief parties were turned back; the one that finally reached its goal was but preliminary to the defeat and slaughter of Bloody Bridge. Little Fort Pitt fended off stratagem and attack while Colonel Bouquet with his bit of an army made his way across the wilderness to its relief, giving the Indians at Bushy Run the most serious check they had so far encountered.

But the real tragedies of the war were not at the forts alone. Forts and soldiers were little defence for the scattered farms and small settlements on the frontier. It was in western Pennsylvania that the hatchet and the scalping knife did their deadliest work, the whole region being devastated while the authorities wrangled in safety in the eastern part of the colony.

New York was spared these terrors because William Johnson still held his authority over all but one of the Iroquois confederate tribes. Alarms, none the less, were constant; Johnson Hall was put into defensive array with block-houses and cannon. The militia of the region was called out; but the farmer soldiers, like the Indians, were ill supplied with ammunition.

"Sir Jeffery," wrote John Watts, New York merchant, to a correspondent in the army, "is just returned from an Excursion to Albany for ten or Twelve days to meet Sir William about Indian affairs, which don't seem to be mended . . . Sir William is very apprehensive of his own safety and if he quits, the whole Mohawks River they say will break up."

It was not surprising that Amherst, sharing the typical British attitude of contempt for the prowess of the Indians because they did not appear in formal battle array, should have been incredulous as to the possibility of such warfare as Pontiac and his allies brought upon the country; but that Johnson should not have anticipated the conflict is a bit strange. Both Claus and Croghan had warned him; sporadic murders had been an indication his experience should have noted. His thoughts perhaps had been on lands and towns, houses and settlers. Much of his time, in these years, was spent on a bed of pain; every season brought its

tale of serious illness. But his home was open to the Indians whatever his condition of health, and many a messenger came to his bedside by day or by night.

He rose from a sick-bed when the first news of insurrection came, to council with five of the Six Nations at German Flats; two months later a delegation of the friendlies came to Johnson Hall, bringing with them six of the offending Senecas. Johnson was somewhat at a loss to know how to greet them, but accepted their assurance that the first two castles or villages of their nation had come back to hold the old covenant chain. The remaining Senecas, none the less, continued in savage hostility.

The covenant chain between Johnson and his chief, General Amherst, was likewise showing signs of rust. Sir Jeffery continued to speak of economy, though the times, in Johnson's opinion, called for generosity to the Indians; he discouraged Johnson's suggestions that the well-disposed Indians be called upon to take up the hatchet against their brethren; and he had never consented to push Sir William's claim for military pay through the years of the French war in addition to compensation as superintendent of the Indians. In fine, Sir William expressed no regret when, at the close of this sorry year of 1763, Sir Jeffery received His Majesty's gracious permission to return to the mother country. With General Gage, thus left in control of the army in America, Johnson at once opened a friendly correspondence.

George Croghan, too, was resigning at this time and going to England. He and Moses Franks, another Pennsylvania trader, proposed to lay before the Lords of Trade a memorial praying relief from the losses received in the Indian warfare; for the first move of Pontiac and his braves

had been to destroy the English traders in every Indian village and to confiscate their supplies. Croghan had been refused leave by Amherst for this journey; "so I made my resignation in writing. Had I continued, I could have been of no more service than I have been these eighteen months past; which was none at all, as no regard was had to any intelligence I sent, no more than to my opinion."

This was Johnson's opportunity to lay before the potentates across the water his own views on the present situation. He sent by Croghan a letter to the Earl of Halifax, and to the Lords of Trade a statement of Indian conditions and a plan for their future management. As to the particulars, "Mr. Croghans Experience and long residence in this Country will enable him fully to inform your Lordship."

Things were going better now, Johnson felt; as winter approached Pontiac consented to a truce and some of the tribes showed signs of a desire for peace making. General Gage was reposing every trust in Sir William and deferring to him wherever the red man was concerned. To him Johnson wrote:

"The Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas and Cayugas with some of the Senecas are still attached to us, as are several of the Tribes down the Susquehanna so far as Oswegy with the Indians of *Canada*. the latter I am of opinion may be well depended on."

But in a private memorandum made for his own use, he recorded; "Such Indians as are yet our Friends to be kindly used and make it their Interest to continue so, untill we are better able to do without them, otherwise they may

turn our Enemies before Spring; if so, the quarrell will become General and more fatal to us than can be imagined."

Johnson's apprehensions were shared by others in the colony. "I can tell you nothing New," wrote John Watts to a friend in London. "We seem by our Motions to act offensively against the Savages but by our patience in Treating and Suffering we are rather on the passive Side. 't is a hellish Warfare that seems to puzzle every Body."

III

Amherst had not been receptive to the idea of sending out Indian war-parties; Gage proved more compliant to the suggestions of Brother Warraghiyagey. The Iroquois were now encouraged to go out in small groups to work such havoc as they could among the hostile red men.

Johnson spurred on Henry Montour, of the French-Seneca family, by telling him of the great expectations of his success which were entertained by the General and by all the people of the province. "In order to encourage the party I will out of my own pocket, pay to any of the party 50 Dollars for the Head Man of the Delawares, and 50 Dollars for the head of long Coat, in which case they must either bring them alive, or their whole Heads, the Money shall be paid to the Man who takes or brings me them or their Heads."

Such incitement was not without results; the party went out, surrounded a Delaware encampment and made forty-one prisoners, one of whom was Captain Bull, son of the late Tediuscung. Great was the rejoicing among the Mo-

hawks. Sir William sent his son John, now at the head of a band of warriors, to follow up the advantage that had been gained.

But the prisoners he sent down to New York City, to be received with acclamation. Lieutenant Governor Colden did not fail to inform the Earl of Halifax of the achievement, by the next sailing. Our worthy Baronet will surely win the war, was the feeling among Johnson's partisans. He now made peace with the Senecas who gave indemnity for their misdeeds by ceding their rights to the Great Carrying Place around Niagara, which was the key to Lake traffic. He had sent word and wampum to Pontiac, no less, and that chief would doubtless soon come in to make his submission.

But Pontiac remained in the forest shades beyond the Lakes, and in the spring the nations of the west renewed their assaults upon the fort at Detroit. The war was not yet at an end.

Meanwhile George Croghan, over in England, was finding his way not wholly without thorns. In February the Lords of Trade received him politely and privately expressed disapproval of Sir Jeffery Amherst. A month later, with nothing accomplished, he expressed his opinion that the people there spent their time in nothing but abuse of one another. By April he was thoroughly tired of the English scene: "was I to Spake My Mind I would Say they are all R-g-e-s- aLicke." His characterization of these *Rogues* is unmistakable, though fear of libel substituted dashes for some of the letters. Croghan's spelling should have been a sufficient defence in any case.

In May Croghan's report was, "The more I am Aquainted with these pople the Less I find them Sinceer."

By this time the news of the victory of a party sent out by Johnson over a Delaware village had reached London. Not all had regarded it as an astounding achievement.

"They wold Insinueatt that it is only a Stroak of policy of yours in order to Take the Honour to Yourselves of puting an End to the Indian Warr." They even went so far as to hint at an agreement among the Indians to become prisoners and so divide the spoils.

By mid-summer the Lords of Trade had taken under consideration Johnson's proposed plan for Indian trade; but with the exception of Halifax they were cold to the idea of sending any great sum of money for Indian presents. "They are Determined to Trust no power in the hands of any person in Amerrica."

His own claims and those of the merchants Croghan could only leave to be presented to Parliament; in the autumn he returned to America, thoroughly disillusioned as to the state of affairs in England. Before the journey his resignation had been accepted by Amherst, but Gage was glad, upon his return, to authorize his reappointment.

There had been two expeditions of the army against the hostiles in the west. Following Johnson's council at Niagara, which concluded a tentative peace with a few of the tribes, Colonel Bradstreet had marched with a force to Detroit. Greatly to the disgust of his commander-in-chief, he had taken it upon himself to conclude peace or what, in his lack of acquaintance with Indian ways and words, he assumed to be peace. For this Gage censured him sharply; the tribes should have been told to go to Sir William to make their overtures.

Meanwhile the serious fighting of the year was still going on to the south. The Delawares were as active as ever,

despite the capture of Captain Bull; and Colonel Bouquet, travelling with his force of regulars and volunteers west of Fort Pitt, penetrated many a weary mile into the wilderness before the warriors were brought to sue for peace. It was mid-November when Gage wrote to Johnson:

"I have this Moment an Express from Him (Bouquet). He is by this time in the Center of their Villages, left Tuscarowas the 21st Ult. the savages are scared out of their senses preparing to fly; and have sent to beg for Peace from all sides. They were to Meet Him with all their Prisoners on the 1st inst. in the Center village."

When the hundreds of white captives from the villages along the Ohio and the Muskingum had been given up, Bouquet accepted hostages from the Delawares and Shawnees, and ordered a delegation of their chiefs to go to their superintendent, Sir William Johnson, to make a final treaty of peace. Bouquet was of the opinion that the Mingoes, those Indians from various eastern tribes who had taken up their residence along the Ohio, should be required to return to their own peoples. In the west they would always be a menace, being without even such control as the customs of the tribe imposed upon them. With this Johnson inclined to agree.

Now, it was hoped, trade could be reopened. Indians and merchants would alike rejoice. The dependence of the Indian on the white man for things which had become necessities of his life, but which he could not produce for himself, was more and more accentuated as time went on. Even more patent was the realization that colonial prosperity depended in great measure on the Indian trade.

As soon as Bouquet had received the submission of the

Delawares, General Gage recommended that the colonies remove their prohibition against carrying goods to the savages. "It has long been my Opinion, That we must at length yield to the immoderate Thirst which the Indians have for Rum," Johnson replied. "I was oblidged to promise it to them at Niagara and without it they will never be contented." He suggested that their desire was sufficient to make practicable a double duty on that item of sale.

"The Indians will expect a Trade to be opened with them early in the Spring, all the Nations who met me at Niagara were verry earnest concerning it."

Throughout this year General Gage had been acting as commander-in-chief; it had been expected that Monckton would be formally chosen as Amherst's successor. It was greatly to Johnson's satisfaction when the end of the year brought the announcement that Gage was confirmed in the chief command.

"It will put a stop to many People's hopes, Who relied on imposeing on General Monktons unacquaintancy with them and his easy disposition."

IV

There were others less anxious than the Indians and the traders to see unrestricted commerce between the colonies and their still barely quieted enemies. In western Pennsylvania the resentment of citizens against Indian outrages and the supine attitude of the local government had risen to such a pitch that a band of frontiersmen had betaken themselves to the savage mode of war, roaming from village to village and attacking all Indians, friendly or otherwise.

Such men as these, smarting under the loss of their homes and farms, the captivity of their wives and children, the years of horror which had been the portion of frontier dwellers, could not brook the idea of rewarding the Indian, on a mere promise of peace, with ample supplies of goods and munitions. Refusing to credit the promise of the red man, they believed that the powder and ball would find their way to the hearts of white settlers instead of the wild creatures of the woods, that the rum would be an incitement to further fighting rather than a celebration of amity, that the supplies of food belonged more properly to the families that had been despoiled of stores and driven from their lands by the foe.

So when these embittered frontier folk saw long lines of wagons toiling on their way to Fort Pitt, heaped high with goods intended as treaty gifts for the Indians, their indignation rose beyond bounds. Before the wagons could reach their destination they were intercepted and a large portion of their loads destroyed and burned.

There followed not only great indignation, but much confusion as well. Deputy Croghan was getting ready to start on an expedition across the western country from Fort Pitt to the Mississippi itself. He had great stores of goods which were to be distributed to the Indian tribes with which he expected to hold council.

The intercepted cargo, it appeared, was not all of this character. One Wharton, a merchant of Philadelphia, designing to catch the earliest opportunity for Indian trade, had with Croghan's knowledge if not his assistance planned to store his goods at Fort Pitt and send them on down the Ohio as soon as the authorities of the colony permitted. Now that his wares had been destroyed, Wharton began

to make request for reimbursement. There were not wanting insinuations that Croghan was personally interested in this business venture; he had given a draft for the cargo, which went up under the permission he had received from Colonel Bouquet to transport treaty goods.

General Gage had already protested, albeit mildly, at the indefinite manner in which Croghan presented his accounts. The Treasury expected itemized vouchers from him, and he could do no less than ask them from his subordinates.

"You will have seen," Gage wrote Johnson, "that I have been Cautious in having all those Matters very well ascertained and Certified. And what happened between you and me, we can easily settle. But if any accident happens to Mr. Croghan or other Person at a Distance, sending only such an Account as he has done and no more particular Account can be had of his Expenditures, it is impossible to say what will be the Consequence. . .

"I wish he had managed better in this Time of Difficulty. He had at first setting out all he desired, and without giving you or me any previous Notice, has doubled the first sum."

Later on Gage even dared become almost emphatic on the subject. "This is rare Confusion and all that can at present be seen is, that Mr. Croghan thought to take advantage of his Employment, instead of Carrying on the Service . . . And if he acts in this strange manner already, what may we expect when he gets to the Illinois ?"

Johnson was quick to come to Croghan's defence, and Gage, always compliant, decided to suspend judgment until Croghan should present his case more fully. In his

report to Lord Halifax he told the story with all impartiality.

"The Traders took advantage of those Presents going up to Fort Pitt, on the King's Account, to forward Indian goods with them, that they might get first to March, before the Governor's Proclamation was issued, to open the Trade. The people of the Frontiers, exasperated at Seeing Supplys carried to the Indians, rose in Arms, disguised themselves, and pursued the Convoy in the Woods, where they killed some Horses, and burned and destroyed fourscore Horseloads of Goods, amongst which, were the presents which had been provided by Mr. Croghan." Gage withheld payment on the draft, and Wharton and his associates came to the point of threatening suit; "which, tho' inexpressibly disagreeable, appears to us to be the only method we could now pursue."

"I don't wonder you cannot see thro' the Confusion of the Philadelphia Department for my Life I never could," commented a New Yorker, "and have heard both sides till I have been tyrd." But he paid tribute to the popular agitation by adding, "You need not take any Notice of what I write you thus freely, I would live quietly in this world if I could."

Both because of the loss of presents, and because of the delays made by the Indians themselves, the spring councilling and peace making did not go as well as had been expected. Croghan was late in getting away from Fort Pitt, while the Indians who the autumn before had promised to smoke the pipe of peace at Johnson Hall failed to redeem their engagements. They were indeed of two minds in the matter; a very slight turn of the scale might bring about renewal of hostilities.

Gage was more than half inclined to Croghan's side before the expedition from Fort Pitt set forth; when, late in the autumn, the deputy came back with the news of an arduous and successful journey to the Mississippi and to the tent of Pontiac himself, the commander-in-chief had no more complaint to make. Croghan's indignant demand to be faced with the author of insinuations against his actions was accepted as the protest of a just man. If his accounts were confused, at least his wounds and his captivity spoke of fidelity to his trust.

Penetrating as far west as the Wabash, Croghan and his party had been surrounded and attacked by a large number of Kickapoos. Two soldiers were killed and three of the friendly Shawnee Indians who were with the party. The rest were wounded and taken prisoners.

When the victorious Kickapoos, with their captives, reached the other Indian tribes gathered at Outanon, they found that Croghan's friends outnumbered them. Thus the captivity became only an amicable detention of the party; the wounded were cared for so far as primitive resources would permit, and before long Croghan was again on his way westward.

On his journey to Fort Chartres he met the object of his search — Pontiac himself. It was a friendly meeting. Pontiac was wise enough to have made up his mind before this on the folly of resistance to British arms. Hope of French support had vanished; his belts of wampum sent down the Mississippi had brought him no recruits, white or red; no more could he expect to see the great white canoes of his father the King of France returning to the New World.

Pontiac smoked the calumet with Croghan and sent a

belt of peace to his English brothers. He promised to come later to Sir William and make formal submission as the other tribesmen had done.

At Detroit, and on the return from that post, Croghan was equally successful. All was finished but the formal council; another summer would bring that to pass. In the face of these achievements the matter of vouchers and bills of lading for powder and rum seemed immaterial.

Croghan returned with a splendid plan for taking possession of the lands that had been ceded by Indian tribes of the Illinois to the French Crown. As soon as Pontiac had made his formal treaty of peace at Oswego the following summer, the scheme was launched of a British colony upon the Illinois.

CHAPTER XI

JOHNSON THE DYNAST

I

CROGHAN'S stay in England had not filled him with the reverence due those in high station. In particular their attitude toward America had seemed to him grasping and unjust.

"In short they are Determined to Trust No power in the hands of any person in Amerrica. . . The Cheefe study of the pople in power hear att present is To Lay Heavy Taxes on the Colenys and tis Talkt of Laying an Internal Tax on them Next Cesion of parlament." Croghan had tried to push Johnson's claim for military pay, but was not hopeful of the outcome — "Except you was to Come hear yourself the pople hear think you are Rich aNouffe and they heat to hear of any amerrican being Either popler or welthey."

Croghan's prophesy of a tax was a true one; next spring the colonists heard with indignation of the Stamp Act passed by Parliament. More menacing to Johnson was the news that a land tax had also been proposed. Fortunately for him, the immediate violent protest against stamps was sufficient at the outset to discourage more drastic taxation.

As a member of the council and Cadwallader Colden's

friend of many years' standing, he could do no less than uphold the hands of the conservative old Lieutenant Governor in his struggle with the embittered people. When the trouble was young Johnson wrote:

"I have heard with concern of the late conduct of the People at Boston and elsewhere, and from what I can find with regard to the humour of other Provinces, I imagine it will go through the Whole. The Stamp Dutys may in some respects be distressing to the present Generation, tho they would certainly be a means of promoting industry, and since so many have began to guard against their effects by (in a manner) prohibiting the importation of so many Articles of English Manufacture, they need not be so Violent."

Sir William was not unwilling to see the tax evaded, and its attempted enforcement a source of no revenue to the mother country; but he felt that only moderation would bring about the desired repeal of the law. He could not believe that the "Menaces of a few party men" would have any effect upon Parliament. He encouraged Colden to take a firm stand against the agitators; "I have not the least reason to think that a popular Clamor will ever intimidate you."

As for his own presence in the council, that was another matter. "I have verry little inclination, and much less time, to enter into these affairs, but if my presence is absolutely necessary, and that my other Duty and health will at all admit of it, I shall give my attendance in Council, and Shall think myself Happy if my Advice or Assistance can be of any service to You, or the Government."

This was in July 1765; but in October, when there con-

vened in New York the conference of representatives from various colonies, which Colden had striven in vain to prevent, Johnson was not on hand to give his chief advice or assistance. When that body of delegates, having for fourteen days declared, petitioned, and memorialized after the fashion of deliberative bodies, had gone its way, popular indignation took a more active form.

Then indeed Colden wished his council about him; the official appointed to distribute the stamps had prudently resigned and the Sons of Liberty were threatening to resist any effort to make use of the obnoxious paper. General Gage had at Colden's request ordered a company down from Crown Point to garrison Fort George at the southern tip of Manhattan Island. Here the stamps were stored and hither the terrified old Lieutenant Governor had betaken himself.

In vain were messages sent to various members of the council; they refused even their advice. Only three acknowledged receipt of Colden's call, and they deferred comment until a quorum should be at hand. Colden shook with terror within the fort during the riots of the first of November, which prevented the enforcement of the Stamp Act. He shook with indignation later, when the new Governor, Sir Henry Moore, at first inclined to insist upon the law, became progressively milder as he realized the temper of the objectors.

Johnson, off in the Mohawk Valley, contented himself with a letter congratulating Colden on his "late spirited conduct," which Johnson felt sure would meet with the approbation of royalty. Johnson was in fact divided in his mind; interests pulled him in both directions.

"Having a property to lose," he wrote to Gage, "I cannot be supposed to think differently from the real interests of America; yet as a lover of the British constitution, I shall retain sentiments agreeable to it, and I have great reason to think that the late transactions, and what is daily expected in other colonies, will be productive of dangerous consequences — as I do not enter into their debates, nor suffer myself to be led by the artful constructions of the law." Johnson was very temperate in his expressions at this time; no doubt he echoed the sentiments of Alexander Colden, who wrote him: "It is not safe to speak, for there is no knowing friend from foe."

Johnson had at first been unwilling to believe that the agitation in America could have any noteworthy effect upon the powers in England. He could not, however, fail to see that the situation was changing in this respect, and by the spring of 1766 he was admitting the possibility of the amendment or even the repeal of the Act by Parliament. "But if they doe the Latter," he wrote Gage, "something else will probably be fallen upon to shew their Authority for taxing America which I find they will not give up, and as that is what sticks with the leaders of partys here more than the Act itself, we may then expect some Trouble."

This time he was something of a prophet; the repeal of the hated Stamp Act was followed by the Townshend taxes, and colonial rejoicing was but temporary. There was much food for reflection here, to a man whose interests were vitally concerned with both England and America. Making a choice between them — should such a contingency arise — would not be a simple matter for one situated as was Sir William Johnson.

II

MEANWHILE there was always the question of lands. With all the vastness of America things could scarcely move fast enough to suit the desire of men for a place in the sun. Every new governor or general, every visitor from England, besought Johnson's aid in getting a grant from the Indians.

The Mohawks had always been willing to sell; but by this time they had little left to grant to their beloved Brother Warraghiyagey. The lands of others to the westward were less coveted.

Adjoining Johnson Hall and stretching a great distance to the east was a vast acreage known as the Kayaderosseras Patent. In the very early days of the century this had been issued to some of good Queen Anne's loyal subjects, and by them called Queensborough. The land, however, remained long unsettled; and as the acres were many and the consideration had been small, succeeding generations of Indians began to cherish the feeling that the property had reverted to them. When at last settlers began to come in, the Mohawks made complaint; the newcomers pacified the natives with the payment of a yearly rental.

For years the Mohawks had been presenting this matter in council and asking for redress. Johnson wrote in 1765:

"I find a Minute now by me of a Complaint which I laid before Governour Clinton fifteen years ago, occasioned by some persons at Albany haveing mentioned the Affair to the Mohawks, no Settlements being then made it dropped till 1754 when they complained to Lieutenant Governour De Lancey in Council at Albany and thus the Affair stood until the late

Settlements and the report which prevailed for dividing it, a Step which at once alarmed the Indians and determined them to take their late measures."

Johnson had begun some time before this to press vigorously the matter of the revocation of this patent. Undoubtedly if the tract came back to the Mohawks, they would be more than willing to sell it to him and he could thus satisfy the constant pressure brought upon him for lands. Revoking a patent, however, was no simple matter. The council made a minute on the subject and an attorney was authorized to take the matter into the courts; but this sort of procedure promised no relief within any time that would be acceptable to the now aroused Indians. Its most powerful effect would be no more than to bring about an appeal to the King some years thence.

The Mohawks related their grievances to the other Iroquois nations; councils began to hinge on the Kayaderosseras question. Johnson found it difficult to transact other business because of the constant presentation by Indian orators of this cause of complaint.

"The whole Six Nations spoke loudly about Kayaderosseras and made it the point on which they would come to a proper settlement, they said that the English did not deal fairly with them, that they were more cunning, they got their names on paper verry fast, and that they often did not know for what . . . their Young Men could not be persuaded that we were at peace, till Justice was obtained, in short through the course of Several Conferences they touched upon it so Warmly as to induce me to chide them for interrupting business by introducing that affair."

The Lords of Trade were memorialized; Parliament was besought for a remedy. In the end — but it was not for some years yet — a compromise was reached.

During all this time Johnson's application for a patent on the lands the Mohawks had given him at Canajoharie dragged on without action. George Croghan had taken up the matter on his visit to England, along with a similar application of his own. On both heads he found their lordships polite but evasive.

"I Referd a Memorial to the Lords of Trade for the confirmation of the Lands the Six Nations gave Me formerly which they refused to grant att which Time Mr. Pownal mentioned Your honour haveing a Grant from the Mohocks thire Lordships examined me for a Considerable Time how you obtained itt and Wondred you had Nott Mentioned itt in your Leters to the Board as they had Neaver herd of itt before."

The Board expressed an opinion that no Indian agent should contract with the Indians for land, or be engaged in trade with them — a counsel of perfection which would, it is to be feared, have deprived them of all their agents at a stroke. Toward the annulment of the Kayaderosseras patent they were better inclined, promising to take the matter up in Parliament if the assembly of New York refused a remedy.

When hostilities with France ended, the army in America had been put upon a peace basis, with the provision that officers thus reduced in rank or put on half pay might obtain lands as a recompense. Johnson was active in procuring a land cession on this score for his son-in-law and nephew Lieutenant Guy Johnson. Sir Wil-

liam even maintained that he himself, having been dropped from his rank as Colonel of the Six Nations by a new commission as superintendent which omitted the military title, was entitled to a land grant as compensation — a technical demand receiving no very hearty response from those to whom he presented it, who saw in him already the foremost landowner of the region. But Sir William had never been averse to snatching up unconsidered trifles. Attention to detail had ever been the source of his fortunes.

With the submission of the western tribes the possibilities of the land beyond the Ohio began to loom large. The Indians had long since asked and Sir William had long since recommended to the Lords of Trade the fixing of a permanent boundary line between white man and red. This would, it was held, assure peace for both races. The line would be far enough to the westward to allow the white man some scope for his colonizing and pioneering ambitions; beyond it he would be excluded from Indian country.

To protect that country from the French and Spanish beyond the Mississippi there would, however, be necessary some outposts of English settlement. Such a purpose was to be served by the projected colony on the Illinois in which Sir William, at Croghan's suggestion, became a sharer. William Franklin, royal Governor of New Jersey, had with some friends of his evolved a similar scheme. The two parties got together and an agreement was made. There were ten partners in the enterprise, four having one-sixteenth each, the remaining six each one-eighth. Sir William and Governor Franklin headed the list; but they were to keep quiet as to their own interest in the matter. The project would be presented as coming from the other

eight, and was to be recommended highly by the more influential silent partners. In order to carry the matter through it would probably be necessary to include two or three silent partners overseas; Sir William's knowledge and experience were called upon to name those whose adherence would be most beneficial. Governor Franklin proposed to enlist the sympathy of his illustrious father, who was then in England; but not, apparently, to reveal to the parent his son's share in the plan. A grant of a hundred and twenty thousand acres of French land was proposed.

"The sooner your Honour Considers this plan and Writes to Governor Franklin the Beter as one half of England is Now Land Mad and Every Body has thire Eyes fixt on this Cuntry." Croghan sent a message to the effect that he designed giving one half of his share to Guy, and begged his acceptance of the favor.

To Franklin, then, Johnson wrote: "I cannot refuse my consent, altho it has always been my practise to avoid engaging in Lands to the Great Loss of my family, neither have I a foot of Land from the Indians."

"There is little doubt but the intended Settlement may be productive of a Regular Civil Government in that Valuable Country, and this without doing Violence to, or overreaching the Indian which from Sentiments of policy as well as Justice should always be cautiously avoided." He promised to recommend the affair to the ministry in England "in the strongest terms." So, no doubt, did Governor Franklin to his father; but the usual snags were encountered. Croghan's diagnosis of the land madness in England had been by no means an exaggeration. Like the other applications and claims, this one was added to the

fixed and revolving business of that particular branch of England's Circumlocution Office.

III

"I have inexpressible trouble, every Room and Corner in my House constantly full of Indians, each individual of whom has a thousand things to say and ask and any person who chuses to engage their affections or obtain an ascendancy over them must be the greatest slave living and listen to them all at any hour."

Despite these drawbacks to a quiet existence, despite his preoccupation with grants and claims and patents; despite, indeed, frequent and serious illness, Sir William Johnson led at Johnson Hall the life of a *grand seigneur*. Overseer and slaves kept his rich acres well tilled, gardeners made the lands about the Hall a thing of beauty. There were hounds and blooded horses; cattle and sheep upon the distant hills. There were servants to fill every need; carpenter and smith, tailor, tutor, even his own physician and his own lawyer at instant command. Like a mediæval king, he had a dwarf as musician and court jester, he had even sent to Ireland for a harp and harpist to remind him in this American wilderness of Tara's halls. As summed up by Mrs. Anne Grant:

"Sir William thus united, in his mode of life, the calm urbanity of a liberal and extensive trader, with the splendid hospitality, the numerous attendance, and the plain though dignified manners of an ancient baron."

There were sports of all kinds, from hunting and driving to the more robust and less elegant amusements of a

countryside. Sir William loved to set a wager on a wrestling match between two young villagers; or he would stand laughing, himself bespattered, beside a mud-hole in which eager little urchins were scrambling for the coins he had flung into its depths.

Here he was still the "Onruly and Streperous" youth Uncle Peter had marked so long ago; but in the "study" over the carriage house, he was an inquirer into the scientific beginnings of the age — astronomy, physical experiments, botany. Many books had come to him from over the sea; though in the hinterland, he need not be unaware of the world beyond.

Kitchen as well as study drew upon far sources of supply. The necessities of life came from the Hall farm and gardens; venison and lamb, fish, fowl were not far to seek. But the delicacies of the world found their way across the ocean and up the streams to grace the table. Below stairs there were ready black hands to turn the spit and keep the great fireplaces and ovens always at the highest point of effectiveness; to the end that when six o'clock came the formally arrayed diners about the great mahogany table might lack nothing of food or drink or enjoyment.

Young Philip Schuyler, later to be Washington's favorite general, was often at Johnson Hall. His own home at Albany, built about the same time, was a veritable mansion. Of the Johnson menage he wrote:

"Mary Brant was a most accomplished mistress of such an establishment and her numerous flock of little half-breed Johnsons forms as interesting a family as one can see anywhere. They attend the manor school at Johnstown, and, I am told, they are among the smartest of the pupils. Sir William is

exceedingly proud of them and loses no opportunity of exhibiting their graces and acquirements to his guests."

Many guests from afar came to enjoy the open-handed hospitality of Johnson Hall, not disdaining to share those nooks and corners which the Mohawks so persistently invaded. They came led by curiosity to see this empire in the wilds; they came led by friendship to the master of the domain; they came, more often than not, looking for an opportunity to obtain land for themselves.

Lady Susan, eldest daughter of the Earl of Ilchester, had set all England agog with her marriage, against the wishes of her family, to an engaging but scarcely eligible actor named William O'Brien. It seemed quite the natural solution of this episode that the offending couple should retire to America until the buzz of comment and disapproval had subsided. Lord Holland, uncle of Lady Susan, wrote to Johnson requesting his kind offices in behalf of the two.

Holland had asked the ministry to make O'Brien Comptroller of Customs in New York; failing in this, he obtained for the couple royal authority to possess a large tract of land "on the Mohawks River near Canajohary," whose description all but identified it with the land for which Sir William had so long been making application. "Mr. O'Bryen is gone with her to New York," wrote Lady Susan's uncle, "and the keeping him there in credit is all that can be done, whilst we, if possible, forget them here." But to a sober citizen of New York it appeared:

"The scheme of settling in the Country as romantick as her own Conduct. It will be difficult to find a Spot of any

Size any where but among the Savages or in the Wilderness. The reduc'd officers fruitless search, like Noah's Dove not able to find a Spot on which to rest."

Johnson was only too glad to send his curricle to Albany to meet Mr. O'Brien and his highly connected lady; and the pair had a most enjoyable visit at Johnson Hall in the leafy month of June. The romantic Lady Susan and Molly Brant struck up a real friendship, roamed together in the wildwood and exchanged confidences school-girl fashion. Molly was in fact still in her twenties, though she had reigned over Sir William's heart and home a dozen years, and had added several sprightly twigs to the family tree.

Of more practical value was Sir William's conversion to the cause of the young couple. While the addition of O'Brien to the claimants might reduce his own share, it would strengthen the claim in England. He wrote Lord Holland to intercede for Lady Susan and he encouraged the young husband in the inevitable desire to obtain land as a beginning of fortune in the New World.

Before the O'Briens had left Johnson Hall there came another noteworthy visitor — Lord Adam Gordon, uncle to the Duke of Gordon, who arrived, with all the introduction the province could furnish, on his way to Niagara. He too, it appeared, was interested in New York lands — indeed who was not ?

To Johnson this seemed an excellent way to further his own pending applications. If these people of important English connexions were to share in the lands, they would lend their influence to the speedy completion of his patents. Johnson could easily enough obtain a further grant

from the Oneidas, so that his own share need not be appreciably diminished. Johnson assured his visitors that the land the Mohawks had granted him would never be granted to anyone else; the Indians would consider it his alone, whatever the decision might be in England. Colden had written intimating that Lord Holland, the Earl of Ilchester and a Mr. Upton were intending to take up a grant from the King on the land Johnson claimed by gift from the Mohawks. Johnson proposed to make these newcomers partners instead of adversaries.

"As the Noble Persons You mean seem to have cast their Eye on this part of the Country, they might throw many Obstacles in the way of my obtaining it, but after what I have proposed I imagine they will rest satisfied, for they certainly will not Attempt to take the Indians Lands without their consent, which I am verry sertain they cannot obtain, unless they close with my proposal."

The summer went happily; the O'Briens wrote back from New York of their delight in the generosity of their host. Lord Adam Gordon went on his way to Montreal, where Claus added to the pæan of welcome and lent a glad ear to a rumor prevailing that Sir William was to become Lord Mount Johnson and Governor of Canada. This was mistaken, or at best premature. Still Lord Adam Gordon was most pleasantly impressed; he was going to take Sir William's son John to England with him. Who could tell what might follow ? Sir William, to be sure, professed only to think that John, now twenty-three years of age, might learn much from seeing the ways of

the world and "wearing off the rusticity of a country education"; but neither he nor his son would be inclined to reject any honors that might come their way.

John Watts of New York urged that young John be his guest while waiting to join Lord Adam Gordon and sail for England. Watts had a bevy of daughters, but at this time young John probably gave very little thought to the eleven-year-old girl who would in a few years be known as "Lovely Polly Watts."

In fact, the young man was so ringed about by flattery and attention that he might well have failed to think at all. Everyone was offering to amuse him here or on the voyage, or to introduce him to the rich and great across the water. The youth may not have realized that this was tribute to his father's greatness rather than his own. John Watts wrote to Johnson that it might not be wise to let the boy make too long a stay in the old world.

In October he set sail. "Your Son had but very indifferent winds, after leaving the Hook, but they changed a few Days afterwards; and I hope upon the whole, that he will meet with a tolerable good Passage," wrote Gage, "and if I can be of any use to him in England, I shall take great Pleasure in rendering him any Service. And I beg if you think of any particular thing, that you would mention it to me, without any scruple." General Gage's name, on Johnson's suggestion, was to be added to the list of sharers in the Illinois colony.

"You have done very right in sending him, where he will imbibe other sentiments, than the miserable, confined and selfish Notions people adopt on this side of the Atlantick."

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt. It would take more than a sea change to make John Johnson into a model of unselfishness.

Certainly his reception in England was by no means of a sort to reduce his self-esteem. Introduced and coached by his noble mentor, he was taken to the royal presence, knelt and was duly dubbed a Knight, Sir John Johnson. His father had sent over a remittance which covered the fees for this honor. When the news came to America, rumor added that the young man was to be Governor of the Illinois country. The King, it appeared, had been graciously pleased to ask him a question or two about the New World.

There must have been a slight sensation of relief mingled with William Johnson's pride at his son's elevation. This would help, it might be, to ward off too exact scrutiny into John's legitimacy, when the time should come for him to inherit his father's estate and dignities. Of this he said nothing, but wrote to his son to remain another season in England.

"It will be much to his improvement," he said to Croghan; but the stay was designed also to improve the Johnson fortunes in various directions.

IV

In this day of stamps and taxes, of liberty poles and of rioting under the name of patriotism, it was fitting to remember that England had not been as diligent as might be about planting her own church in the colonies. Missionary zeal had burned higher in the breasts of New England dissenter, of Dutch Calvinist, of Quaker and

Moravian pacifist. Tardily the mother country perceived that a political as well as a religious opportunity had been neglected.

Johnson himself had welcomed missionaries in the Valley in hearty hospitality, with little question as to the sect they represented. He had sent his son, William, as he had sent Joseph Brant, to imbibe the principles and learning of Dr. Wheelock at Lebanon. He had encouraged the Mohawk sachems to send their sons and grandsons to that fount, heedless of the doctrinal flavor they might quaff.

Sir William himself, though not educated in schools, had gained a sincere respect for the value of learning. He surrounded himself with the books of the day and with the latest appliances or toys for the experiments which were his century's crude beginnings of physical science. He wished for his sons, both red and white, a thorough grounding in what the schools could offer; and he viewed with regret those outcroppings of a disposition "Onruly and Streperous" which made their pathways difficult now and then.

That they might imbibe dissent along with Latin and arithmetic had hitherto given him little concern. That they might learn principles of conduct differing from those afforded by his own example likewise caused him little anxiety. He was superior to the rules; Joseph Brant might — and did — conceive it necessary to have his marriage duly blessed by the church; but neither he nor any other about Sir William would have the effrontery to hint disapproval of the unblessed union of Molly with the lord of the Valley.

Sir William, though he might have repudiated the

thought, subconsciously viewed these religious subjects as matter about which inferior folk might concern themselves. That they should affect his own life probably did not occur to him. He was accepted with great delight as a patron of the Church; why should he doubt his own conduct when no one else questioned it? He was courted by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and gladly loaned his great influence to the work of converting the benighted Indian.

From England Dr. Daniel Burton wrote asking his advice as to a "Scheme of more extensive Nature" than sending a catechist here and there among the natives. "Mr. Wheelock's design is a noble One, which we rejoyce much in; but this is in a way particular to his own persuasion which tho' we commend highly we cannot support in our Contributions; our Benefactions being appropriated to the service of the Church of England."

Johnson responded with a request that a mission be established among the Mohawks and the Oneidas; and that the building which members of the Church of England had erected at Schenectady be staffed by a minister of that persuasion. Theretofore they had found only dissenting parsons willing to take up the arduous and ill-paid work of caring for the flock.

"The Weak State of the Church of England particularly in these parts, must give a Sensible concern to all its Members, and should interest all Such in its behalf before it be too late for I cannot but think that the Members of that Church are the Surest Supports of the Constitution and that they are the faithfullest Subjects of the Crown . . .

"The Number of the Dissenters and the measures they pursue threaten more than our Religious Libertys if not timely prevented, which is a Melancholy truth that my present Subject will not permit me to enlarge upon."

Sir William sent word to John in England to bring back with him a missionary to the Indians; but they were not easy to find; nor, perhaps, did John's natural inclinations run along that line.

The dissenting missionaries at work among the Six Nations were much discouraged by the report that went out about this time to the effect that the Reverend Mr. Brown of Albany had christened, at Johnson Hall, a number of Indian children who had already been baptised by Presbyterian missionaries. This was not the kind of Christian unity which would afford a good example to the red man. Such was the feeling of Samuel Kirkland, who had come from Dr. Wheelock's school to devote his days to the Oneidas. Joseph Brant, Kirkland's companion in school and his friend in the Valley, now experienced convictions of religion of the type offered by the Established Church and eschewed the teaching of dissenters.

For no very obvious reason the Masonic order was at this time a rallying place of the adherents of the Crown and the Church of England. Johnson established a lodge and naturally assumed its highest position; John became a member; Joseph Brant espoused the order with enthusiasm. Years after there would be many a story of settlers in the region saved just as the scalping knife was raised, by the sign of masonry which claimed brotherhood with

the Mohawk chief. Joseph, it will be seen, betrayed a tendency to take seriously his professions of religion and brotherly love and to apply to his own conduct the teachings he had learned. It was an interpretation to which the Johnsons did not incline.

Sir William, though an inveterate letter writer, did not make any pretense of striving for literary laurels. Yet about this time, with Guy's help, he was engaged in composing an "Inscription for a monument" which he evidently contemplated raising in the land of his birth. This inscription set forth the virtues of Oliver Warren, of an "ancient and honorable family" which had "possessed an Estate in this County from the first arrival of the English in Ireland"; it went on to recount the deeds of Oliver's younger brother, Uncle Peter, mounting in eloquence, "His Brother taught him to conquer, His Merit brought him to command." Loaded with honors, blessed with a princely estate, crowned with the grateful applause of his country, Sir Peter had died at Dublin, "after dignifying the annals of K George the 2nd" — but his admiring nephew was seemingly unable to recall the date.

Nor did memory serve for the exact date of death of the third person to be commemorated — Sir William's own father Christopher, who had passed away a year or two before at the age of eighty-four. For the mother who furnished the link between Warren and Johnson there was only the mention of the relationship; she died leaving to Christopher "a Numerous and Worthy Issue, whom he lived to see an honour to their Ancestry."

And of that numerous issue none could be more worthy than

HIS ELDEST SON
WHO FOR HIS SERVICES IN
AMERICA
WAS DIGNIFIED BY HIS LATE MAJESTY WITH NAME, STILE
AND TITLE OF SIR WM. JOHNSON OF THE PROVINCE OF
N. YORK, BART. OF THE KINGDOM OF BRITAIN, HAS RAISED
THIS TESTIMONY OF HIS
VENERATION FOR THE
DEAR REMAINS HERE DEPOSITED
1765

CHAPTER XII

METES AND BOUNDS

I

ENGLAND had for some time been of the opinion that operations in America were entirely too expensive; and it had been noted that Indian affairs produced one of the largest items in the account over which King George the Third shook his royal head. There had been some justification, perhaps, when England and France were at war in the New World; but now that peace reigned, surely all this indiscriminate giving of presents to the native tribes could be diminished.

Sir Jeffery Amherst had aroused most unhappy comment in the colonies by an honest attempt to reduce the steady stream of pounds sterling that seemed necessary to Indian relations; now General Gage was about to hazard the affection of Johnson and his deputies by suggesting economy. Gage was more timorous in his approach than Amherst, who had not scrupled to observe that the Indians were indulged in a manner that indicated that the white man was governed by fear rather than by generosity. Gage began to ask for certified accounts from the Indian deputies.

"All I shall desire of Mr. Croghan is that the Necessity of his Expences which shall be incurred, the Delivery and Price

and Quantity of Presents delivered, should be certified in the Manner ordered and his Accts. and vouchers clear . . .

"I am shy of saying to People, that the Treasury say to me. They are conscious of their own Integrity, and take it as an affront. I am however not at all displeased with the Treasury, they must do it, it is necessary, for no man however good his Character, is to be trusted with the money of the Publick without Checks, and very satisfactory Proof of his disbursements."

This was scarcely strong enough; six months later the harassed General was writing:

"Mr. Croghan must no longer incurr Expences of this kind at pleasure, or from the orders I have got the War-Office and Treasury will not allow me to pay them."

Johnson was called upon to present estimates and plans for Indian trade and the management of affairs generally. The addition of all the Farre Indians to his superintendency, and the vast stretch of lands in the Illinois country, fired his imagination. There would be a great structure of commerce with the tribes, and he should be the centre and fount of it all. The usual delays, however, intervened when his analysis of the situation was sent to the Lords of Trade. It "required nice Examination, being of a very dubious nature in many of its most essential points," the Earl of Shelburne wrote Sir William. From his safe distance across the water his lordship thought the matter a simple one; "as soon as they find that their Boundaries are not encroached upon; that they are not cheated in their Dealings, that Frauds when committed are punished, that strict Justice is done to them on all Oc-

casions, and that we really mean to cherish and protect them, they will naturally be led to look up to Us as their Guardians and Defenders, and we shall become not only the Arbiters of their Differences, but the only Refuge they will think of seeking in their Distress." He concluded with a recommendation for a lasting peace between the Six Nations and the Cherokees, the southern nations having requested mediation to that end.

Johnson, whose policy was "divide and rule," felt otherwise in this matter. So long as the Iroquois were fighting the southern tribes they would have less occasion to fall out with the white man. Nor did he feel that the French menace was at an end. He credited the conspiracy of Pontiac to the incitement of French traders, and felt that a similar situation might arise at any time. Liberality to the friendly Indians, non-interference in intertribal quarrels, were the keystone of Johnson's dealings. "I cannot think it good policy to interest ourselves much in the quarrels of distant nations," he wrote to Shelburne. "These wars take off and Engage some of the most dangerous and violent of the Indians who would otherwise be at variance with us."

This summer of 1767 Johnson made a journey to Onondaga, ostensibly to benefit his health, in reality to discover the purpose of a council the Six Nations were holding by their ancient fire. The result was not encouraging; the temper of the Indians toward their English friends was lukewarm at best. Johnson reflected, as often before, that the Indians could do the colonists great harm while it lay in the power of the white man to do very little by way of either retaliation or prevention. Armies accomplished little against a people who fought in scattering

small parties; punitive expeditions could be easily evaded, and there were no settled habitations or accumulations of property to be menaced by the soldiery. In a word, the Indian was unhampered by possessions, while the accumulative instinct of the white man laid him easily open to attack. Now that the naturally warlike disposition of the red man could not vent itself upon a French foe, there was the greater reason for English caution. Returning from Onondaga, Johnson wrote to Governor Sir Henry Moore:

"Indian Affairs wear a most unfavorable aspect, I communicated my thoughts thereon to the Government some time ago from discoveries I made of their discontent and private caballs and now since my late conferences, and from the Corresponding reports from all Quarters I am the more convinced of it. — They complain grievously of the Want of the Boundary Line, of their having met no redress about their Lands, of their not obtaining Justice on the frontiers, of the Insults and Murders committed by the Inhabitants at the back of the settlements to the southward, of Intrusions, &ca., on all which heads they have long been assured of redress, but finding the ordinary courses ineffectual for maintaining it, and Excited by the Machinations of Spannish or French agents on the Mississippi, who are daily sending presents and messages among them, they seem inclined to a renewal of hostilities to which end they have for some time been forming alliances."

And to the Lords of Trade Johnson confided that he had "very slender hopes of preventing a confederacy more powerful than that of Pontiac."

Again and again Sir William urged upon the Lords of Trade prompt action upon his plan for Indian trade, stressing "the great necessity there is for its being speedily put

in execution, and my powers explained in such a manner as shall enable me to execute my trust as I ought." Johnson hoped for a ruling which would not only extend his own authority but would absolutely prevent any other dealings with the Indians, whether by private Individuals or by the colonial governments. He even felt that all land transactions should be referred to him for approval.

Still the royal heart was not touched to liberality; Indian alliance and Indian trade were far too expensive. The pleas for a boundary line, however, were finally heard, and the establishment of a frontier between red man and white was authorized.

"Johny" — now Sir John — was still in London the greater part of this year of 1767. His father had written him to stay, urging the transaction of much business in the mother country, the confirmation of the enlarged Canajoharies grant, the vacating of the Kayaderosseras patent, appointments, the old neglected payment for military service.

"The report all over the Country is (for what reason I know not) that His Majesty has created me a Peer, for your sake and that of the family I wish it was so — that my Department is Settled to Satisfaction, and everry thing else to my Desire on the two latter I am congratulated by some freinds in New York by the last Post, but alas, its premature.

"However yours and Mr. Penns give me some hopes that my Affairs may be soon now brought to a conclusion or never. Indeed there will never again be so favourable an opportunity, As the Secretary of State, and Lord Hillsborough are both Noblemen of Great Worth and Character, and I flatter myself much my freinds, wherefore would have You by all means

cultivate an Acquaintance with them if You can get properly introduced."

And after reiterating the pending items of business, and promising a draft showing the extended boundaries now ascribed to the Canajoharie tract, he went on to say:

"Altho Lands are verry difficult to be got here at this time, yet Should any Nobleman of your Acquaintance be inclined to purchase a Tract of 10– 20– or 30–thousand You may offer him your Service in procuring such a Tract, and I believe I could succeed therein."

II

The conference of Indians at Johnson Hall in March 1768 was viewed as more or less an unhappy necessity. Far off to the west in the lands of the Delawares and the Shawnees there were preparations for a council purely Indian, to which no white men were invited. The Senecas were said to be particularly active in sending secret belts and messengers through the forests and along the streams of the back country. They were undoubtedly disaffected; the Pennsylvania Indians, following the murder of ten of their number by an enraged German and his servant, were on the verge of outbreak. The confederacy Sir William was fearing might be launched at any time.

A group of Cherokee chiefs, sent north from the lower superintendency, had been domiciled at Johnson Hall ever since the beginning of the year, awaiting the time when the breaking up of the long northern winter should

make it possible to bring in the Iroquois and undertake the making of a treaty of peace and amity. With the present disposition of the English government regarding expenditure, Sir William dreaded the outcome of the meeting.

Pennsylvania came to his relief. She needed indeed to purchase from the Indians on her borders an acquittal for the murders that had taken place. In February the Assembly of the colony voted that twenty-five hundred pounds be put into Johnson's hands for disbursement to the aggrieved Indians, according to his best judgment. Sir William told the Pennsylvanians that good laws well enforced would be a surer guaranty of their tranquillity; nevertheless, he was glad to have the money as a means of salving Indian resentment.

The spirit of the seven or eight hundred Indians who came to the council made necessary long and frequent private sessions with individual chiefs, that by fair words and promises they might one by one be brought to concede the object of the meeting. Johnson had once outlined to the Earl of Shelburne his method of handling them:

"I have always made use of a few approved chiefs of the several Nations, whose fidelity I have had occasion to put to the test on many occasions for above twenty years past; who have never yet deceived me, and from whom I have obtained timely advices of almost everything of importance in agitation. I have made it their interest as much as I believe it is their inclination, to be faithful, and have gratified their predominant passion by seeming to ask their opinion, and to communicate matters to them which are of no importance, tho' it is a high compliment to them."

These friendly chiefs were now growing old; Johnson himself, though little more than fifty, was assuming the ways of an elderly man. His growing ill health gave alarm to his Indian friends as well as to the others about him. "My Complaints are many," he wrote about this time to one of his clerical correspondents, "and attack me often together.

"The Ball which was lodged in my thigh in the Battle at Lake George in 1755, becomes daily more troublesome to me, insomuch that I can very rarely attempt to Sit on a Horse or take my usual Exercise, and the Disorder you speak of which is much more Dangerous and troublesome is very difficult to describe, as the Doctors are at a loss what to call it; it first attacked me in 1761, put me to the most Excruciating torture, during which I became delirious, its duration was about 4 or 5 days, since which Time I have had Several returns of the Like, sometimes Thrice in a year but at very irregular and uncertain periods. It seems seated near the stomach, which Swells much during the paroxysm of the Disorder attended with a jaundiced Countenance, the eyes being particularly discolored." His sight too had been failing; one of John's commissions in London had been to procure a pair of spectacles for his father.

To a man so beset with ills new ones were to be added. The March council went on successfully enough. The Indians seemed as fully reconciled as could be expected; both houses of the Pennsylvania legislature expressed themselves gratified with the handling of the situation. As spring opened the Cherokee chiefs went southward again, having made with the sachems and warriors of the Six Nations an agreement of mutual forbearance

which would probably be as lasting as such compacts usually were. Sir William had learned by this time to be something less than a buoyant optimist on the subject of Indian peace agreements.

Since even the ample quarters of Johnson Hall were not sufficient to shelter the hundreds of Indians who took part, the council must be carried on out of doors, in the sloping courtyard with its border of lilac bushes, now still in winter bareness. Here for hours Sir William, with all his infirmities, must sit upon the ground, cold and wet with the melting snows, to receive and give belts of wampum and to carry on the solemn ritual of talk and action now grown familiar to him by thirty years of repetition.

It was too much; his old ailments all descended upon him, with the addition of a swelling in his legs which made it impossible for him to walk or stand. His affrighted physician suggested that a trip to the seashore might benefit him. Drugs and herbs had been of no avail.

The summer before, in a season of illness, Johnson had journeyed to the new springs just discovered north of Albany. Carried on a litter through the forest, he had been perhaps the first white health-seeker to make trial of their medicinal powers. For a hundred years it was to be the height of fashion to follow his example and seek benefit or amusement during the summer season at Saratoga Springs.

In the spring of 1768, while the Indians were dispersing from the conference hither and yon, carrying the news that at last the Lords of Trade had acceded to the three-year-old request for the making of a boundary line,

Johnson was preparing for a long journey eastward in search of health.

During his absence nephew Guy would take charge of such Indian matters as might arise for settlement. In September all would gather for the making of the boundary line, at Fort Stanwix.

III

On this journey of recuperation Johnson avoided all intrusion of business, politics, or religious faction. He refused many pressing invitations to visit in New York; he left all his business in Guy's hands, and he was even able to avoid a call from the Reverend Eleazar Wheelock, who designed to wait upon the Baronet in New London, but was prevented by conflicting reports as to the latter's movements.

Since the Stamp Act agitations had urged Johnson so warmly into the bosom of the Established Church, the dissenting missionaries whom he had previously encouraged had been less the objects of his favor. Sir William was far too diplomatic to break openly with either Dr. Wheelock or with Samuel Kirkland, who was now in the heart of the Oneida country and working hard among that people; but his letters, by this time, had become expressive of a vague and general benevolence rather than of the particular and definite encouragement which had earlier been held forth. Meantime his correspondence with various divines of the English Church waxed more and more ardent.

The church edifice which he had built at Johnstown he now hoped to see under the care of a clergyman of the

Church of England; but this was not quickly to come to pass. There were various obstacles; clergymen were not plentiful in the New World, nor even in England; the assistance offered by Johnson would need much augmentation by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel before the salary would be an attractive one. Johnson discovered that the "well meaning but gloomy" missionaries of the dissenting bodies would undertake tasks and undergo hardships which were more than sufficient to deter the people at whom he aimed. In time there was found a New England parson who was willing to change his denomination, and a Lutheran pastor expressed acquiescence in the notion of taking English orders; but this involved a journey across the water. It was apparent that America needed a bishop in order that the ceremony of ordination might take place without the necessity of a long, expensive, and even dangerous journey. Johnson even felt that two bishops were imperative. But he found that the Church was as slow a body to move as the Lords of Trade themselves. The two must unite for such an innovation as this.

The suggestion of an American bishop aroused antagonism in many quarters. Too many inhabitants had fled to the New World for the very purpose of escaping from the tithes and taxes of an established church. To them the coming of a bishop would mean the re-establishment of the old tyranny. The colonies buzzed with discussion; political parties took on a more religious turn than ever.

With all this controversy going on, Sir William was not sorry to avoid direct contact with the good Dr. Wheelock. It had recently been possible to recover from the Doctor's school his two boys, William and little Peter, without

making an unpleasant break in their relations. Sir Peter Warren, dying years before, had bequeathed to the colony of Massachusetts such prize moneys as were left him there, to be used for the education of Indian youth; and it was to share in this fund that Joseph Brant and others had been sent to Dr. Wheelock to study. Surely, Sir William thought, no Indian lads had better right to a part of this benefit than his own sons; and William had early been sent to avail himself of the instruction.

William had proved by no means a docile pupil; years after this time, years after the young man had finished his last fight on the battle-field at Oriskany, Joseph Brant used to tell with humorous enjoyment of William's refusal to perform a task on the ground that he was the son of a gentleman. Dr. Wheelock's son was bold enough to inquire his definition of a gentleman.

"One," was William's answer, "who keeps fine horses and drinks good Madeira; your father does neither, and he is no gentleman." Nevertheless, Dr. Wheelock continued to instruct the young firebrand though, as he wrote Johnson, he found it necessary at times to use severity for the protection of the other pupils.

Johnson knew his son's temper to be very warm. "I have advised that if he continues to be troublesome, and to break the decorum of your School that he had best be sent back, he doubtless deserved to be used with severity and I am fully persuaded of your care and good intentions toward him."

Little Peter, of course, came home with his brother; and for a time was in Albany in the care of that Reverend T. Brown who had so alarmed the New England missionaries by rebaptising some of their converts. But Mr.

Brown had an ability to make trouble along other lines and shortly, dismissed from his place among the clergy, was humbly beseeching from Johnson a recommendation which might perchance obtain him a curacy in Virginia; while Johnson was sending his sons to the most unctuous of his correspondents, the Reverend Thomas Barton, who had made himself a welcomed guest at Johnson Hall before this time, and was now willing to take an Indian pupil or two into his family with the assurance of some funds from the Propagation Society for their support.

Barton received William with warmth; writing of the boy's progress with an enthusiasm only occasionally tempered by what might have been criticism if tendered to a patron of less effulgent glory.

"He promises fair to write, in a little Time, a Hand fit for any Kind of Business — He has gone through the Common Rules of Arithmetic, and is in that one call'd Simple Interest — He has a Love for reading not common in Persons of his Standing — Every Book that he can lay his Hands on has his Perusal —

"After saying all this, I must observe to you, that his Genius is rather heavy than sprightly — His Imagination has more of the plodding than the fanciful or lively in it — He is not brought, without much Pains, to comprehend a Science, but when he has comprehended it, he retains it, being favoured with a happy Memory —

"In his Disposition, he is naturally obliging, generous and good natured, tho' he appears to have something of the sullen, reserved and unsociable in his Temper — He has a Kind of rustick Diffidence or Bashfulness —

"Upon his first coming to Lancaster, he challenged almost every person he met with; and box'd half the Young Dutch

Men in Town. Had he lived at Rome in his Days of Glory, he would have been Deem'd an Athletick Champion and entitled to the prize at every exhibition.

Meanwhile the Society had authorized the expense of a school for ten Indian youths among the Mohawks; so it appeared that the rest of Molly's numerous brood would have educational advantages close at hand and would be set on the paths of true righteousness to become worthy subjects of His Majesty King George the Third.

But on the whole Sir William could not help noting that the gloomy breed of New England missionaries had much more enthusiasm for their labors: "the superior Zeal of all Dissenters would make them formidable were their numbers Less." This conclusion he brought back from his New England tour.

IV

It was well that travel and sea air had proved of benefit to Sir William's health. The six weeks' council at Fort Stanwix was to prove a rather trying ordeal.

Even before its calling there had been perplexities. The Lords of Trade had evidently a different idea from that first proposed by Johnson after council with the Indians three years before. When they sent, after long delay, the authorization for the drawing of the boundary line, they omitted New York entirely, indicating the line south from "Owegy." Johnson had written to present the need for New York negotiations as well, but could not expect an answer in time for the meeting, even grant-

ing the unprecedented favor of early attention to a plea from the colonies.

Furthermore, the Secretary apparently expected that the matter would be carried on without any expense to the mother country. To the Board it appeared that a line would be set at the point where the Indians' claims ceased and those of the settlers began, with no need for any exchange of money. To Johnson it was evident that there would be land cessions for which the Indians must receive substantial payments.

"His Lordship says *the running of a Boundary Line between the Several Provinces which have not yet compleated it, and the Indian hunting grounds;*" Gage had written to Johnson. "I have not heard of any Gratuity given by the Crown to the Indians for any Tracts they may have yielded at the Settling of Said Boundarys. Nor do I imagine that the Crown means any more should be done, But that certain Limits should be fixed by Mutual Agreement." And again, "I know no instance except at first settling of a Province, where the Crown has purchased any large Tracts." Here was difficulty indeed; Sir William calculated that a purchase must be made to the extent of ten thousand pounds or more.

During the summer had come the news of the increase of Johnson's salary as superintendent to a thousand pounds yearly. This was welcome enough; less gratifying was the advice that Sir William's plan for the regulation of Indian trade was not accepted, and that the whole matter of commerce with the Indians must now be taken in hand by the individual colonies. Johnson had already an extended commissary department and had planned its enlargement, with his son John as chief; he protested this

diminution of his powers and opportunities and dreaded the return to the old wrangle with the colonial authorities. He felt aggrieved, also, that the southern superintendent was to receive a salary equal to his own, for he considered his department of far greater consequence.

Gage was not surprised at the change, as Johnson appears to have been; he had been receiving complaints and reports concerning the great expense of Indian relations, and he knew that the authorities in England were considering the withdrawal of all the posts. It had been decided to leave garrisoned only Detroit, Niagara, and Michillimackinac, with the possible addition of Forts Pitt and Chartres; the last two being responsible for a large share of "the great and constant Drains of Cash for Indian presents." Gage suggested that Johnson draw up an estimate of expenses for presentation to the Lords of Trade. He did so—it proved greater than their Lordships wished to authorize. And at the very time when the long negotiations at Fort Stanwix were being drawn out to a reluctant conclusion, Lord Hillsborough, who had succeeded the Earl of Shelburne as Secretary, was writing that if the expense of running the boundary line was to be ten thousand pounds the colonies themselves must pay it. Hillsborough was to be of less friendly disposition to Indian affairs than his predecessor; another drawback for Sir William's plans.

"His Majesty observes," wrote Hillsborough, "that you have estimated the expense of running the Boundary Line at no less a Sum than £10,000 Stg. which, without knowing the ground on which this calculation is made, cannot but be thought very unreasonable, when it is considered that the Settlement of this business has been so long earn-

estly solicited by them, and that the line proposed does in many places preclude from the Settlement lands that were before supposed not to be contested by them, and does in others add less to his Majesty's Dominions than what themselves proposed in the negotiation with you in 1765."

Johnson and the commissioners from the colonies to the southward, including Governor Franklin of New Jersey and Lieutenant Governor Penn of Pennsylvania, waited at Fort Stanwix some days before there appeared any Indians, even of the near-by Six Nations. Even when the neighboring tribes had come in, the Senecas remained aloof with the unfriendly Delaware and Shawnee people. It was reported that Spanish and French emissaries had sent belts calling them to a meeting on the Mississippi.

At length they appeared; but by no means in amicable mood. From their desire for a line three years before, the Indians had now veered about in their fancy and "began to consider it an Imposition and of dangerous consequences to themselves."

During the tedious wait Johnson dispatched a letter to Hillsborough. The numbers of the Indians finally assembled were little short of three thousand, "each of whom consumes daily more than two ordinary Men amongst Us, and would be extremely dissatisfied if stinted when convened for business." Slow in appearing, the Indian on arrival seemed disaffected and "intoxicated with the Storys and promises of designing men." On the whole the situation was disagreeable and difficult.

Two missionaries appeared on behalf of the Oneidas — another count in the indictment against the too zealous New Englanders. They presented a plea against pushing

the boundary farther to the north and west; the Oneidas wished to remain in their accustomed places so that they might have missionaries among them, and not be driven farther into the forests. A summer or two before, acceding to the demand of Governor Sir Harry Moore for a land cession, the tribe had humbly begged that it might not be asked to make any further sales.

Nevertheless land cession was the order of the day. The Pennsylvania traders received a grant below the Monongahela, as indemnity for their losses. The Wyoming tract on the Susquehanna from which the Connecticut settlers had been driven, was now ceded to the Proprietaries of the Pennsylvania province; while George Croghan obtained a confirmation of his grant on the Alleghany, given to him by the Six Nations two years before.

Another great question was of the country beyond the Ohio. The Six Nations claimed rights as far south as the Cherokee (now the Tennessee) River; but that was their standing cause of disagreement with the southern Indians. The land they disputed was the "dark and bloody ground" where many tribes roved and hunted and fought. It was a good time for the Iroquois to cede their rights and obtain payment therefor; accordingly the boundary was fixed to cover their claims. Kentucky, western Virginia, and western Pennsylvania thus at a stroke were added to the domain of the Crown — provided the objections of the Cherokee and Shawnee Indians were duly overcome. Gage felt it highly probable that the pretensions of the Six Nations would result in another war with the Cherokees.

Johnson discounted these fears. He was well pleased

with the result and felt that this valuable cession would repay him for the long weeks of pleading and planning, the tedious argument and lavish giving necessary to ward off the menace of French and Spanish intrigue, to foil the scheme of these canting missionaries, and to bring the red man into a complaisant mood. Now there would be lands in plenty for their new company in that western country beyond the Ohio. Johnson wrote with pride that he had "obtained a very great and valuable Cession of Territory to his Majesty."

His Majesty, however, was less pleased. From Shelburne Sir William would have expected acquiescence; but Hillsborough wrote that the boundary line established at Fort Stanwix was disapproved; and Johnson was advised to discontinue discussing his plans for Indian trade, as they had already received the veto. "Besides that the deviation from that line is contrary to the opinion of His Majesty's Servants on this side, and the obtaining so large an additional tract of land in that part of the continent is considered by them as productive only of disadvantage and embarrassment, the worst of it is, that it will not only probably produce jealousy and dissatisfaction among the Cherokees, but will also tend to undo and throw into confusion those settlements and agreements for the other part of the Boundary Line, which the Superintendent for the Southern Department has concluded so ably and so precisely according to his Instructions."

This was bitter indeed. To be compared unfavorably with the southern superintendent he had always held so negligible, was to add insult to criticism. Sir William was instructed to explain to the Six Nations that His Majesty's unwillingness to accept the Kentucky cession

MAP OF THE FRONTIERS OF THE NORTHERN COLONIES, 1768

was due to "His paternal tenderness and affection to them and to their posterity and not from any doubt he entertains of their right to the lands."

But as for trade, the matter must be considered closed, resigned to the management of the colonies. "It is unnecessery either for you or me to say any more upon that subject." Thus cavalierly did Hillsborough dismiss Johnson's remonstrances.

CHAPTER XIII

CLOUDS GATHER

I

IT HAD long been Johnson's contention that he had "never received a foot of land from the Indians." There must have been mental reservations when the statement was first made, but reiteration had strengthened it into something like a creed. Now he was about to lose even the nominal right to assert it; royal patent to the Canajoharie grant of sixty-six thousand acres came in 1769, and the following year brought the completion of the long-pending transfer of a hundred and thirty thousand acres on the Charlotte River, for which he had first made application nearly a score of years earlier.

The Canajoharie patent, as recommended by the Lords of Trade some two years before its final issuance, carried with it a condition or two that left a rather acid taste in the mouth of the Baronet. It was to be considered as recompense for his claims for various expenses unallowed during the years of his superintendency, including that old claim for military pay as Colonel of the Six Nations. Moreover, the usual fees for a royal patent were not to be remitted.

Johnson paid these reluctantly — "I had some reason to hope that his Majesty would have been graciously

pleased to Mitigate the fees, in consideration of my great losses and expenses . . . for it is in my power at present to obtain a Grant for it in this Province on paying the fees."

While all this debate on the grant had been going on, the system of land transfer had suffered another change, and the Governor of the colony was now the fount of these transactions. Sir Harry Moore had already been active in these matters and had visited Johnson Hall to obtain grants for himself and others from the Six Nations.

Through his agency the old complaint about the Kayaderosseras patent was at last to be settled. The grant would not be revoked; but the patentees had announced themselves willing to make all reasonable compromise, and Governor Moore was desirous of bringing about some action which would clear the title to a rich and desirable stretch of land now well within the borders of white settlement. Johnson was inclined to insist upon pressing for a complete release instead of a compromise.

"It is impossible to please all parties about the Kayaderosseras affair, some of them got it into their heads that I was in some way interested in the decision, this tho' totally without foundation has doubtless been made use of as a handle to find fault with me for doing my duty."

The patentees were pressing for a decision during that summer when Johnson's ill health first took him to the New England seashore; Governor Moore's proposed journey to meet the Indians at Johnson Hall would have to take place in the absence of the Hall's master. Sir William had regretted this absence and had assured the

Governor that Guy, as his deputy, would fill every need. Sir Harry was therefore surprised and not a little vexed, on reaching his destination, to find that Sir William had taken the key of his locked study away with him on his journeyings. The composing of the difficulty must await the return of Brother Warraghiyagey.

Moore and Johnson had started out on the friendliest terms; as in previous official friendships, the hoops of steel were beginning to wear a bit thin. Moore wrote suavely, but with an undercurrent of discontent, of his disappointment at the management of affairs in Sir William's absence. The letter was quickly followed by a visit from the attorney of the Kayaderosseras patentees; Johnson, at last, lost no time in calling the Mohawks together. He reported to Sir Harry the results of the council:

"Having just received the Survey of the Creek Which has been returned by the Surveyor upon Oath, and the Attorney having brought up with him an Original Indian Deed not before produced, I was enabled to recommend the matter to the Indians in such a light as at last produced their consent to relinquish their pretensions to the Patent, according to the Survey made by which the head of Kayaderosseras (Creek) does not appear Scituated so much to the advantage of the Patent as was supposed, And the Indians accordingly executed a Release, the Patentees paying them 5000 Dollars, and Releasing such Tracts as were affected by the Patent . . .

"I hope this Dispute is now happily terminated, as the Indians appear Satisfied thro' my Assurances, by the producing of an Original Deed and by being able to judge with certainty of the head of the Creek."

Though the Mohawks were now satisfied the Governor was still somewhat agitated. The minutes of his proceedings with the Indians represented him as causing "Confusion" in the council; a serious charge in view of the Indian insistence upon decorum on such occasions. Sir Harry thought the confusion due to the delinquency of others. He recounted his grievances to Sir William.

Moore had written Colonel Guy Johnson that he proposed starting for the Mohawk Valley; then he delayed that there might be ample time for assembling the Indians. Yet on his journey he was amazed to find the red men without notice of his coming, and himself an unexpected guest at Johnson Hall. Guy did not put in an appearance until the impatient Governor was growing more and more inclined to make his return to Albany and call the Indians together there. The Mohawks themselves did not arrive until the next morning. The Governor felt that he had been treated in a manner unbecoming his position.

Johnson, although he resented as keenly as Moore any encroachment upon his official prerogatives, hastened to make lengthy explanation of these difficulties. Delay had been due to misunderstanding and to the Indian demand for ceremony: "everything was Conducted with Rather too much rapidity on which head I must Remarke that whosoever has any affairs to transact with Indians, must know their forms and in some measure comply with them, and to our Ignorance, negligence and Hauteur in these points we must attribute the little esteem they have for us."

Sir Harry could not be expected to know the fine points

of Mohawk etiquette, and Colonel Johnson should have been more ready to prompt the Governor — "tho' I am fully Persuaded that his respect for your Character Checked him too much throughout the whole proceedings."

Sir William defended as unimpeachable the conduct of his deputies and his interpreter; expressing his concern for Moore's unjust suspicions and his wonder that after accepting Guy's explanations and apologies the Governor should again declare himself dissatisfied.

Though within reasonable bounds explanatory and apologetic, Sir William was by no means abject:

"Some Prejudice formed on a Misconstruction of words or Actions on your first arrival at my House must have occasioned your Judging so unfavourably and lead you in the end of your letter to suppose me Ignorant of Duty of Office, which I wish every Officer of the Crown had equally at Heart, and took Equal pains to discharge as they ought.

"I know the Extent of a Governour's Authority and wish all men paid equal Regard to it I know at the same time that the Superintendency over the Indians was created and designed to be in Indian Affairs independant thereof, and for this I can produce good Authority for which good reasons were assigned —

"However Sir, you may be assured notwithstanding the severity of your letter the Concern it has given me shall never operate to the prejudice of the publick Service."

The difference was patched up; Governor Moore was shortly commissioning Johnson Brigadier of the colonial troops and announcing his intention of coming to Johnson Hall for further land purchases. He was not to

enjoy the estate he contemplated, for he died in September of this year, leaving the Lieutenant Governor again at the helm.

Old Silverlocks, as the people half affectionately and half derisively dubbed Cadwallader Colden, seemed fated to trials. Governor Moore had found him all but besieged at Fort George by the Stamp Act riots; now, learning from adversity, Colden assured the Assembly that he believed the hated taxes would be repealed by Parliament.

Colden was now in his eighty-second year. A month or two later, under his governorship, New York was to see the first blood of the Revolution shed at Golden Hill.

II

Uncle Peter Warren had been dead these many years; and his infant children were by now approaching their majority. For some little time Johnson had been asking Oliver De Lancey to return his notes, still unpaid, which he had given to his uncle in the early days of his first residence upon the Mohawk.

These papers showed him indebted to his uncle's estate to the amount of more than a thousand pounds; whereas his own accounts made a claim of nearly that amount against the estate, beyond the discharge of the debt, as recompense for his expenses and services. Lady Warren, Sir Peter's widow and Oliver De Lancey's sister, was the nominal owner of the bonds; but they rested in the office in New York City.

Oliver responded courteously enough to Johnson's request, but would not consent to give up the bonds until

formally authorized by his sister. There was a suggestion of a tract of land whose transfer might balance the account.

In Ireland, however, there were people whose dissatisfaction was not assuaged by the idea of adding a piece of land to their brother's vast estate. Sir Peter's legacy to the home-staying Johnsons had remained unpaid all these years. He had directed that it be paid from the sums due his estate from his nephew William. The nephew's view of the matter was quite different; he felt that Sir Peter had cheated him of his reasonable expectation and that there was payment due himself on their business transactions.

Abraham Sterling, husband of Johnson's sister Bridget, brought the matter to issue in 1769 by a subpœna addressed to Lady Warren to enforce the payment of the legacy. The widow wrote in distress to urge her brother Oliver to insist that Sir William make payment of the bequests.

"They come to me as Executor and say I ought to see they have Justice done them they have put me in the Court of Chancery. I acquainted them long ago that Sir William had made out an account that he did not owe anything, but they say very justly that Sir Peter Warren would not have left them what was due from Sir William unless he had been in His Debt and indeed I am of their Opinion in this Respect."

Sir William should relieve her of this anxiety. "These People give me a great deal of trouble," she complained to brother Oliver, "he certainly was in his Uncle's debt, he ought to Rectify this affair that I may not be Perplex'd with these People."

"These people," indeed! So might a Sir William talk of his dependents. But to hear such words applied to his brothers and sisters and by implication to himself, was far too much.

Johnson in his reply to De Lancey held his brothers and sisters blameless in the matter, and intimated that the desperate circumstances of his unknown brother-in-law accounted for the whole difficulty. "As to her being at any trouble with regard to any other of my Relations, there is certainly no such thing, as they are all to sensible of my own great disappointment from the disposition my Uncle Last made of his fortune. Gentlemen yet living can evidence, from his own repeated declarations, what he had taught me, and indeed what I had every reason to expect."

The failure of his uncle to fulfil young Johnson's rosy anticipations he attributed to the suddenness of Sir Peter's will making and death.

"Sir Peter Warren most certainly and most assuredly died considerably in my debt and nothing but a regard for delicacy and connection has hitherto prevented me from demanding it." This "Extraordinary Legacy" must have been due to his failure, in his last days of pain, to recollect his debt to his nephew.

A year later the matter was still in agitation. Brother-in-law Sterling continued to press for a settlement and Lady Warren repeated her complaint. Johnson wrote again to Oliver De Lancey, this time with a dark hint that taking this matter into the courts would bring out details unpleasant to Lady Warren.

"If it must be litigated it will appear that I have acted with perhaps uncommon delicacy, and that purely through a tender

regard for my Uncle's Memory and Character, because my Account against him was Short of what I could have Justly brought, and particularly in a few articles which if Lady Warren cannot recollect, I shall never mention."

But if Lady Warren should insist on pressing the matter to a conclusion, Johnson stood ready, he announced, to prove the whole account on oath — *"with some other matters I would willingly suppress."*

This should be enough to bring Susan Warren, née De Lancey, to terms. "These people," indeed! If not, "acquaint Lady Warren with my resolution to take such Steps as the Law directs for doing myself Justice."

And to think that he had planned a monument in enduring stone to Sir Peter's memory!

III

These were trying times in the colonies. In the agitations which were of so much moment in the towns along the seacoast Sir William took no part. The gossip of these stirring occurrences was often stale before it reached the Mohawk Valley, but the gossip from the west, from the restive tribes beyond the Valley, was of sufficient menace to engage all Sir William's attention. In acknowledgment of the receipt of the King's birthday address, Johnson wrote courteously that it gave him reason "to hope that the unhappy disputes excited by some turbulent zealots in this Country will be speedily terminated in a manner consistent with the honor of the crown, and the true happiness of the people." The polish of the phrase betrays Johnson in his most cautious moment.

Of far greater importance to the lord of the Valley was the growing dissatisfaction of the Indian tribes. A tour of the Six Nations had convinced him that serious troubles were at hand. While the boundary matter had been compromised, the colonies had not responded to the invitation to take over the expensive matter of trade relations; grasshoppers had devastated the corn-fields of the Iroquois women, and their men were beseeching the English to treat them as generously as the French had been wont to do. None but French traders were tolerated by the distant tribes; and along the Pennsylvania borders, and on the Ohio, where settlers, contrary to His Majesty's expressed desire, were beginning to penetrate, there was constant bloody encounter.

The Indians were about to gather for a conference; the Six Nations proposed to join with the Cherokees for a war against the western tribes. Johnson felt this to be the only way to prevent them from making more desperate war upon the frontiers. Such a council would call for presents; but the refusal of the colonists to accept imported goods upon which a tax had been laid made it all but impossible to procure the wares dear to Indian hearts. "We cannot meet these people without some proof of His Majesty's esteem."

In the frontier difficulties Johnson saw the menace of France and Spain. He anticipated a war in which these nations would incite Indian allies against the colonists. Gage, as a rule ready to accept Johnson's views, had by this time learned from his own experience to look incredulously upon Indian reports. He suggested that if the tales of foreign intrigue could be verified, a serious representation on the matter could be made at the French

court. It was only natural that foreign traders should speak grandiloquently of their own nations among the Indians; and quite as much to be expected that the Indians should magnify these boasts in the repetition.

"And when they find we listen too eagerly to their Tales, if they have no true Intelligence to give us, they invent News, so that it is not easy to discover whether they relate Truth or Falsehood. And besides, I am of opinion they would be glad to embroil us with the French, for our quarrels are the Indian harvests." Johnson, on the contrary, felt that a war with a foreign country was to be preferred to the struggle with another Indian conspiracy, or to the civil warfare which the increasing militancy of the colonists already seemed to threaten.

Such a contest could bring William Johnson nothing but distress and loss. Here in the new country were all his dear possessions, all his interests, all his aspirations. Honor and rank had come to him from the King, but few realized how hardly he had won these recognitions, how often his pride had suffered in playing the courtier to these unheeding dignitaries across the water. After all, he was the architect of his own fortunes; whatever had come to him was but tribute due his energy, his vision, his power. He could control the Indian interest where the Lords of Trade could but suggest; had he not won a reluctant consent, at last, in the matter of the boundary fixed at Fort Stanwix? This coming storm too, he would ride, with wisdom and precaution; neither red man nor white should by dissensions break down the fair domain he had spent his lifetime in erecting. So Sir William was diplomatic as ever with the ministers of

the King and friendly as ever with the people of the Valley who protested against their treatment at the hands of those same ministers. All about him, tenant or neighbor, felt that in his hands the peace of the Valley would be secure, whatever the dangers of the struggle to come. Sir William was now Brigadier General of the local militia, though to his colonels, good citizens of the Valley, he entrusted the details of organization and the training of the forces.

To London he was writing of the danger of war from the west, which might be averted by permitting the Indians to take up the hatchet against their enemies. "It is a disagreeable circumstance that we must either permit these people to cut each other's throats, or risque discharging their fury on our traders and defenceless frontiers." His Majesty conceded the force of the argument.

"The King, however unwillingly," Hillsborough wrote, "cannot but approve of your making the security of his subjects and the peace of the frontiers the principal object of your attention; but it would be most pleasing to his Majesty if it could be obtained without encouraging the Savages in their barbarous attacks on each other."

Council followed council; very expensive ones, Johnson admitted to Hillsborough, who countered with the advice that Johnson refrain from attending them or sending deputies to represent England among them. The necessity for keeping on good terms with the Indians was not so apparent at London as at Johnstown.

In New York, Dunmore was Governor for a brief period and passed on to be the last representative of royal sway in Virginia; Tryon came up from North Carolina

flushed from the encounter with the rebellious subjects of that southern land. Dunmore had not found time to avail himself of the privilege of land purchase; but Tryon was not slow in visiting the Valley and securing cessions from the Indians.

The project of dividing Albany county had been under discussion for some time; now, in 1772, Tryon County was formed of the western part of that vast region. Sir William had it in his power to name the officials of the new county; nephew Guy was one of its first representatives in the assembly. Johnstown was to be the county seat; court-house and jail were speedily in evidence. Sir William was the great man in politics as in other matters; Duke in fact, though strangely enough the King had so far failed to recognize him with a peerage. He had not long before taken up with Colden and others the project of having his land erected into a manor and formally designated as such; but while there was a willingness to comply with any desire Sir William might express, it was felt that time had too far passed for reviving a form of feudal tenure which had gone out of fashion when the Dutch yielded to the English nearly a century before. The old title of Patroon still adhered to the Van Renssalaers, but it was in courtesy merely. Nevertheless, Sir William secretly envied it.

Governor Tryon, visiting Johnson Hall and participating in an Indian council, was greatly impressed by the powers and duties of Sir William. Tryon reviewed three regiments of the local militia, at Burnet's Field, Johnstown, and the German Flats; and on the return to the capital he raised Johnson's rank to Major General, a pleasing recognition of Johnson's ability as a soldier, or

possibly of his kindness in aiding the governor to obtain a large tract of land north of the Mohawk.

He further recommended Johnson's labors to the ministry, which had of late been critical of the superintendent. "It was with real satisfaction, that I saw the credit and confidence in Which Sir William was held by the Indian tribes. It is impossible for any man to have more uniform zeal and attention than he has in his department, so much so, that it would be no great impropriety to style him the *slave of the savages.*"

Slave or master, Sir William was admittedly the one man who could influence the Six Nations and their neighboring tribes. In his hands rested their destiny and the destiny of the land in which they dwelt. And Sir William was a man whose physical powers were ebbing. Some time before this a friend had commented:

"Sir William Johnson is sore failed, he is every now and then in a bad way, wherefore is thot not to last many years more, which will be a great loss to mankind in general, but particularly to this neighborhood, and I don't see that any one of the family is capable of keeping up the general applause when he is gone."

IV

So AMBITIOUS a planner as Sir William could never be unmindful of the carrying on of his name and estate to future generations. Yet here was his son John, at the age of thirty, recreant to the task of providing a legal heir presumptive to his father's empire.

Of course John's household at Fort Johnson was not

without a mistress, but like his father he had omitted the marriage ceremony, so that the two children Clara Putnam had borne him were not legally competent to share in the family wealth. Nor did John propose to confer legitimacy upon them, as his father had done in similar case. The fond and uncalculating Clara sprang from a family of better standing than his own mother's, possibly as high as his father could have boasted in his early days in the Valley; but she could not presume to marriage with a young man of wealth and title and of the expectations that raised to such a height the self-esteem of Sir John Johnson.

Still she was his companion of years and he did not wish to discard her until it became necessary. In time, of course, he would make a matrimonial alliance suited to his rank and quality, and Clara would have to go.

That time came in the summer of 1773. For a year or two it had been Sir John's custom to visit New York City in the spring as a relief after the long and idle winter in the Valley. He would have nothing to do with his father's preoccupation with the Indians, nor did he participate in the plans and activities which kept Sir William always busy. Guy was far nearer to Johnson in all these matters and popular feeling in the Valley assumed from this that Guy would be his uncle's heir.

In New York City, which as a trading community was rich and fond of glitter even in these early days, Sir John was welcomed by the leaders in fashion and politics. Many a marriageable girl looked at him with favor, willing to overlook the numerous Indian half-brothers and sisters, willing to overlook even Clara Putnam and her babies. Titles were not to be found every day. Sir John

was a Knight and would some day be a Baronet; few girls could resist such a lure.

John Watts, leading merchant, Crown official, friend of Sir William, always had a welcome for Sir John. So did his many charming daughters. One of them, at nineteen, was the toast of the town as "Lovely Polly Watts." Sir John came, saw, and conquered. If what is known of his disposition makes one skeptical of an unselfish devotion on his part or a romantic enthusiasm on the part of Polly, we may at least let her youth and beauty, his title and estate, the charm and mystery of the almost fabulous region from which he came, throw for a moment some glamour over the union.

Sir William heard with satisfaction of John's choice of a wife. "I am very happy to hear that the young lady appears so deserving in the eyes of my friends, having left it to his own discretion, without tying up his hands in a business on which his future happiness must so greatly depend." Far different had been his attitude toward Nancy's marriage with Dan Claus. That union had had opposition to overcome; but it had been a happy one, had brought him the grandchildren he coveted, and Daniel's thorough devotion to his task was a great aid in keeping sway over the Indians. Sir William had grieved with the parents when baby Nancy fell ill and died in her mother's arms; his little grandson William Claus was a great delight.

Despite his pleasure in the match Sir William was not able to repair to New York for the wedding. "The precarious state of my health, with the often unexpected calls for my presence in the country, put it out of my power to promise myself the pleasure, notwithstanding

the powerful inducements of love and friendship." Sir William would greet the bride and groom when they reached Johnstown and Johnson Hall; then, fate permitting, he would be off for another trip to the springs in search of the health that slipped farther and farther from his grasp.

John and Polly were married with all the pomp and furbelow dear to the hearts of brides immemorial, on the twenty-ninth day of June 1773; and the next day they began the long journey to the interior. It was no matter of a few hours' ride; nearly a month had passed by before their progress up the river to Albany, with a pause in that city to accept the hospitality of countless friends, and the journey along the Mohawk brought them at last to Johnson Hall.

Sir John no doubt welcomed the delay; he had sent up word from New York, when the wedding was imminent, that Fort Johnson be made ready for his bride; and he wanted time for the removal of Clara and her children across the river, where they took up their abode in the town of Florida. Clara made no outcry, took her dismissal calmly enough, and lived in the Valley town in as much quietness as the times afforded, when Sir John had fled to Canada and the lovely Polly had to be taken to Albany to put a stop to her activities as a Royalist spy. The discarded mistress, in fact, without changing her name of Clara Putnam, spent all her days in her native Valley, long outliving both Sir John and his legal wife. Many years later, when they were all rather elderly people, Sir John, in Canada, took advantage of a visit to Europe on the part of his wife to see Clara once more and

to make her a present of an extremely modest little home in which to spend her declining years.

Giving all due sway to romantic imagination, there was still something a bit odd about that leisurely wedding journey up the Hudson. Evidently the charming Polly had had her qualms and mental reservations, or her parents had felt them in her behalf, for her brother Stephen Watts accompanied the happy pair. In any age a younger brother of the bride is an unusual addition to a honeymoon party, diminishing somewhat the aura of perfect absorption in each other supposed to surround bride and groom.

John may have been a bit distrait at times, wondering how Clara had taken her dismissal; wondering, perhaps, how much his newly made wife knew of the circumstances. Fort Johnson was a long way from New York, but rumor covers incredible distances. Polly, too, might have been pondering over the same question.

Certainly she must have thought long, and not entirely without anxiety, of the wilderness life she was facing. She did not doubt the elegance and comfort of her home, the abundance of goods and service. But what society was a young lady to find there? Whether she knew or only guessed at the existence of her predecessor at Fort Johnson, there was no question of the status of her father-in-law's household. Sir William Johnson's Indian family was known from one end of the land to another. Visitors of highest rank had been obliged to do homage to Molly Brant, quite as if she were "Lady Johnson" as they half satirically called her. Polly certainly shrank from any idea of intimacy with the Mo-

hawk woman or with her brood of dusky children in whose veins flowed the blood of Sir William.[1]

Yet her father-in-law she would unquestionably strive to please. He was more than John's father; he was the source of all his prosperity and importance. Moreover he had as yet given little outright; John had his father's devotion and a great freedom in all matters of living, yet he would not know his exact status until his father's will had been read. Till then it was wisdom to dissimulate one's aversion to savage housemates. It might not be an easy task.

Well, Sir William's ill health was as well known as his irregular household; the two conditions were perhaps not entirely disconnected. Even now he was only awaiting their arrival to be off in the vain hope of bettering his state by travel to the springs, to the sea, away from his Indian brothers who beset him day and night. Many had been the journeys, many the illnesses, in the past two or three years; his ailments kept on their course. Perhaps — perhaps — it might not be long —

Assuredly this *was* a rather unusual type of honeymoon.

[1] A tradition still persists among Sir William's Indian descendants, in Canada, to the effect that a legal marriage took place in 1770, at the instance of the Reverend Mr. Stuart, who refused to minister to the church at Johnstown unless the master of the estate complied with the law of church and state. While I know of no authentic record of this, the persistence of such a story has much interest and no little weight. Some circumstances are related which give it plausibility.

CHAPTER XIV

THE TREE FALLS

I

TO A MAN who has lived intensely there is strangeness in the thought that the world will continue to bustle on when he is cold, withdrawn. In these last years Sir William had more than once listened to the leaden footsteps of death drawing ever nearer. Now, on the twenty-seventh day of January 1774, he sat in his study, writing his bold "W Johnson" at the bottom of each of the thirteen pages of his last will and testament.

Long thought had gone into the making of the document. Not lightly could such vast property be meted out, if the work were to be done with judgment. Methodically Sir William had divided his lands, surveyed and plotted them, so that the extent of his bequests should not be mistaken. He had pondered long over an equitable division.

Sir John was of course to be the heir; but Claus and Guy were also to receive a substantial share of lands and money, slaves and cattle. Provision for the three children of her whom he designated in the will as "my beloved wife Catherine" was foremost in his mind. This is practically the only reference that can now be adduced

as proof of a marriage; if, indeed, it is to be regarded as proof rather than as a precaution against inquiry.

But "my prudent and faithful housekeeper, Mary Brant," was by no means to be forgotten, and every one of her eight children was to have a liberal share in their father's bounty. Peter Jackson, oldest of them, was now almost of age; but six good friends and neighbors were chosen to act as guardians and trustees for the brood. Not to the heir to the baronetcy could Sir William entrust the interests of his half-breed kinsfolk. If John did not sweep them out of the place, his imperious wife would speedily set them all afoot. Sir William did not complain of his beautiful daughter-in-law; but he was not unaware of the undercurrent of her real feeling. Polly was no diplomat, while Sir William had gone ahead in life because of his skill in reading the minds and motives of those about him.

For Molly there was her part of the royal patent land, a slave for her especial possession, and a bequest of money; she should share likewise in the benefits that came to her children of lands and slaves and cattle and pounds sterling. Her estate would be diminished indeed when she was no longer mistress of Johnson Hall; but it is not improbable that she would welcome release from the duties and cares of the position. They weighed very heavily upon the master of the estate.

For Sir William's brothers and sisters, six in all, there were set aside some pieces of land, which the executors were to sell, making equal division of the proceeds — "this (from the many losses which I have sustained, and the several sums expended by me during the war which were never paid) is all I can possibly do for them with-

out injuring others, which my honor and conscience will not admit of." Whether this bequest satisfied the expectations of his family from his estate as well as their unanswered desire for Uncle Peter's legacy, is not of record.

The great Canajoharie grant patented by royalty to Sir William a few years before was thus all parcelled out for his children red and white; but with it he coupled the request that it should not be sold but always retained as a family heritage. It would indeed have saddened Sir William if he could have looked forward five years and have foreseen the law by which New York, state now and no longer colony, declared forfeit the land of its warring enemies. Perhaps, had he lived those five years, such a law would not have found the lands forfeit nor their owner an enemy to the new nation. So, at least, believed many of Sir William's friends and neighbors in the Valley.

Other things must be remembered, a disposition of lands and goods "in case my son Sir John Johnson should (which God avert) die without issue." The pious prayer was abundantly answered; Polly was soon to bear John the first of the fifteen children which blessed — as the saying went — their union.

William was remembered; and while his sisters Caroline and Charlotte went without mention, it may be presumed that they were well provided for in marriage. Various friends were to receive gifts of lands or money; the white servants were to be set free with ten pounds each; mourning rings were provided for the trustees and mourning attire for the whole family, slaves and servants.

"It is also my desire that the sachems of both Mohawk villages be invited to my funeral, and there to receive each a black stroud blanket, crape, and gloves, which they are to wear, and follow as mourners, next after my own family and friends."

From the great estate there were no bequests for church or school, with whose interests his letters had been so much concerned of late. There was disappointment in store for the divines who had written in such flattering terms to their "great Hybernian Mecaenas." They had cherished great hopes. One Colonel Babcock, Yale graduate, soldier and later lawyer, thought to change his profession yet another time, taking orders and becoming master of an academy for Indian youth. He had written in enthusiasm to a clergyman friend:

"Why may not Sir William be the means of introducing Learning and Religion amongst the Indians, and civilize them, as well as Peter the Great did the Muscovites; and altho Sir William like Solomon has been eminent in his pleasures with the brown Ladies, yet he may lay the Foundation of a Building in the Mohawk Country that may become of more real use than the very splendid Temple which Solomon built, and I dare say that the Queens of the Senecas, Oneydas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Tuscaroras and Mohawks may joyn in their Observation with the Queen of Sheba, and with the same truth say that not half was told them."

But Sir William, from his own experience, had warned the enthusiastic Babcock that the enterprise was more difficult than he imagined; adding with a touch of cynicism: "Success is no Constant Attendant upon Laudable

Designs; they often owe it to party, or to the favorable operations of lucky circumstances."

Now, when the time came to make an ending, he found no place in the thirteen close-written pages for the encouragement of educational or religious enterprises. Even the church which he had built and apparently given to the congregation was still held in his name and would pass to Sir John. Even the town court-house and jail were to be kept as private property. Their owner was leaving it all to Sir John, with the plea:

"I do most earnestly recommend it to my son to show lenity to such of the tenants as are poor and to be of upright conduct in all his dealings with mankind, which will, upon reflection, afford more satisfaction and heart-feeling pleasure, to a noble and generous mind, than the greatest opulency." This wish for his son was to be less effective than the prayer for the continuance of the Johnson line.

Solemnly the witnesses watched signature and seal placed upon the huge document, then added their own attestations. It was time that the will was made; everyone in the Hall, everyone in Johnstown, realized the need.

Sir William was glad that the task was done. It had been by no means an easy one. As he carefully put the papers away, he felt as if a cold hand had rested for a moment upon his shoulder.

II

Sir William had put his house in order; yet the greatest heritage he had to bequeath was not mentioned at all in

this will he had signed and sealed. Perhaps this intangible property which had been the foundation of all his fortunes could not be passed on to another. Yet he must try. Though the sachems who had helped to create and foster his power would never look upon another as upon their long-loved Brother Warraghiyagey, yet another man must be set up to hold the chain of friendship with them and their descendants when Brother Warraghiyagey should have held his last council and his black-draped Mohawk councillors had followed him to his last rest.

They themselves, in their direct fashion, had more than once reminded him of this necessity, had pressed him to name a successor. They knew themselves to be growing old. The tribe must soon see the reins of power pass to younger hands. They had set him an example, a year or two before, by making Joseph their spokesman in council, in place of the older men who had always voiced the complaints and requests of the tribe. Now Sir William must set up a younger man to take his place, they urged.

Sir William was in his fifty-ninth year, an age when many men are still at their best in health and activity. Cadwallader Colden had been as old as that when Johnson first came to Albany with his Mohawk brethren to dance the war-dance. Now Old Silverlocks, at eighty-five, was having still another period of ruling over the colony while Governor Tryon sailed to England to make report upon the turbulent state of America. Colden, Banyar, Oliver De Lancey, John Watts — they would all see the outcome of the dramatic story of the times, while William Johnson must lay it down before the first chapter was completed. He had loved his busy life, his many

possessions, his unceasing activities — they were all part of the scene with which he had surrounded himself, the atmosphere he rejoiced in breathing. It would not be easy to leave them all behind.

To Dartmouth, now England's Secretary of State for the colonies, he wrote his request that his son-in-law Colonel Guy Johnson be named to succeed him as superintendent to the Indians. He felt again, as he wrote the name, the old unavailing regret that John had not chosen to follow in his father's footsteps. Could Guy — could any one of them — hold the Indians firm in the troubled times that were coming ? Could they keep his beloved Valley in peace and security ? Well — he could do no more than hope that all would go well when his counsel was no more to be sought. Such a time comes to every man.

He finished his letter naming Guy as his successor and turned to a council with the Senecas. It was now April of 1774. These western Iroquois were disaffected; they had been receiving belts from the Shawnees and the Delawares, and it took little to stir them to turbulence. In the winter they had reluctantly surrendered two young men who had murdered a trader and stolen his wares. They had felt that the white man should be satisfied with the performance of the ancient ceremony of condolence as a penance for the act. They were highly aggrieved at the demand for the culprits, who were now being held at Johnson Hall. Though this nominal imprisonment would be the extent of their punishment, the Senecas disliked even this reminder of their misdeed.

Now they came complaining of attack from the settlers along the frontiers. Johnson sternly reminded them that

they were too often responsible for "irregularities which exposed them to the resentment of angry men who had no prospect of any redress." As he had done so many, many times before, he won them at last to a pleasanter mood and sent them off gift-laden.

But to the Earl of Dartmouth he told his fears of a western outbreak. Canadian intrigue, the boasts of the French and Spanish traders along the Mississippi, the frequent clashes where the eager settlers pressed outward along the Ohio, the inveterate enmity of Delawares and Shawnees — all these were creating a situation which menaced the colonies. The old horrors of Indian confederacy, of savage warfare, seemed once more at hand. While England sought to impose a tax upon her colonies she was unmindful of the dangers and difficulties that ever beset them. The Indians would profit by the application to the white man of Johnson's own motto, "Divide and rule." With England and America at war, the red man might with fatal facility regain his old dominion.

As he wrote, matters were in a dangerous state along the Ohio. The frontier was already ablaze. The irruption first known as Colonel Cresap's War, later to be referred to as Lord Dunmore's War, was to merge before long in the Revolution. Its beginnings brought the Six Nations again to Johnson Hall, insistent on beseeching a council. The Shawnees were killing and driving out all the traders from their towns. The Senecas were ready to take up the hatchet. One of the prisoners they had surrendered was ill unto death, and the report was spread avidly that he had been poisoned. Sir William must quiet them. For a generation he had been at their call;

sick or well, he would do his utmost to allay their suspicions. "I shall never be without hope until I find myself without that influence which has never yet forsaken me on the most trying occasions."

Mid-June found two hundred Iroquois gathered about Johnson Hall. By early July their number was increased threefold, and they were earnestly begging that the conference be withheld no longer. There were the usual preliminaries, and on Saturday, the ninth of July, the way was open for the Indians to present their grievances in accustomed form.

Senecas and Cayugas, always more easily estranged than the nearer tribes, bore the burden of the day's oratory. The complaints were after all but the usual ones; the feeling behind them was the real cause for anxiety. They protested against the settlements on the Ohio beyond any lines fixed by treaty; against the hostile attitude of the frontiersmen and the constant quarrelling it induced between red man and white; against the introduction of rum amongst them with the crime and misery over-indulgence always brought in its train; against the failure of the colonies to make provision for the Indian trade; against the shortage of goods which made it difficult for the Indian to supply his needs.

The hot summer afternoon was waning as the Cayuga war chief brought to a close his impassioned appeal. Another day must be given for an answer. The morrow would be Sunday; there would be much of individual talk then, but the formal meeting would await the coming of Monday morning.

The chiefs turned away to their encampment, and Sir William limped wearily back to the shelter of the Hall.

III

Not only is that bourne whence no traveller returns an undiscovered country, but its approach has never been charted. Each one of us finds his way alone, nor turns back to tell of the journey. There is a prevailing supposition that when death is at hand a man's past life flashes in vivid review before him. Less frequently a vision of the future is supposed to come to eyes about to close for the last time.

If Sir William Johnson's could have looked into the future and realized what the next ten years would bring to his home, his family, his people red and white, and to his beloved Mohawk Valley, he might willingly, indeed, have veiled his eyes from the sight. Those who knew him less intimately than his Mohawk brethren surmised that a prescience of the coming struggle led him to hasten his own end. But the red sachems about him to the last were of a different opinion. They had long seen that the great tree whose shelter had been their protection was about to fall. The roots sunk deep in the soil of their affection could not much longer hold it erect.

Farther than they Brother Warraghiyagey could see into the shadowy future. His heart was troubled; and theirs reflected his uneasiness. Those who came to him for counsel on that hot July Sunday found him suffering both in mind and in body. They turned away with anxious faces. The years to come were to bring sharp realization of the cares that beset him now.

Already the Valley settlers of the Palatine group had organized a committee of correspondence to cement a union of information among those who were opposing,

more or less aggressively, the principle of taxation upon which Parliament insisted. There were two parties in England on this subject, as there were two in America. If it came to war — and the clouds had begun to loom ominously — it would be a civil war indeed. Only the need of union against outside aggression could prevent such an outcome. If he were but possessed of the strength and vigor that had been his twenty years before! Sir William groaned; lost years could never be recaptured.

What would the coming years bring? One more would see the issue sharply set forth, and the Johnsons definitely ranged on the side of the Tory party; would see his Highland settlers, fanatic Scotch fighters who had never found friendly ground with the German and Dutch of the Valley, enlisted on the King's side; would see Guy with his Mohawks, Joseph Brant at their head, secretly departing for the north; would see Johnson's daughter Mary die at Oswego while her husband danced the war-dance with those of the Six Nations whom he could rally to his side; would see the Canadian Indians stirred to renew their old enmity with the people to the south. Seventeen seventy-five would close with Guy and Joseph embarking for England to carry to royalty itself the Mohawk promise of allegiance.

A second summer would find the New World definitely casting off — and forever — the ties of obedience to the old. Sir John, having promised the revolutionary committee of Tryon County to remain neutral and hold the Indians at peace, would keep up warlike preparation, would continue to send messages and information to the army in Canada, would at last, craven as well as faithless,

break his parole and make his secret escape to the north. His wife, the lovely Polly, left behind with her babies, would in turn become informer, aided by Molly Brant, who at Canajoharie would be following the determined, vigorous course of hostility that suited her imperious nature. There would be a certain grim humor in the union of these two clashing women for a common cause. Finally Lady Johnson would be removed to Albany and would eventually make her way to the Royalist headquarters in New York; while the "Indian Lady Johnson" would follow her Mohawk people to the Canadian rendezvous.

The third year would bring armed invasion of the Valley; rehabilitated Fort Stanwix would be invested by a force of British and Indians, Sir John and his Royal Greens very gay at the outset, though inclined to resent the authority of Colonel Barry St. Leger while they gladly shared his frequent potations; the Senecas, always ready for slaughter, anticipating an easy victory over these enemies of their great King over the water. The Senecas were to sit back and smoke their pipes, according to promise, while the fort was taken and the country swept clear of opposition; then the army would march in victory through the Valley to join Burgoyne at Albany. The event was to prove otherwise.

Fort Stanwix would hold out; one day from its rude walls would float a strange flag, stars and thirteen stripes, the symbol of America growing into a nation. And a few miles away, old Nicholas Herkimer would lead the people of the Valley against those invaders who had once been their neighbors and friends.

It was to be brother against brother. Nearly every of-

ficer would have kinsmen on the enemy side. The dividing line between Whig and Tory would cut bitterly through many a Valley household. It would cut through the Indians as well; Kirkland's long friendship with the Oneidas would keep them pledged to a policy of neutrality. They with a portion of the Tuscaroras were to declare themselves unwilling to interfere in this "quarrel between brothers." But time would make neutrality less and less feasible; in the end all must be upon one side or the other. So it was to be bitter fighting indeed on the field at Oriskany.

Young Stephen Watts, bravely caparisoned as a major, would begin the day gayly enough; but stretched on the battlefield with a shattered leg, would beg the Indians to kill him. He would lie helpless, all but dead, for three days before being discovered and taken to shelter. Ended would be his fighting for the King; pensioned in England, he would pass a long life of inactive exile.

Brant and his Mohawks were to fight bravely, though not so savagely as would the Senecas, nor as they themselves were to do in later years. Joseph, in fact, was at first still to remember those Christian teachings which had been implanted in his mind, would incline to shrink from scalping, mutilation, and the slaughter of children. He had not been taught that the principles of religion were to be confined to their proper sphere and not permitted to interfere with practical action. Sir John and Guy and the Butlers knew that instinctively.

William too would fight — his first battle and his last. When the day's hand to hand struggle would be over, when old General Herkimer, wounded to the death, yet sitting propped up by a tree to direct his men, would have

watched the tide turning this way and that as the hours wore on, when at last the disgruntled Senecas — Sir John having already fled the field — would set up their sharp cry of retreat, "Oonah ! Oonah !" William would be beyond sight or hearing, one of the many lifeless bodies stretched out beneath the pitiless sky. Tonight the wolves of the Valley would with uncanny instinct find their way as one to the bloody field.

Thereafter, little that could be called battle; but raid after raid, foray upon foray, until the Valley would be all but in ruins, and life lived only upon terms of constant terror. For two years the parties of Indians and of Tories disguised as Indians and more than matching them in ferocity, would make their headquarters at Oghwagha and westward; a base from which small parties could dart forth to fall upon one little hamlet after another, to burn, raid, and slay. Only in one season — 1779 — would a real army come to check them; then Sullivan and Clinton would march their troops through the Seneca country, driving before them the Johnsons and Butlers, Brant and Cornplanter, in a hurried rout to Niagara, destroying the villages of the Senecas so that thereafter those turbulent people must be supported by British bounty as the Oneidas, their land desolated, had been driven to the American army for rations.

Raids would continue, none the less; the base of operations to be more distant, but the hatred more and more bitter as the years would go on. Even the surrender of Cornwallis in Virginia would bring no peace to the harried frontier. Sir John would come back for a last foray to Johnson Hall to recover buried plate and treasure. When the incursions would finally cease, he was to find

himself thereafter a Canadian, reimbursed by his royal master for his losses and willing in that northern land to accept the Indian superintendency he had refused in New York. Claus was to continue as his deputy for the little time longer he had to live; Guy would go to England for the brief remaining period of his life; but Sir John was to outlive them all, and to see England in a second war fail to recover her American possessions, even with the aid of Tecumseh and a great confederacy of the western Indians.

But the Valley itself was to bear long the scars of nearly ten years of bitter strife — settlement after settlement burned to the ground, farm after farm deserted, the plowed fields gone back to brush and bramble, and wolves roaming the hills where once cattle had peacefully grazed. Of the settlers scattered here and there over the great region that called itself Tryon County when war began, to be renamed Montgomery in patriotic remembrance, one-third would have fled or been driven from their homes; another third would be gone forever, felled by the tomahawk, mutilated by the scalping knife, torn by the beasts of prey.

And the red lords of the Valley — what of them ? In the year of Oriskany their ancient council fire would sink forever into cold ashes. The land that had bloomed and was now desolate would be theirs no longer. Returning peace would bring an influx of eager settlers — but red faces would not be among the paler ones. Welcomed allies when British fortunes were bright, the Iroquois were to be all but forgotten when the star of empire would pass to the New World. The retiring British army could offer them little; diplomats would make no mention of them

in the terms of peace. Without Joseph Brant they might be homeless wanderers dependent upon the bounty of the land they had harried. His intercession in England was to win for them a foothold on Canadian soil.

Too late they would know that when the great tree of their shelter had fallen, their hold upon the land of their birth had fallen with him. Johnson could leave no one behind him who could weather the storms of faction as he had done.

If to Brother Warraghiyagey, tossing sleepless on his bed in the sultry July night, came any prescience of the years ahead, his hours had been even more full of suffering. Well might he have wished that the cup of decision be withheld from his lips.

IV

Monday morning came — a breathless mid-summer morning, hot sun following the stifling dark. Early there was life and vivacity in the encampment of the Indians; but for their great brother within the Hall it was a sorry task to shake off the fatigue that enwrapped mind and body. Yet it must be done.

Before ten o'clock the sachems were all gathered in formal array. Their keen eyes did not lose sight of the fact that Sir William leaned heavily on Guy's arm as he came, that his glance was dull, his motion uncertain. The years had changed him sadly from the youth who thirty years before had leaped higher than them all in the war-dance. Well — they too were old men now, and soon the younger men would be taking their places.

Something of his old vigor came back in his morning speech. It was to be, of course, but one of a series. By

formal presentment of complaint or request, by set pronouncements in return, was a council carried on; it was a matter of infinite patience and tedium, day after day. It was a chess game whose moves were long since familiar.

Sir William reminded them that he had restored to the Senecas the prisoner delivered by them; he acknowledged duly the presentation of the "Chain Belt of Alliance and Friendship" which the Senecas had produced at the preceding session. They had received it, they recalled to him, ten years before, after the Pontiac uprising, "when the Senecas had got bewildered and acted an unbecoming part towards you." This was a euphemistic manner of recalling the slaughter of the defenceless garrisons of Forts Le Bœuf and Venango and the long seasons of scalping and burning along the frontiers.

"We can assure you, Brother, that ever since we have endeavored our utmost to keep that chain of Friendship bright and the Path of Peace unobstructed."

Sir William besought them to continue in that path of peace. He endeavored to satisfy them with the new trading policy; if there were traders among them who were unwelcome, he suggested that the Indians refuse to trade and request the traders to withdraw; they would no doubt comply immediately. In truth, the traders were always at the mercy of the Indians, and well they knew it; the memory of the scores slaughtered in 1763 would be a reminder even without later occurrences to keep the menace fresh.

As for encroachments upon their lands, Sir William had reported this matter to His Majesty the King, and had no doubt that in due time the matter would be cared for. In

the meanwhile the Indians should refrain from depredation upon the settlers and should keep a check upon the actions of those of the Six Nations who dwelt upon the Ohio.

"It is your business to enquire into the conduct of these your Dependents, and to punish those who, by their mischief, afford encouragement to others." It was not leaders with whom trouble arose among the whites; while among the Indians it was the chiefs themselves who were responsible for attacks upon settlers. "I advise you to put a stop to such evils in time, and you may rest assured that everything in our power will be done to restore peace and afford you satisfaction where you have a claim to it."

The morning's speech was done; the chiefs would now deliberate among themselves about the answer. But, diverting attention from the Senecas and their troubles along the Ohio, a Mohawk speaker arose and began to pour forth an impassioned complaint against Klock. How often in the thirty years past had William Johnson heard that outcry ! How often had he repeated it to others; but to what purpose ? Klock had been in the Valley before William Johnson came; would, Sir William bitterly reflected, be there still when he himself had left the Valley forever. For all these years the Indians had sought Klock's rum and yielded to his blandishments, appealing to Johnson to relieve them of carrying out the bargains which on second and sober thoughts they wished to repudiate.

Sternly Johnson reminded the Mohawk that he had broken the decorum of the assemblage by introducing the subject at this time; it would come in its own order, when the Senecas had had their turn.

Then the pipes were brought out and drink went round;

they smoked together, and it was time to disperse. The observant eyes that followed Sir William saw that now both sons-in-law supported him on the way back to the Hall; that before they reached the shadow of the broad doorway they were all but carrying him.

Another of his attacks, always more painful in the heat of summer, was upon him. At first, well accustomed to doing what was necessary, his personal servants and his sons-in-law ministered to him without more than the usual apprehension. Shortly it was apparent that this was a seizure more violent than ever before. The difficulty of breathing became greater and greater; more and more pains racked the huge frame.

A word to young William sent him off speedily, riding with all haste to Mount Johnson, ten miles away, where Sir John was unmindful of his father's extremity. Without the delay of a moment he responded; but his panting horse died beneath him, and a second supplied by a ready hand, brought him to the Hall that was thereafter to be his own.

It was too late; in the arms of a servant, Guy and Claus the nearest of those about him, Johnson had endured his last pangs, made his last frenzied struggle to break the iron ring of suffocation that closed in about his heart.

A great throng of Indians pressed in and around the Hall. As Sir William fell back, the struggle over at last, the low murmur of apprehension swelled into a moaning tide of grief. Across the Valley the high wailing, the piercing cries of mourning told their bereavement to gliding stream and shadowy forest of the well-beloved land that Brother Warraghiyagey would see no more.

The great tree had fallen.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

A COMPLETE presentation of the life and times of Sir William Johnson and his Mohawk brethren would call for not one, but several, ponderous tomes doomed to lie unread on high and dusty shelves. The aim in this single volume has been to show a picture of the life and character of the man, as he himself has left it to us in his own recorded words and acts. Fortunately the records are full; the problem is chiefly one of selection from a rich fund of materials.

Dame History was in playwriting mood when she sketched this career, from the picturesque entrance in Mohawk bravery, upward through an ascending curve of achievements and honors to a position of rank and power, then rushing on to the dramatic close on the eve of the Revolution. The characters are as colorful as the events are dramatic; history and romance are one. Little wonder that Sir William lives today in the Valley, well remembered, still the subject of wonder and discussion. What manner of man he was, we may best learn from his own words.

The observant reader will perhaps note that his truly individual ideas of spelling and punctuation appear at times to be abandoned in favor of a more modern correctness. For this not Sir William but the Albany fire of 1911 is responsible. Some of the many documents destroyed at that time exist in printed form, from which the exuberances of Johnsonian diction had been pruned by the copyist. Even apart from these edited quotations, however, it is possible to note an improvement in style when Peter Wraxall or nephew Guy acted as amanuensis. Sir William himself was fairly consistent in his divergences from normality.

The bulky volumes of the *Sir William Johnson Papers* (six fat ones already published, with one or two more to come) yielded a goodly share of the material on which this volume is based. These are supplemented by the valuable compilations of E. B. Callaghan, of the *Documentary History of New York* and *Documents Relating to the Colonial History of New York*. The former has four volumes rich in information, while the latter is a five-foot shelf in itself. Volumes 6, 7 and 8 are particularly full of Johnson correspondence. Many an exciting story of colonial life and motive is to be found in these transcripts of old letters and documents. The *Calendar of the Sir William Johnson Manuscripts,* prepared by Richard E. Day and published before the 1911 fire, lists both the letters burned and those still to be consulted in the manuscript division of the State Library at Albany.

Nor are these, ample though they are, the only original sources. The Pennsylvania *Archives* and *Colonial Records* contain much of value, especially concerning George Croghan and Fort Pitt, and the vexed history of the Delawares and the Susquehanna country. The *Letter to a Nobleman,* anonymous but ascribed to the Livingston-Smith faction, tells the Shirley side of the controversy with Johnson. It is to be found in the *Massachusetts Historical Collections,* Vol. 7–8 (First Series). Then there are the diaries and journals of the times: Peter Kalm's *Travels in North America,* Alexander Henry's *Travels and Adventures,* Lord Adam Gordon's *Travels in the American Colonies,* Long's *Voyages and Travels,* Christopher Gist's *Journals,* Conrad Weiser's diaries, the *Letter Book* of John Watts. Admirable, and essential, of course, are Cadwallader Colden's *History of the Five Indian Nations* (two volumes) and Peter Wraxall's *Abridgment of the New York Indian Records, 1678–1751,* which is to be found in an admirable edition prepared by C. W. McIlwain.

Of secondary sources William L. Stone's work in two large volumes on the *Life and Times of Sir William Johnson,* published in Albany in 1865, is of prime interest, quite as much for its reticences as for its revelations. It is the source of many quotations from documents now destroyed, for Stone's collection of

Johnsoniana was the substantial foundation of the State collection of documents. The two-volume life of *Brant,* by the elder Stone, is another record of monumental industry and devotion. Of later date, and entirely derivative, are Buell's *Sir William Johnson* (New York, 1903) and *Sir William Johnson and the Six Nations,* by W. E. Griffis (New York, 1891). First-hand material that has come to light since these two volumes were written materially changes the story.

For the wider story of the earlier part of the period Parkman's histories, *A Half Century of Conflict, Montcalm and Wolfe,* and *The Conspiracy of Pontiac,* are invaluable. *An Old Frontier of France,* by F. H. Severance (New York, 1917) is a thorough and scholarly presentation of the history of Fort Niagara and the French-Indian relations which were so potent in colonial life. An almost contemporary work that gives a splendid picture of these times, though sometimes faulty in detail, is Mrs. Anne Grant's *Memoirs of an American Lady.* These two delightful little volumes, published in London in 1809, deserve a reprinting for modern readers.

Indian studies are of course necessary to the picture. *The League of the Iroquois,* by Lewis H. Morgan, and Schoolcraft's *Notes on the Iroquois,* are standard. Heckewelder's accounts of the Delawares and missions among them give a very different view of Indian relations from that commonly entertained. J. E. Seaver's *Life of Mary Jemison* has had many deserved reprintings since the little "white woman of the Genesee" first told her remarkable tale of her captivity and long life among the Senecas.

Various aspects of the political history of the times are discussed in *The Mississippi Valley in British Politics,* and *The Critical Period,* by Alvord, *American Colonial Government,* by O. M. Dickinson, *Conrad Weiser and the Indian Policy of Central Pennsylvania,* by J. S. Walton, and *George Croghan and the Westward Movement,* by A. T. Volwiler.

On the history of New York itself there are innumerable authorities, from George Bancroft's *History* to lesser compilations. Earliest is the *History of New York* by William Smith of

colonial days, which in its latest edition brings the story down to 1762. Brodhead's *History of the State of New York,* the two volumes on *New York* by Ellis H. Roberts in the American Commonwealth Series, and Sherman Williams' *New York's Part in History,* all merit mention; there are many others that might be cited. *The History of Wyoming,* by Charles Miner, gives an almost contemporary story of that ill-fated Pennsylvania settlement. *An Historical Account of the Settlement of Scotch Highlanders in America,* by J. P. MacLean, *The Germans in Colonial Times,* by L. F. Bittinger, and A. J. Weise's *History of Albany,* are books which help to picture the cosmopolitan population of the Valley in its early days.

Thoroughly interesting in its array of facts and reminiscences is Francis Whiting Halsey's *The Old New York Frontier.* W. Max Reid, in *The Mohawk Valley,* and again in *Old Fort Johnson,* gives an extremely sympathetic story, considerable original study, and a beautiful picture of the region. Some of the old gossip can be snared in *Trappers of New York,* by Jephtha R. Simms. Much interesting material is to be found in Diefendorf's *The Historic Mohawk.*

Some of the vital figures of the time have gone without formal biographers; others have been discussed at length. There is a memoir of Shirley in Drake's *History of the French and Indian War.* A recent monograph on Cadwallader Colden makes one wonder at so long a delay in paying tribute to so remarkable a character and life. L. S. Mayo's *Jeffery Amherst* gives much of the American scene in the time of Pontiac. Lives of Washington and Franklin are too many for citation.

For pictures of the colonial scene the reader should consult Calhoun's *A Social History of the American Family,* Holliday's *Woman's Life in Colonial Days,* Singleton's *Social New York under the Georges,* and *Colonial Folkways,* by C. M. Andrews.

Coming down to Revolutionary times, on which this life barely touches, another of Stone's compilations, the *Orderly Book of Sir John Johnson,* is of interest. *Fort Stanwix and Oriskany,* by J. A. Scott, is full of historical detail. It is interesting for purposes of comparison to read Hudleston's *Gentleman*

Johnny Burgoyne—a British book with original publication in America.

Of more or less "historical" novels dealing with these times there are many, for no writer of fiction could fail to appreciate the color and spirit of this remarkable era. In my own early schooldays I believe Robert Chambers' *Cardigan* was my first acquaintance with Sir William; and while one might question the desirability of keeping Uncle Peter alive twenty years or more beyond the time Nature put a limit to his days, yet the spirit of the times is well presented. But none of the popular novels of our times—and they are not few—compares with Harold Frederic's *In the Valley,* written before the beginning of the century, but still vivid and interesting as it is true. It is fiction with a real sense of history in its creation.

But fiction is not necessary in picturing the life of Brother Warraghiyagey. One does not need to go beyond the record for accusations or extenuations. The Baronet has written himself down. The story is all there, in the letters that keep Sir William still alive for us though it is a century and a half since the Mohawk chiefs donned their black stroud blankets and followed his coffin to the little graveyard before the Johnson church. It is an exciting story; it is sometimes an amusing one; above all, it is thoroughly human, as real as life itself.